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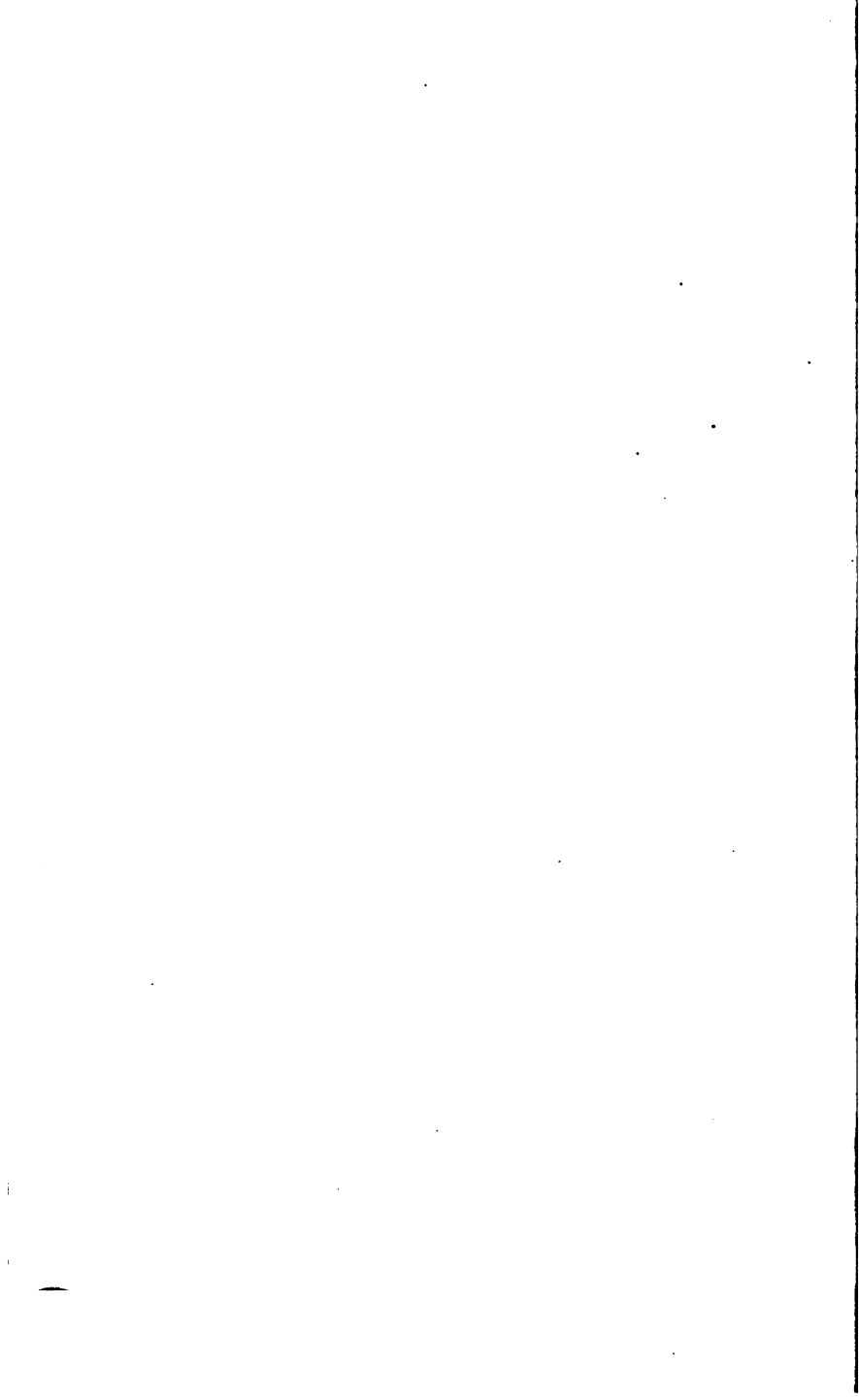
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A  
MEMOIR  
OF  
THOMAS UWINS, R.A.  
VOL. II.

LONDON  
PRINTED BY SPOTTISWOODE AND CO.  
NEW-STREET SQUARE.

A  
MEMOIR  
OF  
THOMAS UWINS, R.A.

LATE  
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BY MRS. UWINS.

WITH  
LETTERS TO HIS BROTHERS DURING SEVEN YEARS SPENT IN ITALY  
AND  
CORRESPONDENCE WITH THE LATE SIR THOMAS LAWRENCE,  
SIR THOMAS BURNES, PILES L. EASTLAKE, A. E. CHALON, R.A.  
AND OTHER DISTINGUISHED PERSONS.

"Next to genius is the power  
Of feeling where true genius lies."

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

LONDON

LONGMAN, BROWN, GREEN, LONGMANS, & ROBERTS.

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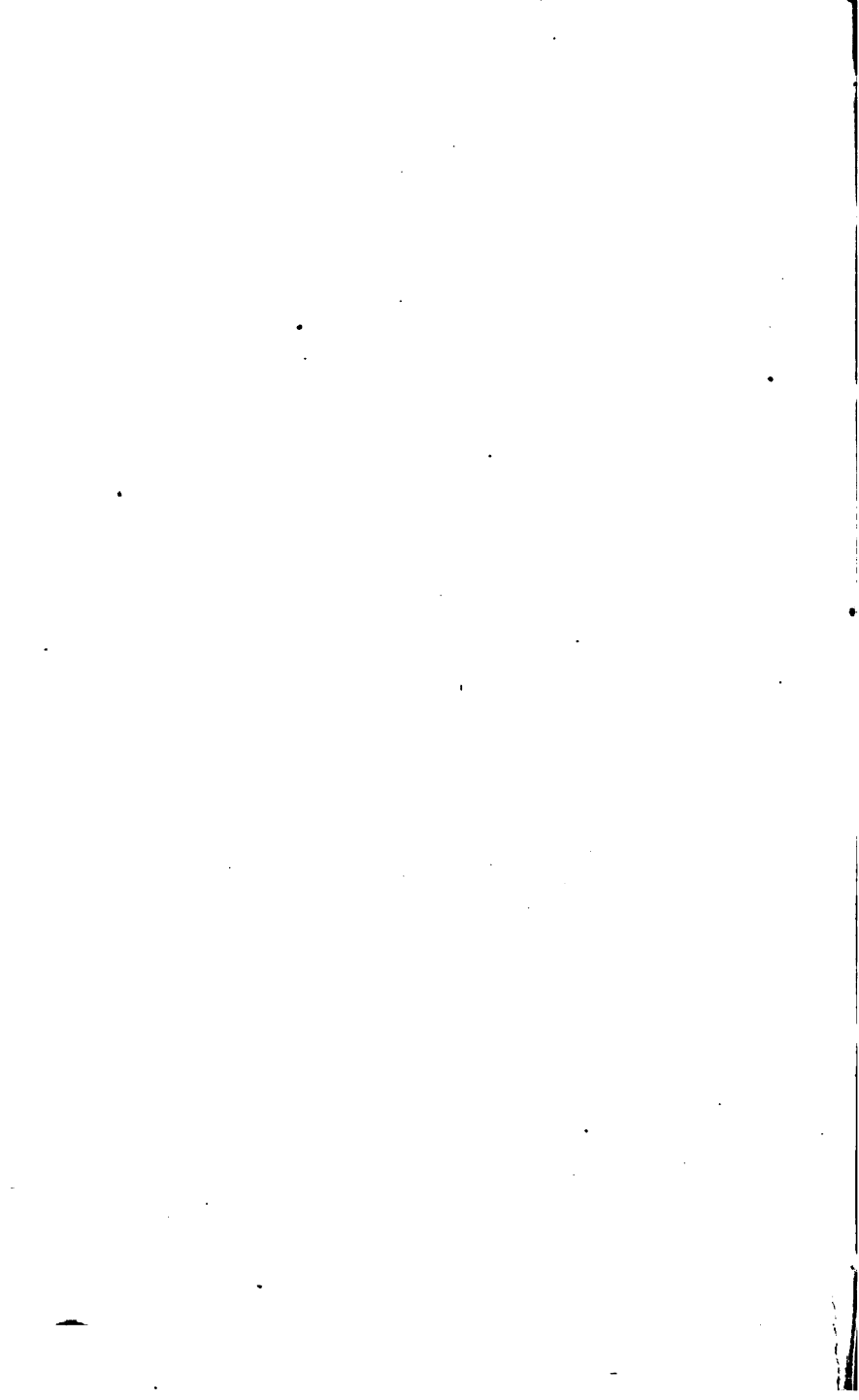
NOV 1964  
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# LETTERS FROM ITALY

(CONTINUED)

VOL. II.

B



MEMOIR  
OF  
THOMAS UWINS, R.A.

---

“Dear Zechariah,

“Naples, March 6, 1827.

“The carnival is at length over, and to the season of riot, noise, and confusion, and dissipation, has succeeded that of sackcloth and ashes. The people of fashion, instead of dancing and masquerading till six or seven in the morning, are content to play at cards and talk scandal till two or three; and instead of voluptuous dinners, and still more voluptuous suppers, are satisfied to have their tables supplied with only a dozen dishes, consisting of every delicious fish of the season, dressed in all the luxury and variety of the most inventive cookery, with an after course of pastry, and a dessert of fruit and sweetmeats. Thus they fast! I had no idea of the extent to which the carnival was carried, till this year. The first winter I was in Italy was Jubilee or Holy Year;—in Rome there was no carnival. Last winter

it was Holy Year here, and though the carnival did take place, it was kept greatly within bounds; but this season there has been a reaction, in revenge for the abstinence which the Holy Year had imposed upon them, and they have indeed given full swing to their gay propensities.

“Night after night, at one house or other, there was a fancy ball or a masked ball, till at last the king and all the royal family, dressed in the splendour of eastern luxury, covered with brilliants and jewels, presented themselves in the rooms of the Accademia, and paraded up and down amongst the company in these assumed and costly disguises, after which, seating themselves on a temporary throne, they surveyed at leisure the other masques got up for their entertainment. These were, in many respects, highly interesting and beautiful. The four Italian poets, Dante, Tasso, Petrarch, and Ariosto led the way, followed by the most conspicuous characters in their several poems. The singular assemblage of valiant knights in armour, beautiful ladies in the costume of the middle ages, with attendants, troubadours, &c., formed a most interesting spectacle. The poets each presented verses to the king, and the other characters went through a stately figure dance of high and lofty bearing, not inconsistent with the personages assumed.

“This was followed by the tarantella or national dance, by eight of the most beautiful young ladies amongst the Neapolitan nobility, dressed as contadini,

or peasants, and then another set in what they call *costume scozzese*, but which has no other resemblance to Highland dress than being chequered and ugly.

“I fear I have reversed the order of the thing; but the poetical masque made so much the most impression on me that I have placed it first. This masque was composed of the persons of the highest rank, Italian, German, French, and English, that happened to be here, and I must say, for the credit of English beauty, that two of the ladies, Miss Talbot and Miss Beresford (the Bishop of Ossory’s niece) were almost the handsomest of the party. This took place at the *Accademia Nobile*, where only persons of a certain rank are admitted, and where I went from, I hope, an excusable curiosity. But so delighted was the king with the mummery, that he was determined to have it all paraded before the public. The theatre,—the immense theatre of St. Carlo,—was covered with planks and turned into a ball-room, and the last *Sunday* night of the carnival, the king, queen, and royal family, followed by all the above-mentioned noble masques, paraded in theatrical state round and round the pit; and the people were admitted to see the performance, and share in the spectacle, at six carlines (two shillings) per head. I wish I could say that the English withdrew from this public prostitution. To save their consciences, the king ordered the ball not to commence till twelve o’clock, when the Sabbath was supposed to be over, and so tempted, not one of them had the courage to resist.

Amongst the masques, too, was the niece of an English bishop (Ossory), and the bishop himself amongst the spectators!! This last fact I give from report, as I need hardly say I was not present.

“In this way do the English pass their time at Naples. Indeed, this season has been the springtide of dissipation, and so entirely has my quiet occupation been broken up by it, that I have had to sit still and do nothing. It would have been quite as easy to catch birds with salt on their tails as to get one of these revellers into a painter’s room during the carnival, and now it is all over they beg for time to recover their lost beauty before they can sit for their portraits. I am their confessor against their will. They cannot hide from me their haggard looks. The pallid cheek, the sunken eye, the nerveless fibre, proclaim the reluctant truth, and tell, in terms too plain for flattery to conceal, that these are not the purposes for which we ought to live.

“I forget whether I told you of another piece of royal mummary,—the crowning a Virgin at the church of Jesu Vecchia. A man left money to buy crowns for the virgin Marys that do the most miracles. After hearing the claims of the different advocates, the lady of Jesu Vecchia was fixed upon by the Pope for Naples. The archbishop performed the ceremony, and the king and royal family, in another disguise, as penitents, with candles in their hands, paraded up and down the church, chaunting litanies to this



gilt-gingerbread deity. This is the way the people of Catholic countries are amused! To make them children, and keep them so, is the policy of Church and State. Can all this last? Is it in the nature of things it should?

“By the way, I have lately become acquainted with a young Irish minister, son, I think, of Dean G——, professor of divinity in the Dublin University. With high intellectual endowments, refined taste, and polished manners, he is as genuine a Christian as I ever met with. He was introduced to me by Mr. Brereton of Norwich, the brother of Fanny Wilson’s husband.\* The very reason of his being here is creditable to him. He has over-preached and over-exerted himself in his parochial duty, and brought on an affection of the lungs, which compels him for a time to suspend everything. With this sincere and devoted man, I have had long discussions on the Catholic emancipation. He is decidedly in favour of it, and I confess his experience has weighed more with me than all the theories I have before heard. The cause of religion, he says, suffers by the restriction. He does not dare open his mouth to a Catholic in the way of instruction, because it is retorted upon him that he is one of their oppressors. Free discussion, he says, which the Catholics have provoked, is the only hope of Pro-

\* Miss Wilson here mentioned is a daughter of Joseph Wilson, Esq., of Highbury.

testants, and this discussion cannot be carried on fairly till all disabilities are done away. Opposition strengthens them, but liberty will break down all their strongholds, and open the door for the admission of reason and truth, for which the country is eminently prepared. No one can have a greater horror for the Romish superstition, or a greater contempt for popery in all its guises, than my friend G——. He writes for a magazine in Dublin the accounts of things which take place here, merely to let people know what popery is. The coronation of the Virgin at Jesu Vecchia is amongst his articles; but he says he is fearful the editor will scarcely dare admit it. With all these feelings, he has no hope from the House of Lords, and he concluded a long conversation on the subject with a fearful prophecy, which, from the lips of so sincere and so experienced a man, sounded terribly in my ears.

“Not many years will pass over our heads, he conceives, before the parliament will be compelled to grant what they now refuse, by a convulsion more tremendous, more extensive, and more powerful, than any that has yet been acted on the theatre of the world. Another emancipationist has lately come across me, a very fine fellow too in his way. He is a London merchant, travelling to prepare himself for entering largely into subjects connected with trade in the House of Commons. He took quite a commercial view of the subject, and discussed it in commercial terms. You have been offering premiums, he says, these many, many years,

for Protestantism, and it won't do; change the course, throw open the market, have a free trade, and you may rely on it the result will be favourable to truth and religion, and mainly beneficial to the human race.

“To the effect of free discussion I myself can bear testimony. Weak as I am, unaccustomed to argument, and talking in a language of which I know little or nothing, I certainly make my Jesuit tremble in his shoes, and put him into an agitation from which all his school sophistry could not relieve him; and my friend Q—— the other day at the Austrian ambassador's, in the midst of a company of Catholics, tackled the Count in such fine style, and put him to such shifts, as I never before saw him reduced to; and Q—— is altogether unaccustomed to such discussions. He declared to me afterwards, though he confessed it to his shame, that it was not merely the first time he had ever talked on the subject, but the first time he had ever considered it, and that he was only forced upon it by the absurdity of some things that fell from the ambassador. Q——, though not a scholastic reasoner, is a young man of astonishing acuteness and address. He accomplished his end by assuming the air of a scholar and a learner in the school of religion, and in this quality he put such sly questions as not merely puzzled the Count Fiquelmont, but would have puzzled the Council of Trent, had it been sitting on the subject. I never saw simple truth so completely triumphant.

“How long one may be in a place without seeing all

its shows and knowing all its customs! I have just been to my dinner, which at this season I do not get till dark; returning, I followed the cavalcade of the Host, which, though I had often seen before, I had never seen in quite so much style. Besides the ordinary eastern umbrella carried over the priest's head, there was an additional canopy, supported by four men, covering priest, host, umbrella, and all; the whole was preceded by a number of lanthorn-bearers and torchmen, and others carrying whole fagots in a state of blazing combustion. As it proceeded down the Strada di Chiaja, under the gloomy bridge which leads to the upper part of the town, it had a most picturesque and solemn effect. At the moment of the host passing, the people from the ground-floor to the fifth and sixth stories bring lights to the balconies, and fall down on their knees. The lights are as suddenly removed when the canopy has passed, leaving all behind in a state of gloom and darkness which you, accustomed to gaslight streets, will hardly be able to conceive, but it adds most wonderfully to the effect. Seen at a distance, the lights may be supposed to be an emanation from the Deity, whose little wafer form would be worth nothing without all this pomp and blaze. When it reached the palace of the sick man, the larger canopy stopped at the gate, and the wafer and umbrella were carried up to the chamber.

“This was another piece of theatrical effect. The lights were seen winding up the steps of the palace,

and the gloom of the court-yard contributed to its imposing splendour. As soon as it reached the chamber, the mob in the street lighted fagots, and made a blaze of illumination around the house. I assumed the character of a stranger, and asked a man what all this meant; he said 'Jesus Christ was in the house, and the bonfire was made to do Him honour.' One man, as the cavalcade passed along, called to me to take off my hat, but my not noticing him, he good-humouredly said, '*Questo è forestiere; non capisce,*' 'He is a stranger, and does not understand.' Still there was a mystery that puzzled me. I perceived that the majority of the people bearing lights and kindling fagots were not in the employ of the Church, but were voluntary contributors to the parade and ceremony. On referring to a book of indulgences, I find this explained. There it is set down that Pope Innocent the Twelfth, in the year 1695, granted seven years and forty days' remission of the pains of purgatory to all who accompany the host to the houses of the sick with torches or lighted candles, five years and forty days' to those who follow it without light, and three years and forty days' to those who, legitimately prevented, procure or hire other persons to carry torches, &c., and by this means contribute to the splendour of the ceremony. This is literally translated from the book, and you will see at once how cunningly it is contrived to prevent the poor wafer from the neglect it might otherwise fall into. The book from which I copied this is a choice morsel in its

way, and when I have nothing better to do, I will give you a few more translations from it.

“Ackermann and Prout have proposed to me to do the literary part of their work on Venice. It would take me too much away from painting, and my only hope of realising any money is fixing steadily to that. I am about some pictures which I hope to complete, and bring with me to England. The money I may get by portraits I calculate on to pay models and other expenses and travelling into the bargain.

“I hear of Mr. Shirley’s being at Rome, and I suppose we shall soon see him here. A very clever man, a Mr. Middleton, has been preaching at the consul’s chapel here, and when Mr. Shirley comes, I dare say he will be pressed into the service, for our regular preacher is but an old woman, and the audience have too much taste to tolerate his commonplaces. They prefer talent, even though it should be accompanied with doctrine not altogether palatable. Mr. Brereton, though he preached at Rome, did nothing for us here. I have seen a good many of my Scotch friends this season, and they all flatter me with solicitations to return to Edinburgh. However little chance there may be of such an event, it is agreeable to know that I have left regrets behind me in a place I can never think of without gratitude and pleasure.

“You see I go on mixing all sorts of things together, without attending to your instructions. What can I do? Mine was never a methodical head, and you must

be content to take things just in the desultory way they come into it. I think I deserve some credit for writing so connected an account of my northern excursion. I am sure you will be grieved to read the statement in the first part of this letter. I would not be forward to accuse any one. I know from experience how many situations of difficulty we are constantly placed in, but I do think the English at foreign courts ought to be exposed and shamed into a little more courage to assert and do what their consciences tell them is the right course. The persons engaged as performers in this theatrical Sunday-night masque were Sir R—— A——, Miss T——, Miss B—— (the bishop's niece), Miss L—— (daughter of the British consul), Mr. L——, Captain A——, Miss T——, (daughter of Sir G—— T——), and Captain B——. These were not merely mixed up in the motley group as masked or unmasked spectators, but were paraded in procession all round the theatre, and formed with other distinguished foreigners—the king and queen at their head—the principal part of the evening's amusement, their names and characters appearing in a printed bill. I ought, perhaps, to withdraw the name of A——, because though one is an English baronet and the other a British soldier, still, as they are Catholics, there was no impropriety in their conduct.

“The open and entire profanation of the Sabbath is a distinguished feature of the Church of Rome. That an English, or rather Irish bishop should lend his coun-

tenance to such proceedings is worst of all. There is a great weakness and inconsistency about this said Doctor F——. He put himself forward in the church at the consul's as the advocate of the claims of the Sabbath, and solemnly urged the English not to allow themselves to be drawn into the vortex of foreign customs; and two hours after he was seen in his carriage with his family in the Toledo, not pelting, to be sure, but being pelted with sugar-plums. I saw him myself as I went to my dinner, returning from this scene of riot, confusion, and folly: his words and his injunctions were so fresh in my ears, that I could scarcely believe my eyes, and though I could not conceive any other reason for his carriage being in that line, I was willing to persuade myself he had only crossed the street on some necessary business; but I heard afterwards he was actually in the Corso.

“I recollect I told you last year that the king and royal family did not pelt sugar-plums. It was merely the holy year that prevented them. This season, I am told, they all appeared in masks, and pelted the courtiers and others to their hearts' delight. Happy were they, most happy, who had their dresses spoiled or their faces disfigured by the sugary shower! Here's dignity of human nature for you! Here is the nobility of humanity in all its glory!”

“Dear David,

“Naples, March 8, 1827.

“I follow up my letter to Zechariah of the sixth merely



to prevent anything I said in it being put in the public papers. Had I any share in the public press, or were in any shape the guardian of public morals, I should feel it my duty to make an open attack on the English here, for their conduct during the carnival; but as it is, should anything be transcribed from my letter, I must feel that I stand in the light of a concealed accuser—a character I never did nor ever shall support in life. This is not intended to prevent the circumstances being read or told. I have a right to state them as matters of observation and history, though I have no right to bring them before the public, as they must then come in the shape of accusation, and *I will not* be the accuser of any one. This is the whole and sole business of my letter, and now, how shall I fill up the sheet? I have often threatened you with a chapter on the habits and moral character of the Italians, but though I have lived now nearly two years amongst them, I do not feel prepared to begin.

“The confidence and presumption of those travellers who discuss society and manners after a residence of a few weeks in a place does most mightily surprise me. When I was amongst the hills on my first coming to this neighbourhood with my friend Morgan, I used to wear a Greek cap, and as we liked nothing in the shape of food that they gave us but eggs and artichokes, we almost lived on them. Now, if a mountain historian, in describing Englishmen, were to say they all wore red caps and ate nothing but eggs and artichokes,

he would be about as near the mark as many of the Lady Morgans and other flippant travellers who undertake to describe Italian manners, Italian morals, and Italian character. All I have attempted to do in any of my letters, and all that I shall still venture to do is, to set down as faithfully as possible what passes before me. The facts I tell may have but a trifling and partial relation to the whole system, but they will be interesting as far as they go, and I wish no more.

“One thing I must say in praise of Italy, there is much less open vice in any town I have visited than in either Paris or London. Prostitution, which “elbows you aside” in the streets of London, is here, *even in Naples*, hardly visible. The libertine and the debauchee must go in search of his prey — and his search will be fruitless unless he submit himself to the conduct of men who are a disgrace to the human shape, and who are so afraid or ashamed of the trade they exercise, that a word or a look will drive them from your sight for ever. In the theatres, even in the lowest, it is rare to find a woman of abandoned character; and if such ever do go, they go accompanied by some person who gives to them the air at least of respectability, and their conduct is always decent and respectable. How different is this from the theatres of London, the very recollection of which fills me with horror.

“On the subject of honesty there are some curious distinctions and refinements, which I suspect arise out of the discipline of the Church. You may trust a servant in

Naples with any sum of money, and he will keep it untouched; you may leave your drawers open to him, and he will not rob you; but if you employ him to buy anything, even the smallest article, he will be sure to cheat you, and make a considerable interest of your confidence. I shall never forget the honest indignation I aroused in a man by telling him he meant to rob me; he was asking me at least ten times the value of the thing bargained for. The colour came into his face, his voice faltered, and he stammered out 'that men who robbed were found on the highway:' this he said was 'a mere treaty between two *galant uomini* (honest men), and he could only excuse the insult by supposing that I was not fully acquainted with the import of the word.' I told him if he did not like the verb *rubare*, he might have *ingan-nare*, which would suit me quite as well, and which, as it only meant *to cheat*, did not seem to shock his moral sensibility.

"The lower classes get their notions of morals from the questions of the priests; and as in the hurry of confessing them by the gross, he probably asks them only if they steal, without any of the minor distinctions of fraud, they come away with the belief that cheating to any extent is admissible. This is the only way I can account for the entire want of sensibility on the subject amongst a class of people who consider themselves, and are considered by their neighbours, as most religious and moral persons. In case of theft, the goods stolen are very often returned to the owners by the priest under the

seal of confession. In this way the penitent entirely escape the hands of justice, as the priest is not bound to reveal anything.

“The merchants tell me they often have goods returned in this way that have been stolen from their warehouses; and I witnessed myself one instance of it in some people who, pretending to be patients, robbed Dr. Q—— of some gold seals and other things that were lying on his table; these were two young men and a young woman. I happened to be there at the time; we followed the party, and though the lads escaped, we took the woman and imprisoned her; and to this we owed the restoration of the things. Of course when Q—— got his property he desisted from the prosecution, and all the parties got free. It is said there are certain trading priests who are concerned in the traffic with the rogues, and certainly the sacerdotal agent in this case looked much more like a villain than the robbers. Where priests are so numerous and so poor, and where in many cases they are atheists, it is not wonderful they should avail themselves of the disguises and facilities of religion to accomplish worldly objects. I can believe in such a place as Naples there may be many thieves, and many who carry on the worse trade of *ruffians* without its interfering with the general credit and respectability of the cloth.

“With respect to the so much talked of subject of infidelity in the married state, it does not appear to me to be half so much the business of people's lives as some

travellers would make out. In Florence, I believe, it is worse than in Rome or Naples. A man who knows the Florentines well, tells me that every married beauty has regularly three persons in her train besides her husband : the *cavaliere servente* who usually lives in the house, and who is always about her *aux petits soins* ; the *amico*, who is the favoured and constant lover ; and the *capriccio*, who is changed, as his name implies, as often as the whim suits. Here, as far as my observation goes, the case is different. I have seen many instances of *cavaliere servente* which seem most innocent attachments, and where the cavalier is as much the friend of the husband as the lady ; other cases in which a lady commits one or more *faux pas*, allows herself to be seduced from her duty, confesses to her priest, gets absolution, and continues a good wife and a good mother ; indeed, the *amour*, strange as it may seem to English ears, does not interfere with the duties attached to either of these characters. She is as much respected as ever in society ; her error is never called to mind in the way of reproach, and is seldom made the subject of scandal amongst her neighbours. There seems to be a mutual indulgence in these cases which robs scandal of its force ;—the habits are so entirely different from anything we are accustomed to. Men and their wives live after the first year or two, almost generally, in a state of comparative separation. They occupy different apartments, and, if they are rich enough, maintain different establishments. The wife receives her society and the husband his ; and the evenings of all

classes are passed either at the theatre, or in some way or other out of doors. Those who have not money to go to the play (and these are not many, for there are theatres to suit all pockets) have a sort of *conversazione* in their shop or outside their door. They never think of going in doors for any enjoyment. They have no word to express our idea of home. In this they do not approach us even as much as the French, whose *foyer* and *chez nous* come to something like our fireside. The Italian is at home in the theatre; he receives his visitors in his box at the opera, and executes there his most important business. If I have to paint a portrait, I must generally call on the parties at the opera to arrange the style of its execution and the time of the sittings. These are the higher classes. The middle ranks, too, have their box at the smaller theatres, or if not, they meet to gossip in the pit, where they have their regular seat with arms to it, subscribed for by the year, and are as great in their way as any *principe* or *principessa* at St. Carlo. In the higher ranks there are as many demireps as will be found in the same class of society in London or Paris. It falls to these Lady Bellastons to initiate young men in the arts of intrigue and vicious indulgence; and they keep as anxious a look-out for a new man as a cat does for a mouse in a hay-loft, and are as ready to pounce upon and devour him. I painted the portrait of a handsome young Russian nobleman last winter, who was guilty of the indiscretion of being faithfully attached to his wife. The lady was confined

while here with her second or third child, and during her confinement the attempts that were made by these demireps to seduce him were almost inconceivable. He was so handsome and so virtuous that it became quite a point of ambition who should conquer him. Countesses, duchesses, and ladies who were before unsuspected of such desires, united in the league against this monster of chastity and conjugal affection, till he became so disgusted and offended, that he left the place the moment his wife was able to travel, and forswore Naples and Neapolitan society for ever.

“The rarity of large families in Italy is a tacit proof of the state in which married persons live. I scarcely know a family in Naples, of any rank, reaching beyond three children, and in the higher classes they have seldom more than one. Married ladies do not choose to have their pleasures abridged by the fatigue of bearing children. They will dance and will enjoy society as much as ever; they are not content to give up the ball-room for their husband, nor to exchange the theatre for the nursery. It is a beautiful thing to see some large English families living in the true style of English domestic enjoyment. There is a Mr. and Mrs. Talbot, who are not more than forty or forty-five, with a dozen children round them, of all ages, from the young man and young woman to the little boy and girl of four or five years old, the father and mother occupied with them from morning till night, either instructing them, or attending to their masters,

or accompanying them in their innocent amusements. They say the example of one or two of these English families has had such an effect at Rome as to induce some merely married people seriously to think of the possibility of conjugal happiness, and that some bungling attempts have actually been made to establish what the French call a *bon ménage*.

“I know nothing so beautiful as English habits under an Italian sky. Some of the resident merchants have their chimney with a good Birmingham stove in it, and a fire of Newcastle coals. They have their carpeted room, their evenings at home, and every domestic comfort. It is a mistake to suppose the climate influences in any great degree the morals and the manners of the people; it is not the climate; it is the government, and, above all, the Church, that blasts every germ of good, and nips in the bud every attempt at moral improvement. The Protestant and Catholic cantons of Switzerland abundantly prove this. On one side of the boundary you shall see an industrious, clean, healthy peasant family, occupied from morning to night in domestic duties; and on the other a parcel of wretched beings eaten up with vermin, and *hardly* living in squalid beggary. It is the system of the Catholic Church to offer premiums for idleness, and to make beggary honourable, and till this Church is razed to its foundations, and every vestige of it destroyed, I fear there can be no hope for suffering and oppressed humanity.



“In writing to a doctor, I ought to say something about medicine. It is obvious I can know nothing really or scientifically of the state of this art in Naples; but in a place where people devote themselves so much to pleasure there must be a sufficient portion of disease; and, as all are seeking some universal remedy, different medicines and different systems rise and fall as fashion dictates. When I first came here, all the world was running after a course of violent purgatives, introduced by the pamphlet of Monsieur Le Roi; such was the rage for this man’s medicine, that it was sufficient to occasion the popularity and success of a dramatic piece founded on the mania, and performed at the Neapolitan theatre. To this succeeded the system of Hahnemann, which was practised here by one of his pupils of the name of Necker; but now everything is beaten out of the field by mustard-seed. Mr. Turner (who is making a crusade, not to plant the cross on the walls of Jerusalem, but to plant mustard-seed in the stomachs of all the inhabitants of the globe) has been here also. He would persuade us that there is now no longer any occasion for disease or suffering, all the evils of life are at an end; and we have only to live on in peace and quiet to the extremest old age, without pain and without anxiety, — we have nothing to do but to take mustard-seed! Necker’s practice, or rather Hahnemann’s, occasioned so much talk in the medical world, that Dr. Quin found it necessary last summer to go into Germany to study it. It goes upon the system of curing disorders

by the thing which occasions them, just as you would put a burnt hand into turpentine, or hold it to the fire. The great mystery of it is the inconceivably small doses administered. It is so contrary to all our preconceived notions, that it calls largely on our faith. Quin has come back, if not a convert to the doctrine, at least so impressed with its importance as to continue his study with much perseverance and ardour; and Quin is anything but a trifler. I am not sure whether this system has yet reached England. All the medical men here, with the exception of Quin, are loud against it. Your friend R——, who, by the way, has a good deal of the old woman about him, gets red in the face and almost foams at the mouth whenever it is made a matter of conversation. They all predicted that the entertaining it for a moment would ruin my little friend, and they were already shouting in triumph over his fallen reputation. So far from this being the case, however, Quin's popularity has greatly increased this season, and he has done more than all the rest of them together. He does not exclusively adopt the new system, but if people wish to be treated according to it, he does not refuse.

“I have had a sitting this morning of the celebrated cantatrice, Madame Pasta. I never saw a person with so little the manners of a woman of the theatre. • It is said of actors in general that they act off the stage as well as on, but I suspect this applies to second-rates. La Pasta, however, the great, the unrivalled La Pasta,

is the simplest, gentlest, kindest, most unassuming creature I ever met with. She has so much genuine modesty and unaffected simplicity about her, that while sitting in her company I can hardly believe she is the same person whose very appearance on the stage is hailed with enthusiastic plaudits, and about whom all the world is running mad. She talks little, but what she does say is expressed with energy and feeling. I am told that, though so long accustomed to the stage, she never appears on it without timidity and trembling.

“This letter is out of course—it was begun without subject, and continued merely from the point of honour. I can never reconcile it to my conscience to send a letter to you without filling the sheet. I am much disappointed at not hearing that Mr. Raine has called upon you. I flattered myself with the prospect of having my vanity gratified by his showing you a little picture he bought of me. If he should come, and you should get acquainted, you may offer to keep the picture for him, if it be any accommodation, until he get a house to put it in. At your place some of my friends the artists might get an opportunity of seeing it, which to me would be a great gratification. I am hard at work, but I can say nothing decidedly about the time of my leaving, because it will depend on my getting through things begun.

“I have just got a letter from Eastlake at Rome, in which he says, ‘Wilkie is painting here with great

spirit. He has done a confessional scene, with stuff in it equal to Rembrandt.' I wish you to read this to Raimbach, and tell Raimbach, too, that Wilkie has been in the habit of mentioning my name to his friends in a way that has added greatly to my reputation. I do not know how enough to express my gratitude to him. Wilkie, besides the 'Confession,' has done a picture of the 'Calabrian Pipers,' and one of the 'Washing the Pilgrims' Feet;' so that his health must be greatly improved, at which I am sure Raimbach, as well as all his friends, will rejoice. It is a curious coincidence that, without any knowledge of what Wilkie was doing, I have begun the very same subjects, the 'Pipers' and the 'Confession,' and they are the two that I expect to bring with me to London. My season on the whole has not been a very brilliant one, but I must not complain or repine. My health has been excellent. Remember me particularly to the Giles's, to my friend Mr. Kingdon, and to all others who honour me with a corner in their memories.

"T. U.

"P.S. Pray beg of Mr. Raine to write to me, or to let me know where I can write to him."

"Dear Zechariah,      "March 11 (?), 1827. Naples.

"In consequence of the system I have imposed on myself of writing alternately to David and to you, it sometimes happens that I have to answer David's letters through you and yours through him. From the date of

his last I could almost fancy there must be one missing, which I directed to him, I think, in January. In future I will never omit to make a memorandum of the day on which I write. You will receive one of the 6th of this month, and David one of the 8th.

“To prevent any mistake or misconception on your part about my plans, I will now tell you what, as far as it is possible for me to decide, I have decided on. First of all, I entirely give up the temptation offered me by Ackermann and Prout. Had I not been to Venice, I might have seized on it as an opportunity of visiting that scene of poetry and enchantment. But having been there, the case is different, and I can now only think of it in the light of a money speculation; for I can honestly assure you, whatever my friends may think, I have not the least ambition for the reputation of an author. In all the letters I have written from the Continent, I have had no other object but to acquit myself of what appeared to me a duty, and no other desire than to give you pleasure. As a money speculation, it will not bear entertaining for a moment; because, even though they may be content to pay me handsomely, yet, as it will necessarily take me away from art, to which I must look for my living, and as it will lead to nothing in the way of prospect or employment, it must be a dissipation of my mental energies, and a consequent loss to my main interests. I know my own feelings too well to trust myself with such an undertaking. I know that common exertions would not

content me, and that I never should be satisfied without reading every possible book that could directly or remotely bear on the subject, and visiting every hole and corner of the city in search of information and interest; and all this would be a gratuitous and useless sacrifice. A bookseller's hack, of any dexterity and address, would make up what would serve the purpose quite as well, without knowing a word of the language, or ever quitting his lodgings in Marylebone.

“With respect to Colnaghi's offer, I can only say, that were I on the spot, and were they to pay me well for my time, I might be induced to undertake it, but the prospect is not a sufficient temptation to induce me to hasten my departure from Italy, or indeed to take it for one moment into my calculations. I have now stayed away too long to return empty-handed. I have wandered about sufficiently. I have got in all the improvement and information I promised myself in the visits to the various towns and schools of Italy, and it remains for me to do something which shall prove that my travelling has not been thrown away. Place is of little consequence, nor will it avail much whether I arrive a month later or a month earlier in London, provided I have something to show for my time. I am here well placed for my purpose. I have very good, gentlemanly apartments, with a good painting-room, which, including the service of a man and woman, cost me not more than forty pounds a year. The place suits my health, I know enough of the language and manners of

the people to be able to get models and materials, and the environs of the town offer scenes of picturesque beauty and temporary pleasure and profit. I do not mean to say that I should not prefer Rome to paint in, were it a matter of choice, but it is not. Circumstances, over which I seem to have had little control, have fixed me here; and here I mean to stay until what I have undertaken be completed. This, then, is my ultimatum. I cannot say I shall be in London in June, July, or August; all I can say is that my face is directed thitherward, and that as soon as I have completed what I have in hand it is my decided intention to proceed on my course.

“It is obvious that I cannot accomplish these objects so readily as such a man as Wilkie, or as others who have money at command, because I am obliged to get the money by painting portraits that I expend in painting other pictures; but by quiet and steady determination to one point something may be done, and though the result may be much less than my friends may have reason to expect, still it will prove I have not been idle.

“I shall probably write by this post to Ackermann, but I have no objection to your reading to Prout that part of my letter which relates to him. Prout is a man of sense and feeling, and though he may regret my determination, he will know from his own experience how to appreciate the motives that lead to it. One thing must be impressed upon them, *that negotiation*

*would be useless.* I have dismissed the thing from my mind entirely, and I cannot, I will not, entertain it.

“It would be idle to affect to disguise the pleasure which David’s letter has given me; so many kind testimonies of my friends, so many instances of the kindly feeling which even a portion of the public entertain towards me, are things which I cannot be insensible to. I have made several attempts at a tale, which I meant to send to one of these *Annuals* with a design; but though I know my subject a good one, and though I am sure I could make something of it, I cannot get time to attend to it. It requires my best time, and that time I cannot spare from painting. I dare say my tale will end in nothing. The impressions are even now wearing out that led to my beginning it, and as I never make written notes or memoranda when travelling, when my memory becomes leaky all goes together. The letters I have written to you and to other friends, are the only written proofs that exist of my having visited the different places referred to, and they will some future day call many things to my memory which even now have entirely escaped it.

“The only literary work for which I felt myself truly competent, and which I believe I should indulge in were I independent of the world, is a sort of manual of study for artists either coming out to Italy or staying at home. There is a wonderful deal of interesting matter on the subject of art dispersed through Italian books entirely unknown to the English reader; it would



be a pretty employment to collect, combine, and condense this desultory matter into a come-at-able compass, to connect it with a history of the art, and observations from actual study of the great works of the great ages, showing the rise and progress, and tracing the causes of the decline and fall, of the different schools. Had I made a fortune by painting, I know no way in which I could turn what talents I possess to so much useful purpose; but it would be the desire of doing good, and not the ambition of authorship, that would furnish the stimulus to this labour. Nor could it even be looked to as a publication of profit and emolument; to do it well it would require two or three years of devotion to study, and an expenditure in books and travelling of several hundred pounds; and, besides, painting must be given up for it. This statement will prove to you that in my case it is only a dream which can never be realised." \*

"Palazzo Campana, Vico Belle Donne,

"Dear Zechariah, Naples, April 24, 1827.

"Your letter, dated March 24th, reached me only two days back. Why letters should be so much longer coming here than returning, I know not; fifteen or sixteen days is the proper time, provided the post be well served. You will have received another of mine, dated March 15th, which will be found to answer, by anticipation, some of your inquiries. I am pleased that

\* Only half a letter, on half a sheet; the rest missing.

you have sent a letter or two to Ackermann, but do not send many. I confess to you that the idea of having whole letters published cramps my hand, and prevents my writing to you with the freedom I should wish to use. I do not wish to consider these communications anything but conversation; the moment the idea of printing comes into my head, it upsets the whole matter. I have no objection to your sending extracts to anybody, especially if you think any good may be done by them; but I tremble equally at the character of an author or a spy; and I know how many internal evidences must hang about everything I write, that would fix at once the thing on my shoulders. This place is very different from Rome. Owing to the residence of established English merchants, all sorts of publications, newspapers, and magazines are got out from England, and everything that touches on Italy, and Naples especially, is read with an anxious curiosity that is most terrifying; and as everybody knows everybody, of course everybody fixes immediately on the author, who is immediately dignified with the title of fool, or impertinent, or scoundrel, according as the different interests or feelings of the parties are affected by the communications.

“There has been a most villanous attack lately on Quin in the ‘Morning Chronicle,’ in the shape of a letter from Naples, which is fixed at once on the right shoulders, and such is the respect entertained here for Quin’s character, that the author is branded as a public liar, and almost hunted from society. I do not mean to say my

case would be similar to that of this miscreant; but I am aware that I do indulge in a freedom of observation, both on men and things, which would be considered impertinent and unbecoming in one standing in the situation that I do. You cannot tell the uneasiness that I have had about a thing of this kind, which would of itself be enough to make me quit Naples, even though I had not determined on it. In a society, in which were Mr. Brereton and my respected friend G—— (whom I mentioned to you in a former letter), I happened to give an account of the *fiesta* of the Madonna del Arco. Every one listened with great attention, and before I left the room Mr. Brereton begged me, as a particular favour, to give him the story in writing. I fought off as long as I could, but he made me promise to send it to him to Rome. G—— the next day made the same request; I told him I had promised to write to Rome by Mr. Shirley, and that I would send the letter to him before it went, allowing the permission to copy it, without ever thinking about its publication. G—— was so much pleased with the thing, that he sent it off to Ireland without saying a word to me, and it is by this time (I dare say) published in the 'Christian Examiner' in Dublin; a publication supported by the leading men amongst the seriously religious in Ireland. To you, the probabilities of this being fixed on me may seem very remote, but when you know how many English and Irish Catholics there are on the Continent; and when you know the penetrat-

ing watchfulness that is kept on all Irish proceedings; and when you know, moreover, that my acquaintance Charles Acton (who is a Jesuit to the backbone) has been some time one of the private secretaries of the Pope, and is lately promoted to be secretary to the Pope's nuncio in Paris—not only because he is an Englishman of ancient family, but because his acquaintance with English manners and language may give him a command over English proceedings; I say when you know all these things, and besides, when you know the peculiarly artful character of this young man, with all his piety, you will not be surprised at my uneasiness. The Actons know well that I am a Protestant, and one of a decided and unyielding character. I never affect to disguise it, and I would be as ready to tell out my opinions at their table, were duty to call for them, as I would anywhere else; but the very generosity of their conduct requires on my part openness and candour. They would say that a letter of this kind was an unfair representation; that it was taking advantage of a thing which they, as well as all reasonable Catholics, despised, to bring the Church into disrepute, and that I might as well attempt to give an idea of the state of religion in England by describing a meeting of Jumpers in North Wales. Now, though the things are exceedingly dissimilar, yet I would rather not be put on the discussion. I do not know how to blame G——; he did it in the warm-hearted simplicity which actuates him in all attempts to do good, and it never once entered his head

to ask my consent or approval. Brereton will not thank him for forestalling his market. Let me not be misunderstood; I do not mean to apply these remarks to anything that Mr. B—— has published or may publish; you have my free will to use all my letters in any way that you like, because I can rely on your judgment and prudence; besides, what is published in England cannot have locally half the importance that must be attached to a professed Protestant publication in Ireland, one of whose avowed objects is to expose the real state of the Romish Church, and to let people know what things are done in this age of light and liberty.

“There is another thing in this business that vexes me. If you see the letter, I fear you will find it much better than the account of the same thing I gave to you, and, if I mistake not, much better written than any of my family epistles. The truth is, that though I had no idea of publication, there was the vanity to gratify of making as good an appearance as possible in the eyes of my old pupil Fanny Wilson, and the circle of her acquaintance, which embraces my kind friend Miss Gurney, and through her some of my most valuable Edinburgh connections.

“Of Mr. Shirley I saw little; I got him to preach once at the consul's, but he was not liked, his style is too condensed; the sermon was more fit for a congregation in the habit of considering religious subjects than for a promiscuous assemblage of thoughtless lion-hunters, and his delivery is about the worst I ever

heard from the pulpit. Though I am in constant correspondence with Eastlake, he has never mentioned Shirley's name. I think it probable he saw as little of him as I did. The truth is, letters are no use to a young parson in Rome; he is set to preach at the English church at once, and gets, by his public character, more acquaintance than he wants.

"About myself I have little good to tell. The small portraits that I have been doing for Sir Richard Acton's album got so much reputation, that I have been surrounded by applications for similar things; in the midst of this work, my sight, as I ought to have expected, gave way, and I have now given it all up; and with it some of my most valuable connections. The money I have got by them will, I hope, enable me to get through with my other pictures, as now that this source is given up, I shall not be in the way of getting any more money till I get to England. The time of my coming will depend on this. As my pictures are local, they must be done, or at any rate the principal part must be done here. If the steam-boat should be running at the time, I shall probably take advantage of it, but it is anything but an established conveyance. It is started at one time and then discontinued, and you hear no more of it.

"Dr. Peebles has left Florence, and is now settled in Rome. The last small portrait I was able to do was my old Edinburgh friend, Colonel White. It gave me great pleasure to send direct to Edinburgh

this proof of my handiwork, and I do not think he would have been persuaded to sit but for his attachment to me. Dr. R——, after trying Naples for twelve months, and not, probably, getting twelve fees in the whole of the time, has set off to Paris. The truth is, there is no room at Naples. Quin does all that is worth doing, and the dirty work is actively swept up by a certain Mr. R——, something between an apothecary and a doctor. There is a Scotchman and a Sicilian Dr. Salami, who do nothing. All odd fees are picked up by travelling physicians who come out with families.

“I fear you will not thank me for this long letter containing nothing, but I am obliged to write a letter of this kind now and then to clear away. This is a dull day, too. The hot sirocco is blowing, which is the Italian’s apology for listless idleness. A sirocco is an excuse for everything. Do you know what the sirocco is? (I do not know if I spell it rightly.) It is the hot wind that comes over the Mediterranean from the deserts, and which gives us all a right to be dull, stupid, and out of temper. We have had two or three shocks of earthquake lately, and there is every appearance of an eruption of Vesuvius, to the great joy of the English lion-hunters. I do not enter into the feelings of delightful anticipation. The spectacle may be sublime, but the misery it occasions is a price too great to pay for it.

“There are religious societies of laymen attached to almost every Catholic church, called confraternities. I

do not know the precise nature of their constitution, but I believe it is to support each other in the faith, and to contribute by acts of charity to the alleviation of the distress amongst the poor of their neighbourhood. The confraternity of Saint Ferdinand is headed by the king, and composed of persons of rank. These confraternities have a public procession once a year through the streets of Naples, on the saint's day under whose title and banners they are enlisted, so that a man who is much out is constantly encountering some one or other of these saintly displays. The silver image of the saint is carried in state, but they do not seem quite satisfied with the lumbering block, and it is amusing to see the contrivances with which something like life and animation is mixed up in the affair. I have seen two lately of this description, which will give you a fair specimen of them all. One was on St. Joseph's Day. The saint, with the child Jesus on his right arm, supported on men's shoulders, headed the procession; but it was a pity, they thought, his left hand should be unemployed, so they had tied a live pigeon to it to represent the Holy Spirit. This seemed to delight the people, who never once thought of the torment of the poor bird, which was sufficiently indicated by its convulsive fluttering at every awkward step of the saint-bearers. The other happened on Easter Day, and was rather more complicated, and not so easily explained.

“There are four fine painted images belonging to a convent in the neighbourhood; one represents the



Saviour after His resurrection, the others Mary, St. John, and Mary Magdalene. These three trot off on their bearers' shoulders on Easter morning, to look after their risen Lord. After stopping and peeping down the different lanes and alleys, St. John, who goes first, gets a glimpse of the image of Christ, which is wandering through another path;—he turns back, and runs as fast as his bearers' legs can carry him, to tell the joyful news to Mary, who has by this time arrived at the *largo* or square of the village, covered with black, and forming part of a melancholy mourning procession. After the communication made, which is done by the two foremost men bobbing once or twice, by which St. John makes a bow, he and the Magdalene set off down the lane, and bring back with them the image of Christ; the moment he comes in sight, Mary, to express her joy, throws off her black robe, and lets fly from under it a flock of singing birds, (canaries and goldfinches,) which give so much life and animation to the whole concern, that the people partake of the enthusiasm, and there is spread around as much gladness and joy as if they were really witnessing the resurrection of the Saviour. In Calabria they have a contrivance to make the eyes of the Virgin move, and her head to nod, and they call it a live virgin, and boast the superiority of their convent over all others who possess only dead ones. These are some of the miserable shifts that the supporters of this political combination, miscalled religion, are obliged to have recourse to, and which are

acted now with as much vigour (owing to the exertions of England, whose power has re-established them) as ever they were in the ages which we are accustomed to call ages of superstition and darkness.

“There is a thing copied into all the Italian papers about screwing men’s heads in iron machines, to make them turn Protestants. This Catholic lie is believed and gloried in by ninety-nine people out of a hundred throughout the Continent, and the poor Irish Catholics are actually thought to be in constant danger of the rack and torture.

“T. U.”

“Dear David,

“Naples, May 3, 1827.

“You will soon have Quin in London, and I shall soon follow him, for Naples will lose more than half its charms when it is no longer embellished with his cheerful countenance. Society will be robbed of its principal ornament, and for me his absence will create a blank in my existence which nothing can fill up. But much as we all suffer from losing him, who is there amongst all his friends that does not rejoice at the occasion of his going? After a season of the greatest success, in which he has practised almost exclusively in families of the highest rank, he has been invited by the Prince Coburg to become his physician, and he is now attached to the royal household, with a handsome salary, to which no conditions are annexed but the necessity of living at Marlborough House, dining at the prince’s

table, and travelling in his suite whenever he chooses to visit the Continent. The prince has behaved in the most noble manner to him; he lays no restrictions on his practice, and puts no bounds to his opportunities for study; but, on the contrary, promises to do all he can to increase his reputation and encourage his pursuits.

“For a young physician of six-and-twenty, this is a piece of no ordinary good fortune; but it must be recollected Quin is no ordinary man, and I can assure you the prince is as much congratulated here on his acquisition, on his taste and judgment in selecting such a counsellor and companion, as Quin is in having obtained so honourable an appointment.

“My present plan is to remain in these apartments till the end of May, and to get through as much as I can in that time, then I am engaged to go on a visit to a lady at La Cava, and from thence I shall endeavour to visit some other points of the country for the sake of completing a connected series of drawings, which I hope to publish in England, and try the strength of my friends’ attachment in the shape of subscription. The thing has been suggested to me by some persons of rank here, who have promised me their names, amongst whom I may reckon Lady Louisa Lambton and the daughters of Sir George Talbot; but I am too much experienced to place great reliance on these promises of support, and I know my strongest hold will be the merit and novelty of the work — provided it have merit and novelty.

“I fear from this period you must give up calculating

on deriving either amusement or information from my letters; my mind is so distracted with the multitude of things that breaking up a concern throws upon me, that I have neither leisure nor tranquillity enough to sit down to write. Were it otherwise, were I sufficiently collected to register observations on things passing around me, there never was a moment in which I should have been able to present you with more interesting accounts.

“I have been painting lately the wife of one of the brigands of Sonnini, and in my life I never met with such an interesting creature. She is very handsome, with a hand and foot like a lady, and a carriage as stately and elegant as a princess, or rather I should say there is a natural grace about her much superior to that found in courts and palaces. Her conversation is a mine of interest, whether it consist in the animated expression of her own thoughts and feelings, or in the description of the actions of the bandit troops. As she has been now removed for some time from these scenes, and is living in comparative credit and respectability, it is difficult to get her on the subject, but I am so much in her confidence that she lets loose with me the chain which binds her to society, and goes back into mountains and caverns with all her native zest and energy. Walter Scott, if he knew her, would make her the heroine of a romance, and would get enough from her conversation to fill up a bolder story than any he has yet ventured on. You should hear her tell of the lawless habits of these people; the celebrated cavern in which they had all the

comforts of a house ; the wild energy of their character, and uncertain tenure of their existence, which in her mind gave a zest to present pleasure such as is nowhere else enjoyed. The idea of death, she says, could never be separated from their feasts while the knives with which they ate their food were stained with human blood ; yet they sung, and they danced, and were substantially happy. How her eyes glisten with delight when she tells of the splendour of their dress, in which there was a whimsical mixture of orders and ornaments, the spoils of the conquered and the trophies of victory ; and of the beauty of the persons of some of the younger ones, mingling in her story much of sexual feeling and feminine imagination. One youth, in particular, who, with his bare neck and a profusion of beautiful hair rolling in fine ringlets from his forehead down upon his shoulders, was like nothing so much, she says, as the heathen gods represented by the ancient sculptors in the Vatican at Rome. Poor thing ! they were the gods of her idolatry in the age when her imagination began to put forth its buds, and the impression on her mind no after scenes of life will ever alter or obliterate. This youth, as well as her own brother, equally beautiful, were given up to justice. They were betrayed by a priest ; and the fierceness which her mild and beautiful countenance assumes when she tells of the *traditore* (traitor) is truly terrific. There is no mercy, she says, in heaven or earth for the traitor — Jesus Christ was betrayed, and the memory of Judas is execrated for ever. You will

smile at the connection, but odder things than these arrange themselves quietly and comfortably in Catholic minds.

“You will see Quin, I dare say, very soon after his return. He says he shall be able to make you *stay in the room* whilst he explains to you Hahnemann’s system. Quin is no enthusiast, nor is he easily won by extraordinary or out-of-the-way things; he laughed as much and as long as anybody about this subject till it was forced on his observation in a way that made him determine on investigating it; and he has now seen enough to convince him that his laughter was out of place. He does not practise it to any extent, but he is always ready to apply medicine in this way to any who wish it, and he tells me the investigation of the system has given him new notions of the powers of medicine. He certainly set the right way to work about it. He learnt German, and went into Germany, and became acquainted with almost all the professors who practise it, so that he has a right to talk about it.”

“Naples, May 22, 1827.

“Dear Zechariah,

“I did not intend to write so soon again, but I cannot deny myself the pleasure of thanking you for your very interesting letters. I expect with impatience the one which shall contain an account of Somerset House. Martin’s work, to which you allude, I have not seen, though I believe it is in Rome. Your criticism as it

regards the general character of his productions is excellent. I have no doubt Stump gave you a just account of the new society. He is a remarkably unprejudiced man. However I may wish success to the individuals of that society, I cannot wish it to succeed in its incorporated state. My feelings are with the Royal Academy, and they may be relied on as uninterested, for I never indulged the hope of becoming a member of it. You will find your questions about Mr. Shirley and other matters answered by anticipation in the letters that you must have ere this received. I have been again imprudent enough not to make note of their dates, but there must be three unaccounted for: one in which I spoke of Ackermann's proposal, one in which I stated my feelings about publishing letters, and one in which I gave an account of Quin's new and honourable appointment. Your female friends, if they come to Naples, should at least bring introductions to the ambassador and Lady Drummond. I might have introduced them to some people, had Quin remained, but without him my hold on society is too feeble to be of any service to them. If they like gaiety, they may get their hearts full of it here; enough, I am sure, to satisfy the most craving appetite; enough, in truth, to fill the bones with pain, the mouth with blasphemy, and the heart with woe.

“I should be very sorry to pass another winter like the last. It has made me think of the possibility of giving up portrait painting altogether. Could I get one-third of

the profit by painting ~~other~~ things, I should think the tranquillity of mind cheaply gained. I am not insensible to the charms of elevated society. ~~The~~ atmosphere that surrounds people of rank is a delightful atmosphere to move in. In Scotland I sometimes found it connected with an atmosphere of piety, and there indeed it is an earthly paradise; but here dissipation of the mind seems the whole object and end of life, and one cannot live in the circle without catching something of its enervating influence; and yet a portrait painter who does his duty must live in it. It is this association that gives Lawrence such a pre-eminence over all his brethren; and whatever of merit or success my portraits have had in this place, must be considered mainly to depend on my mixing with the people and catching their habits and peculiarities. All who see my portraits, say they are not likenesses, but that they portray the character and the manner of the individual. This praise I have not attained without working hard for it. In many a party, and in many a ball-room, instead of mingling with the scene, or having any enjoyment in the entertainment, my mind has been painfully employed in following the subjects of my pencil through all their windings, so that when they have come to me with their haggard looks and their exhausted frames, I have been able to restore them to animation and bring them back to life. But this is miserable work, and the sooner I get out of it the better I shall be pleased.

“My prospects as a portrait painter in London may



be thought good, especially now Quin is going to occupy a distinguished place in the very centre of the fashionable world; but I am afraid I have not spirit to encounter it: living in the most expensive part of the town, and keeping a man-servant, are two indispensables, and these would bring on a certain outgoing of money, which, should I fail, would ruin for ever my little fortune. I say for ever, as at my time of life I could not hope to recover it. In the mean time, a prospect of employment is opening to me, which will lead me out of this distracted scene, and enable me to live in comparative tranquillity. An English lady has ordered a picture of me, copied partly from one done for Sir Richard Acton. Mr. Erskine (*the* Mr. Erskine, as Eastlake calls him, that is, the Mr. Erskine the author of the 'Internal Evidences') has ordered two pictures from me, and Lord Lilford is at this moment speculating on giving me a commission for two others. For these pictures I am to have 200 ducats *each* (about 34*l.*); the price is not much, but then my expenses are small compared to what they would be in London. These things will detain me here at least for the summer, because they are all Neapolitan subjects, and I cannot conscientiously do them anywhere else. All these pictures are going to England, and should they lead to my being still occupied there in the same class of things, I shall be most happy to have done with portrait painting for ever. Once established as a painter of these subjects, Dr. Quin, Lady Acton, and the other friends I

have made here, would still be of no little service to me in selling my pictures. I know I could rely on their continued friendship.

“What a privilege it is to know such a man as Mr. T. Erskine! Of all men I ever met with, he is the most thoroughly imbued with the Christian spirit. He says a Christian’s life should be a daily and hourly manifestation of God, and I am sure he is himself an example of it. Communion with God is with him the essence of religion; every virtue, kindness, charity, brotherly love, all spring out of this as branches from a root. This is the secret that takes from every day all its evil, and makes life a continued looking forward to eternity.

“June 5, 1827.

“I had written so far, when I was interrupted in my letter, and have never since been able to resume it. This delay has given me the advantage of receiving your third letter, for which I am infinitely obliged to you. I feel sorry you did not see Eastlake’s picture, because I infer from it either one of three things, — that it is in a very bad place, that it is not attractive, or that its modest claims are overpowered by the splendour of the things around it. The picture, however, has much solid and substantial merit, and that must be a good exhibition that can afford to throw it away.

“The history of Mrs. Haldimand’s commission is simply this, and I will beg you to see Robson and explain it. I did do a drawing, and though I had

an opportunity of sending it, my courage failed me. I felt that being out of the habit of water-colours, it was a great risk of reputation to send a thing at once to London, to class amongst the works of those who do so well. At this moment Madame Rothschild was making up an album, and she almost forced me to sell it to her. In Mrs. Haldimand's book it would have been the weakest of the set, but in the Baroness Rothschild's it shines out amongst the bald and meagre attempts of the French, Italian, and German artists. Having parted with the drawing, I began a picture of the same subject on panel; but unluckily the panel happened to be much larger than the size given, and though I began it within the limits, it went on increasing till it spread over the whole space, and is now more than double the prescribed dimensions. Of course it can no longer come within the line of the commission, and I am offering it to my customers for sale. To attempt again a water-colour drawing is quite impossible in the present state of my sight; indeed, I ought to think myself too happy in being able to paint in oil. I regret the necessity in this case, because it would have been pleasing to me to have responded to Mr. Robson's kindly feeling in my favour, and delightful to have taken once more my rank amongst my old associates.

"The parcel has at length come to hand. David must have misunderstood Dr. Quin very much, or the Doctor must have explained himself very imperfectly. He wanted the best German dictionary that could be

procured, the amplest and most voluminous, and David has sent a little pocket one. As Quin is going to leave this place, it is of no consequence, but the disappointment would have been tremendous indeed had it been otherwise. He intended to have devoted this summer to the renewal of his German studies. I thank you much for your beautiful Bible. I have done nothing but turn it about since it came, to admire it. But beautiful as it is, it nearly occasioned the confiscation of the whole parcel. There is no book so sedulously shut out from the dominions of his most religious majesty as this. They would rather admit Paine and Voltaire. Had we not been English, I dare say it would not have been given up to us.

“The Prince Leopold came to pay me a visit yesterday for the first time. Three months ago, when he was ill, he begged me to send him some sketches, and though I have been in the habit of constantly meeting him at the British ambassador’s, the Austrian ambassador’s, Sir Richard Acton’s, Lady Drummond’s, Baron Rothschild’s, &c. &c., and though he knew me perfectly well, as he knows everybody, he never asked to have me presented to him. I confess I felt rather mortified, because I saw myself almost the only Englishman moving in the same rank that he had not noticed. At last, however, his sense of justice came in, and finding that I did not press myself upon him, and that though my most intimate friend had become his bosom counsellor, still I was in no way forced upon his notice, he spontaneously

chose to come to me. What his opinion of my merits is I do not know. As he paints himself, he of course assumes the critic, and his natural cautiousness of disposition would prevent his expressing himself fully on a first visit. For myself, I am too old to be flattered by the favour of princes; and though I was informed in the morning of the honour he intended me, I expected him, and received him with the most perfect coolness and indifference. He is evidently a much more sensible man, and a much more considerate and reasonable being, than princes in general. The other samples of royalty that have fallen in my way, have been like great spoiled boobies; but in the presence of the Prince Coburg you find immediately that you are engaged with a man of sound understanding and penetrating judgment. Had Providence so ordered it, he seems to be the man of all others fit to have been the husband of the Queen of England.

“David complains that you allow him but little room and little time to write; will you remind him that there is the readiest and easiest remedy in the world for this evil. He has only to lay before him some fine morning a fair sheet of paper, fill up all the writable space, and then send it to Theobald’s Road, and in sixteen days, at an expense to him of a shilling and twopence, and to me of *trente-un grani* (thirteen pence), I shall get what is always to me invaluable. Dr. Quin has just informed me that the Prince has expressed himself much pleased with my works, and much pleased with me. But the

most satisfactory proof of approbation would be ordering a picture. This is not in his way. Sir Fretful Plagiary in the 'Critic,' says the 'manager writes himself;' and as far as my observation goes, painting gentlemen are not the best friends of artists.

"The Actons are all off for England. The Prince still lingers, but I expect he will start in a few days. What a strange place Naples will appear to me without Quin and the Actons! I would willingly leave it too, but I cannot yet, and indeed it will be better to stay till the heat of the weather be over."

"T. U."

"Villa Altenolfi, La Cava,  
July 23, 1827.

"Dearest David,

"At the time of year that I am enjoying the most pleasure, you in general hear the least of me. My conscience tells me that I write frequently in moments of uneasiness and vexation, and that I make you a sharer in my evil things rather than of my good. The summer is my season for exertion, and while people are lying round me in listless idleness, panting with heat, and moaning their hard fate that they are obliged to live, I am up and doing, and, as far as in me lies, turning every moment to advantage. Like the vassals of Macbeth, that which makes them faint makes me bold and vigorous. They may say what they will of the debilitating power of heat, I feel that it strengthens me, and that cold, on the contrary, so celebrated for its bracing

and invigorating qualities, pinches me up to nothing, and makes me contemptible in my own eyes, and useless to all around me. It is the full and entire occupation of every moment of my time that robs me at this glorious season of the opportunity of communicating with my friends in England: wet weather and firesides are the great promoters of epistolary correspondence.

“I came out here on a visit to a lady who has now gone to Ischia for the baths, and has left me as *locum tenens* in her absence. A large house is at my command, kind friends all round me ready to contribute to my wants, and a glorious country to riot and revel in. The residence, the favourite residence, of Salvator Rosa is visible from the window of my painting-room, and the very rocks which he studied, and the very ravines through which he scrambled, and the very mountain peaks which top up his pictures, are all crying out ‘Come, paint me!’ with a voice which I must be lost indeed to all love of art did I not listen to and obey. Every morning, just as the sun gives light, even before he peeps into the valley I inhabit, I am up, my palette set, and my easel planted. In this way, imitating the beauties around me and breathing the fragrance of the morning, I remain till between seven and eight, when I return to a light breakfast of bread and figs, with a cup of milk, and sometimes coffee; then to my labours in doors, advancing the pictures in hand for my various employers till twelve; at twelve I go to bed and sleep till two, when I shave and dress for dinner. My dinner occupies

twenty minutes; I read half an hour after it, and then go again into my painting-room till five, when, the heat of the day being past, my boy attends to carry my painting-box, and off I go again into the fields, where I stay till the sun goes down, and leaves the world to darkness and to me.

“Time thus occupied allows few opportunities for writing but Sunday, and then the enjoyment of rest from my labours is so delicious, and the temptation to reading so great, that I do not feel often disposed to sit down to it. When my kind hostess is at home, my day is almost the same; her notions of hospitality are so perfect, that she would not allow me to visit her unless I followed the same course that I should do in my own house; the difference is that her table is enlivened with conversation, always rendered piquant by the visit of some intelligent friend. Mathias, the once renowned author of the ‘Pursuits of Literature,’ has been spending some time with us, and the last fortnight we have had the Honourable Miss Mackenzie, daughter of Lady Seaforth, the living head of the ancient clan Mackenzie; a young lady who possesses all that is interesting in the Scotch and English character united. She has been the companion of my studies, the partner in my rambles, and the inspirer of my exertions. In her presence I seemed to feel the days of chivalry were not past; there is a lofty, ladylike bearing about her, accompanied with so much sweetness and good sense, that to be commanded by her is happiness, and to do her will pleasure.



You will laugh at my bald pate and grey hairs being susceptible of these impressions. I recollect at this time last year I talked with enthusiasm of the beautiful Countess Fiquelmont; to her personal charms, however, the fair countess owes her power, while mind, mind alone, is the talisman with which the Mackenzie of Seaforth compels the obedience of her votaries. It may be one advantage of living a bachelor that we retain our boyish feelings to old age. Burns says an accomplished woman in high life is a character of which he could form no previous conception; an angel descended from heaven could not have made more impression on his imagination. I am free to confess, however weak it may appear, that the sad realities of life have not robbed me of this romantic feeling; neither morals nor religion, if my estimate of Christianity be just, call upon us to strip human nature to its naked barrenness. Man was perfect, and it is the object of religion to regain that which sin has forfeited, and to restore to him something of that perfection which he has lost.

“The necessity of getting a monk as a model for a patron has led to my becoming very intimate with the inmates of a neighbouring Capuchin convent. In return for their civility to me, I am teaching one of the *padri* to paint: you would smile to see me and my barefooted pupil engaged together. The Capuchins are a begging order; one of the *frati* goes out into the town in the morning to collect from the charity of the faithful the provision for the day, and what is left of their dinner is

again distributed by them to the beggars who surround the door; they live thus from day to day, and retain nothing for the morrow. Their lives are spent in sleep and prayers. Those who have any talent, like my pupil, amuse themselves with fiddling or painting, or literary occupation, for which they have abundance of time. They spend their days innocently, but, as far as I can make out, with little utility; they seem to have little taste for devotion: it would be uncharitable to say God was not in all their thoughts, but I cannot consider them, as they are ordinarily called, holy or religious men.

“I visited lately a convent of Benedictines on the top of a mountain near Anclino, called Monte Virgine, a place celebrated for its miracles. Here, as at Bologna, is a picture for which the Virgin sat to St. Luke. The monk who went round with me I thought seemed ashamed of the superstitions he was obliged to describe; and the superior, to whom I was introduced, talked of the failure of the tunnel under the Thames and the other ordinary topics of the day with the air of a man of the world,—a character he seemed anxious to assume in his communication with me. The rules of this order do not command abstinence, but the Virgin will not allow of meat being eaten in the convent. The holy men, therefore, march out every day at dinner-time to a place called the hospital, on another part of the mountain, where they eat and drink to their hearts’ content; their rubicund cheeks and pimpled noses prove that they do not spare the gifts of either Ceres or Bacchus.

“My banker has just sent out Zech’s letter. I will write to him as soon as possible; but lest I be prevented, it is best to answer the leading points. Tell him, if you please, to thank Robson for his persevering kindness. It would seem like insensibility not to respond to it; I am about a little picture which I will endeavour to copy in water-colours for Mrs. Haldimand, relying always on Robson not to let it go into her hands if he think it discreditable to me. I regret exceedingly that unconsciously I should have given to her rival what was intended for her; but after all it is good to encourage rivalry in those who have money to spend. The artists are the gainers.

“Tell him, too, that my patron is Lord Lilford, and not Lord Lifford, and that he has no connection with Mr. Erskine. The red book will tell who Lord Lilford is.

“I fear the ‘Quarterly Review’ is too near the truth about Dr. Morrison. I knew a man here exceedingly learned in the eastern languages, and who is as full of candour and charity as he is of learning. This man considers Morrison a quack, and conceives he has done worse than nothing. It is from personal and intimate knowledge of him, even in the very theatre of his exertions, that my friend speaks. He does not *presume*, with the ‘Quarterly,’ that Morrison’s translation is bad, but he *knows* it to be bad of his *own knowledge*, and abominably bad too; and I am too sorry to say I have the greatest reliance on his unprejudiced judgment.

“And now, dear David, do let me beg of you to follow

my example. You see I have set about a letter without any subject, and have had the vanity to suppose that you would even be interested with a little talking about myself. My life now is even more uniform than yours, my only converse is with rocks and trees. Do pray talk a little to me in the same way.

"A friend has given me a pair of English spectacles, which are a great relief to me. I will write to Robson.

"I am glad you liked T——; he sets about the study of medicine with ten thousand pounds in his pocket, and a persevering love of study, which cannot fail of carrying him honourably through his course.

"By this time you will have seen Quin; pray write and tell me all you think and know of him.

"T. U."

"Dear Zechariah,

"Corpo della Cava,  
August 17, 1827.

"I am now living at a little village amongst the very peaks of the mountains, where, while people in cities are dying with heat, I am luxuriating in a state of healthy animal enjoyment, such as I never remember to have experienced before. The gaiety of spirits that the delicious air of these mountains inspires is quite indescribable. Mr. Erskine, when he was in the neighbourhood, said he felt quite frisky, a sort of buoyancy of heart and mind that he (who is so scrupulous about everything) seemed to think not right. Certainly if it make me, melancholy me! cheerful, it must go near to set the

lighthearted mad; but I can honestly say the worst effect is that of producing in me more abundant and overflowing sentiments of gratitude and thankfulness. When I open my window in the morning, and the full tide of balmy sweets pours into my chamber, health and inspiration come with it. I call my man, and before any of the family or of the village are awake, we are off to the appointed spot, where all my apparatus is arranged and my palette set before the sun peeps over the horizon. Unwholesome night air, evening damps, and morning mists are here unknown. The sun rises day after day with the same loveliness, and sets with the same splendour; and there is one amongst the wonderful provisions of this glorious climate which makes even the mid-day heat tolerable to all. The mornings and evenings are sometimes close and hot, but I have never yet passed a day in this part of Italy without enjoying a delicious wind, which comes on between ten and eleven, and lasts till one or two, making the shade, even during the sun's vertical heat, cool and refreshing: and then the water melons!—who has ever been in Italy and has not felt gratitude to the Giver of all good while eating a water melon! Dr. Gordon used to say, the great enjoyment with which he swallowed his draught of porter on coming down from the pulpit he was fearful partook of the nature of sin. But not all the enjoyment of the most inveterate porter-drinker, with his lips fixed at the coolest tankard that ever was drawn, can in the smallest degree be compared to the bliss of swallow-

ing the juicy pulp and natural ice of a water melon during the burning heat of a southern sun. And this is a luxury open to all; for two or three *grani* (about a penny) a melon may be had large enough to refresh and invigorate a whole family. The naked children of the poorest *lazzaroni* in Naples may be seen marching about with a slice of water melon in their hands, and looking much happier than princes.

“I grant you there are some drawbacks to all these enjoyments in my case. Communication with the people is imperfect and halting. My Italian is most wretched; but the best Italian in these villages would be useless, where the names of things as well as the verbs of which the language is composed are altogether changed. There is the report of brigands haunting the places which I most delight to frequent. The Italians are a timid people, and as there is no newspaper communication, and no means of getting correct information, the slightest thing is magnified into something terrible, and the people are always in a state of mysterious ignorance and terror. At first I had a boy to carry my box, about twelve years old, a fine intelligent little creature, but he was frightened to death to follow me. I have now a man, and we are both tolerably well armed. The truth is, I have very little fear on the subject. I know myself not to be courageous, and would be the last unnecessarily to expose myself to danger, but my timidity is courage compared to the Italians, who are frightened at their own shadow. I am living, moreover,

amongst people who consider me a monster of infidelity, because I do not bow down to the Madonna, nor sing litanies to St. Dunstan and St. Bridget. Popery here is in all its purity and glory. The name, office, and sacrifice of Christ are lost in the adoration of His mortal mother, the influence of the Holy Spirit is changed into patron saint and guardian angels, and the triune God seems to be banished from all their thoughts. I have a little compendium of Christian instruction before me, which contains the catechism, out of which I will copy the commandments for your information, as I think I have seen it stated by some wise member of the British parliament that they are not altered from the Bible.

“*Question.* What must a Christian believe, that he may go to heaven? *Answer.* All that is believed by the Roman Catholic Church. *Q.* What must he do to obtain salvation? *A.* Keep the commandments of God and of the Church. *Q.* How many, and what are the commandments of God? *A.* Ten. 1. I am the Lord thy God, thou shalt have no other god before me. 2. Thou shalt not take the name of God in vain. 3. Remember to keep holy the appointed feasts.\* 4. Honour thy father and mother. 5. Thou shalt not kill. 6. Thou shalt not commit fornication. 7. Thou shalt not steal. 8. Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neigh-

\* Days of festival, in which the sabbaths are included, but they are not specified or distinguished from the other feasts of the Church.

bour. 9. Thou shalt not covet thy neighbour's wife. 10. Thou shalt not covet thy neighbour's goods. Q. How many, and what are the commandments of the Church? A. Six. 1. To hear mass every Sunday, and other commanded festivals. 2. To fast in Lent, on the appointed vigils, and the four ember weeks, and not to eat meat on Fridays and Saturdays. 3. To confess at least once every year. 4. To communicate at least in the feast of Easter. 5. To pay punctually the tithes to the Church. 6. Not to marry at forbidden times; that is, from the first Sunday in Advent until the Epiphany; and from the first day of Lent until the eighth after Easter.' Then follows the account of the seven sacraments, of which complicated inventions I will spare you the recital. I need not point out to you the alterations made in the commandments, nor the ingenuity with which they are adapted to prop up and support the invention of popery.

"I am willing to grant that, as a political scheme, popery is deserving of much admiration; its end is the subjection of the human mind, and its means the ignorance of the people; but I have not patience to hear emancipators talk of its being a *form of Christianity*. As a code of penal laws keeps a people in a state of negative morality, so may these inventions of popes and councils keep the people from outward sin; but it is blasphemy against God to say that Christianity has any part in the composition, except as it is the lie in their mouths, and the mask by which they hope to



gain their ends. The great source of gain to the priests is purgatory. Whatever pope or cardinal invented this part of the farce deserves to have his monument made in gold. I am not sure whether I told you a sermon I heard on this subject; for fear of a twice-told tale, I will not repeat it.

“I heard a sermon the other night, in a neighbouring village, on the Virgin Mary, which was the most ridiculous assemblage of fancies, principally founded on the revelations which the Virgin in person made to St. Bridget; indeed, it is on the revelations of Madame Bridget that all they have of the history of the Virgin rests, though on such slender materials they have made volumes of the lives not only of her but her father and mother, St. Gioachino and St. Anna. At the climax and winding up of the sermon, he exclaimed: ‘Who is it that aids you in coming into the world, that supports your infancy and childhood, and brings you to maturity? The Virgin Mary. When arrived at man’s estate, who preserves you from temptation, succours you when you fall, and is the mediator for all your sins? The Virgin Mary. Who supplies all your wants, heals all your diseases, and crowns you with lovingkindness and tender mercies? The Virgin Mary.’ (The Catholics always say ‘*Maria santissima*,’ ‘most holy Mary,’ but in English it would not do.) ‘And is there one of you that will dare to pass her image without bowing the knee? Let such impiety never more be heard amongst you. There she

is' (pointing to a flounced and furbelowed figure that stood near the altar), 'there she stands, after all your insults and neglect, smiling with grace and mercy. Down, down! fall upon your faces, and humbly implore her forgiveness while there is time for pardon. Follow with your hearts and your lips the supplication that I will dictate.' Here the whole congregation fell down according to his orders, while he dictated a prayer to the lady in white satin. A young English clergyman, Mr. Young, who was with me last time I saw St. Januarius's miracle, whispered in my ear, 'Do you think the Apostle Paul ever witnessed grosser idolatry than this?' and I confess when I heard the parson calling on his congregation to worship the 'Queen of Heaven,' as he repeatedly called his goddess, I was on the point of crying out 'Great is Diana of the Ephesians;' but the joke might have cost me dear, though it would have been understood only by the priests.

"I heard lately another sermon on confession, in which the priest told the people that if they committed one mortal sin (you know sins in the Catholic Church are regularly divided and classed, some are venial, and some mortal), and did not confess and get absolved of it, God would take away from them the merit of all the good actions of their former lives; but when they sincerely confessed their sin to the priest, and performed the ordained penance, their good works would be again brought back to the account, and allowed to tell as

before. Now I would ask is there anything of Christianity in these doctrines or observances?

“There is a celebrated monastery in this neighbourhood, from which the French got good pickings. It contains, as usual, a miraculous Madonna, which they could not for the life of them carry off. The lady proved herself a good pugilist, and gave the Frenchmen such punches on the head that they were obliged to set her down. My man tells me it is a great blessing to live near a monastery so highly privileged. The monks have the power of pardoning all sorts of sins, and such rogues as cannot get absolution from their parish priest, come here and are washed as white as snow; and what in his eyes seemed more important than all, they give the benediction with the thumb and two fingers, like the Pope. This holy action, they say, was used by Jesus Christ, and confirmed by him as a special privilege on St. Peter and his successors. Do you not envy my good fortune in being in such a holy neighbourhood?

“One advantage of so much holiness is that there is not anything in the shape of a school in any one village round the whole district; so much learning as will enable any one to read and write is only to be got at the market-town, and there with no few restrictions and difficulties. Yet the priest told me, with the confidence of empiricism, that nothing was neglected to make the people good Christians, *non c'è niente trascurato*, that is, they are taught to say as much Latin by rote (not

one word of which they understand) as is necessary to secure their salvation.

“It is really wonderful to see with what vigour the whole system of catholicism is re-established. With those who can read, Cobbett’s book is the great engine made use of. The Pope has had it translated into Italian, and circulated not only through his own state but wherever he has influence. The priests circulate it amongst the people—indeed it is the only book they ever lend to their parishioners, for their principle is not to encourage reading of any kind. It is said Cobbett is to be proposed in the next batch of saints, and though the Devil’s advocate may have something to say against him, yet he has rendered such essential service to the cause of ignorance, and superstition, and tyranny by his book of lies, that there is little doubt but St. William will be added to the calendar in holy triumph.

“It was my intention to have given you one letter from this lovely country in which the Church should not have found a place, but my evil genius has ordered it otherwise. In truth this Church presents itself in so many disgusting shapes, it is difficult to avoid it. It is like the dragon in the fables of antiquity that swallowed up everything good in the country, and laid desolate the whole face of nature. When will be found the knight able to destroy it with one thrust of his enchanted spear? or what panoply shall avail against a monster of such overwhelming magnitude and destructive power?

"You may be disappointed at my saying nothing about the time of my returning. I have found so much new matter of study in the country, that it has delayed my finishing my pictures, and till they are done I cannot decide. Tell David not to let Quin know anything I say about catholicism. Few persons are ready to separate one's opinions on a great moral question from one's feelings with regard to individuals. I have received so much kindness from Catholics that I should be immediately charged with ingratitude. Do pray tell David to write to me. I am exceedingly anxious to know how Quin and he set their horses together. Quin is a bad correspondent, I have not much hope of hearing from him.

"Mr. Erskine is gone back to Scotland. You would be surprised to know how many of my Scotch friends I have seen since I have been out to Naples. They all urge me to come back amongst them, and promise me all sorts of encouragement and support. The Honourable Miss Mackenzie, one of the most accomplished persons I ever met with, is now in the same house with me. She unites with the rest in wishing it, and her support would be in itself a host; but I tremble at the climate, and at the recollection of what I suffered from cold the winters I passed there."

"Dear David,

"Naples, Oct. 9, 1827.

"Inasmuch as I am dating from Naples the ninth of October, you will readily imagine I shall not get to

England this winter, but whether I pass the winter in Naples, or whether I go on to Rome, is not yet determined. I am at present in a temporary apartment, and in as decided a state of indecision as the schoolmen's ass. So if you have not made up your mind never to write again, you may still address me at my banker's here. In vengeance against the digestive organs, which have lately so entirely absorbed you, I had almost resolved to give you a medical case instead of a letter, and to have told you what wonders the mustard seed had wrought (on me).

"The most wonderful thing of all is the entire triumph over Catchcold; that horrid monster who is the constant forerunner of fevers, inflammations, and consumptions, and who leads in his fatal train all the evils attendant on humanity. The taker of mustard seed sets this monster at defiance; armed with his morning and evening dose, he is undisturbed by the changes of the atmosphere. The scorching rays of the summer sun, or the chilling damps of the falling year, are equally disregarded. He goes forth at all seasons with the most perfect impunity, and never allows the fear of Catchcold to interrupt his course of business or of duty. This, let me tell you, is no trifling conquest; and this mustard seed has certainly done for me. Quin finds other causes for all these effects, but I can find none but mustard seed, and to mustard seed I will continue faithful.

"I wish I could give you as brilliant an account of my professional success; but mustard seed, though it gives


health, will not give talent. In painting I must be content to go on much in the old way, always at work, but never advancing. Having employment, however, I have perpetual reason for thankfulness. There is no blessing under heaven like that of having business to do, and health and power to get through it.

“So little taste have I for talking about my health, that I should not have mentioned the mustard seed, but that, like Mr. Turner, I am desirous others should prove its virtues. I have exposed myself to heat and cold, to wet clothes, wet feet, draughts of air (about which even the Italians are frightened to death), in short, to all the exciting causes of catarrh; to all those things which formerly did lead in my own case to cold and fever, without once experiencing the consequence. Only the other day I painted a study of an old monk, in the sacristy of a convent, with a window open at the back of my head, and a wind driving furiously through all the corridors—a wind from which even the holy fathers themselves shrunk, though they are all men cast in iron mould; and yet I came off without cold or rheumatism, without even a crick in my neck to remind me of my imprudence.

“This letter, which (you will call) a pretty considerable bore, (as a Yankee acquaintance of mine would say), is a (punishm)ent for your long silence. I last wrote to you amongst the mountains of La Cava, and from the borders of Calabria, w(here I was) pastoralising at a great rate, and living with shepherds and (vinedressers):

in this country I learned to enjoy the style and language of (the) Bible more than ever. The shepherd of these hills is the shepherd of the Bible similes. I have seen him lead forth his flock from the fold in search of green pastures, and feed them by the side of still waters, calling them all by their names, carrying the little ones in his arms, and gently leading those that were with young. I have seen him retire to his cottage at night, and I have sat with him under his own vine, and his own fig-tree, no one making us afraid. I have wandered in the sultry heats of the summer, till I have known how to enjoy the shadow of a great rock in a weary land, and to refresh myself with the delicious water that issues from its clefts. There is besides a simplicity in the character, habits, and manners of the people, even in their language and figurative mode of expressing themselves, that carries one back into the earliest periods of the world, and makes one almost regret the falling on an age of steam-engines and philosophical improvements. Italy is still the country of poetry and romance. I fear the snug cottages, neat farm houses, and clean homesteads of England will appear dreadfully insipid to my continental taste.

“I have been doing two little pictures in the country, which I hope to send to England. One is a girl confessing to a monk. The girl painted from a real contadina, and the monk from a real capuchin (my good friend Padre Carlo), and the other a love scene, equally real, and quite Italian; they are very small cabinet size, only





a foot long. I ask twenty-five guineas a piece for them, a price which nobody will give in Italy, and I do this that I may secure their going to England. If they should be liked by my artistical friends when they arrive, I shall beg you to send them to some exhibition. But there will be time enough to send instructions when they are packed and shipped; I wish to keep them here to show for some months.

"I have now entirely abandoned water-colours, and mean to refuse everything that leads to commissions of that kind — the portraits for Sir Richard Acton's album only excepted. I have not yet written to Robson my determination, but I must do it. It would be the height of imprudence to hazard the suffering I exposed myself to last winter, and it would be too much to expect even of mustard seed that it should make an old sight young again.

"Tell Zechariah that I have no disposition to speculate in any way about money. The little I have will remain quietly in the stocks. All my desire is to add enough to it to support me should I live, and should I die, it is the readiest sort of property to leave behind, and will be \* . . . ."

"Dear Zech,

"Jan. 1, 1828, Naples.

"I really do not know how to answer your inquiries about my destination. All I can say is, that I have not

\* Obliterated by fold of letter.

yet got through my pictures. My feelings prompt me to say that I shall return in the spring, but when the spring comes I may tell a different story. I sincerely wish to be in England, but I dread the cold, and I dread at my age to have to begin afresh with new and certain expenses and uncertain vigour. Could I make my residence in Italy a little more profitable, I might be tempted to continue, but at present it only just keeps me; my prices are so small, and my expenses in models and materials are so great, that without portraits I can hardly go on, and portraits have, since I gave up the little drawings, almost deserted me. The truth is, the class of people who come out to Italy now are not like those of former days. Italian travellers now, instead of dukes and lords, are a sort of second-rate gentry who think more of saving than spending, and are too happy to be supplied with all they want by the Italian quacks at a rate at which an Englishman cannot work. Every body tells me the arts are looking up in England, and possibly with the materials collected here, I may be able to realise something, but the art of turning my talents to most profit is one I shall never learn. Others doing what I can do would make a fortune, while I can hardly live. No one can work harder than I do, and no one can be more saving, setting aside the necessary expenses for cleanliness and comfort, (in which I may be a little extravagant). I never spend a carlino in what is called pleasure, nor pass a day away from my easel. What I want is what the French so well call

the *art de se faire valoir*, and this want is fatal to me. While Quin was here, his kind and judicious exertions in a great measure supplied it. His loss can never be repaired; and though I have many kind, kind, friends, there is not one who possesses either his power or his taste. Quin could and would serve me in England, but then I must commence an expensive establishment in the fashionable part of town, and keep up my head with the best of them; and were I ten years younger, with such friends as I now have in England, I would not hesitate a moment in doing it, but I cannot get over the terror of drawing a single sixpence from the little stock I possess, knowing as I do, by sad experience, the difficulty of replacing it. You will judge then, from these statements, what will be my course. My object is to have enough in the British funds to keep me from starving in my old age. Wherever I can go quietly on, adding a little every year to my stock, there I shall probably remain, but I am too old to run any risks, or to encounter any expensive speculations.

“I will write in a post or two to thank David for his letter. In all the information he gives me, he tells nothing about Mr. D——, of whom I have not heard a word since he left this place, and I am the more anxious to hear because in Sicily he was very ill with something very like apoplexy (this is of course a secret from the family). Of the gentleman with whom I travelled to Venice, I have heard nothing, though I begged him to write and gave him letters to many of

my friends in London. He was the purchaser of a little copy from Correggio, which I wished my friends to see. Could you find an opportunity of calling at Ransom's (I think they were his bankers), and ask if Mr. Crosier Raine is in England, or if not, where a letter might have a chance of finding him? People 'come like shadows, so depart.' After living on terms of the greatest intimacy here, I lose sight of them for ever.

"Your friend Mr. Shirley, who was in so great a hurry last year to leave this place, paid me another visit this season with a gay young wife on his arm. He fell in, I believe, with the lady and her brothers at Venice, where the marriage was settled. There is a Captain Hutchinson with him from India, who was more captivated with my works than any amateur I have ever met with; had he stayed here, I think he would have puffed me to some purpose, but he is gone back to India, and I shall never again hear his name.

"Sir Richard Acton is returned from England. I have, however, no expectations from him. He is too involved in building to have any money to lay out on art, and if he has any inclination, he is so surrounded by suitors actively thrusting themselves in, and me out, that without such a friend as Quin at his elbow I should be forgotten. He has brought with him all the *Annuaux* and *Forget-me-nots*—how beautiful they are! they look like gems in this country of barrenness. Sir Richard is kind enough to say he values Ackermann's the most, on account of its containing a subject of mine.

“If the strong man must not glory in his strength, neither must the weak man glory in his exemption from ordinary suffering. I had scarcely written and despatched my letter to David, in which I boasted of the mustard seed preserving me from cold, when I caught a severe one which laid me up for some days, as if to punish me for presuming on any remedy separated from the Power that guides and directs it. I have not been so ill, however, as to make it necessary to apply to medical aid, which I consider a great happiness, for now Quin is gone, I should not know where to look. My faith in the infallibility of mustard seed is certainly somewhat lessened, but it is still my stronghold. I owe to it much, possibly to this genial climate more. Up to this time we have had a delicious winter, sometimes cold but always fine. My windows look into a garden where roses and jessamine are blooming in the open air, and orange-trees hanging down with their golden burden. I wrote a letter to London on Christmas Day with the window open and without a fire; in my study I have no fireplace, but in the evening I go into my drawing-room and make a crackling blaze as much for company as warmth.

“What wrecks of men we see in this place! I have just been out to visit Mr. M——, formerly a member for I forget what Welsh place, elected spontaneously by the people for his energy and activity; famous for recovering land from the sea, and having a town built and called by his name. He is now scarcely able to

move and not able to speak intelligibly, yet he is not old, and his mind seems as vigorous as ever.

"I frequently hear of David, though I do not see his books. I am at this moment intimate with a Dr. Henderson (a doctor not practising), who tells me David was his fellow-student at Edinburgh. I met a relation of Mr. Peel's the ex-minister, who spoke of David's kindness to him almost with tears in his eyes. David had attended his brother at an hotel in London. I dined the other day with Mr. Furze, (a merchant, I believe, of the house of Heath and Furze,) rather a high fellow in his way, who was very well known to Mr. Cattermole from meeting him at the house of Mr. De La Chaumette. He was loud in his praise of Cattermole's pretty wife. R—— is in Rome. I almost wish he had stayed here. Quin's leaving might have thrown something in his way. No one has come to supply Quin's place. The consulship of Tunis will suit Mr. J. G—— famously. The dress, appointments, and equipments are on a magnificent scale. He may be the finest Englishman in the Mediterranean. The profits in fees sometimes increase the income to two thousand a year. The last consul was very unpopular with the British merchants, which is all in Mr. G——'s favour.

"The new year has begun gloriously. My window is wide open, and the sun is shining in upon me from a cloudless sky. It is hardly possible for an Englishman to conceive the beauty of a fine winter day in Italy. A punning friend looking over my balcony says, 'We've

roses blowing round us here, they have nothing blowing in England but the bellows.'

"The gain of time is immense. In England, at this time of year, I have hardly been able to paint three or four hours in a day, owing to the fogs and darkness. Here I have a delicious light from the fifteenth hour to the twenty-fourth, or, according to your more modern mode of calculating time, from eight in the morning till five in the evening.

"T. UWINS."

"Dear Zech,

"Anxious you should not incur the charge of having stated an untruth, I have carefully translated the prospectus of the Neapolitan Bible.\* It seems their honest

\* VECCHIO E NUOVO TESTAMENTO

SECONDO

LA VOLGATA.

TRADOTTO IN LINGUA ITALIANA E CON ANNOTAZIONI DICHIARATO DA

MONSIGNORE ANTONIO MARTINI,

ARCIVESCOVO DI FIRENZE.

PROSPETTO.

Monsignore Martini's Italian version of the Bible is so well known, and in such great reputation, that it is quite unnecessary for us to praise it. The object of this learned prelate was to collate the various translations, and to avail himself of the aid of all who had treated the subject. The result of his labours has been eminently successful. This elegant translation, enriched as it was with most valuable notes, had scarcely issued from the press when

intention that it should be known, from the numbers of advertisements with which the booksellers are furnished for circulation, but it is not advertised on the walls like the life of the Virgin Mary, the revelations of Saint Bridget, and the sayings and doings of the monks and fathers. When I first saw the advertisement, I mentioned it to Mr. Benson, who happened to be here, and he said

it was sought for and reprinted in all the principal cities of Italy. The book was soon in every hand, and the immortal Pope Pius the Sixth was so much pleased with it, that he distinguished the work and the author by his decided approbation.

The present are times of great difficulty. Man, more than ever enemy to the truth, renews his attacks every day with increased energy and artifice, with the hope to expel for ever from the hearts of the faithful the sentiment of religion. But the Holy Scriptures are a shield of defence against all attacks—a sword of keenest temper, powerful to resist the assaults of the enemy. Whoever will furnish himself with these sufficient weapons shall be sure of victory. The promise can never fail. Meditate, then, on the Holy Scriptures; endeavour to understand their fullest meaning; feed daily on the Divine Word. You shall fortify your faith, and advance step by step in piety and holiness.

These are our motives for the present publication. The necessity of the case demands it. Other places are exerting all their power in promoting the good work. It would be a disgrace to Naples to be backward. The book will be printed in the cheapest possible form consistent with correctness, that it may come within the reach of all.

[Here follow the conditions. It is to be in sixteen volumes; the price of each volume according to the number of sheets, at three grains a sheet, —about a penny farthing, or not quite three half-pence.]

AGNELLO TRAMATOR, Editor.

Naples, 20th March, 1828.



the same thing was doing in all the Italian states. On his authority I stated its universality, and I thought his authority good because I knew that one of his objects in his travels was to ascertain as much as possible the exact state of the existing Church. However this may be, I have at any rate established the fact as far as Naples is concerned, and this may be sufficient for your purpose.

“Anticipating that I should have to write soon to you on the unpleasant business of the pictures, I translated the above advertisement to be ready. I quite grieve that these things should have occasioned you any uneasiness. Mr. Hall and Mr. Watts have both written to me, and after mature deliberation I have done what appears to me best, remaining, as I usually do, a loser in the whole business. I have given Mr. Hall Mrs. Clayton’s address, and sacrificed the copies which I had begun of the pictures. I expect Mr. Watts will grumble, but I cannot help it. I wish him and Mr. Hall too, and all sorts of publishers and editors, to know that a painter’s copyright is as sacred as a poet’s, and that applying to the possessor of a picture, unless through the painter’s medium and for his advantage, is an impudent encroachment on his property, and if it be not yet punishable by law, I hope it soon will be. As I said before, owing to the confusion that has taken place, I have given up any advantage from these two first pictures, but I shall make different arrangements in future. After all the bustle that seems to have been

excited by these pictures, the grand ordeal is the Exhibition! I shall not be happy till that is past. I will thank you to write me word where they are placed, how high, or how low. If they merit good places they will get them. If they are not well placed, I shall be the last to make any complaint. I shall be convinced they deserve no better.

"The pictures next sent to you will be two for Lord Lilford; but I do not expect they will be much sought after by the annual mongers, as one is too full of figures for their purpose, and the other is a repetition of the mandoline player rather differently arranged. These pictures, if I do not very much mistake my own powers, are very much better than any you have yet seen, and I hope to make what follow still better. Sir Thomas Lawrence offering me the price of a hundred guineas for the one to be done for him, will enable me to raise my prices to everybody; but as I said before, much of this power will depend on the Exhibition.

"Ever yours,

"THOS. UWINS.

"P. S. Write immediately the Exhibition opens. Tell me the whole truth. I do not wish to be deceived in a single point."

"Dear Zechariah,

"Naples, Feb. 7, 1828.

"I wrote you a very hasty letter just before the setting out of the post, to tell you that I have been obliged

very reluctantly to draw on you for thirty pounds. I have fought it off as long as possible in hope of some little thing occurring to supply me with ready money. Quin's loss is irreparable to me. I am not without funds, but there is no one who has the address to put the thing in a shape that turns to my benefit like him. This season I have not had a single application, nor have I sold sixpennyworth of anything. I stay only to complete Lord Lilford's pictures, and with his money I must come to England from necessity. I believe his banker here is commissioned to pay me. I hope to send by a ship that sails in three weeks from this, three or four little pictures, which, if you should be successful in selling to the Keepsake and Forget-me-not people, will about return the money I am now drawing, and I think I have made my calculations so complete as to ensure (provided I have health) my getting back without my future drawing. I shall return poor, but if I should bring with me anything to turn into money that will keep me on, I shall regret nothing in this place but the delicious climate, and the picturesque country. The gaiety, which is the great charm to some people, is nothing to me. They may dance it and masquerade it to their hearts' content, without my being the loser.

"There has been an earthquake at Ischia (an island in the bay), which has almost shaken down a village, and killed forty or fifty people; it was at the seventeenth hour, or, according to you, half past ten in the morning. Being the festa of the purification of the Virgin, the

people were all in church; had it happened at night, a much larger destruction of lives would have been the consequence. It is singular all the earthquakes happen at this time of the year, during the festivities of the carnival. The mountain has been so long quiet, that no place in its neighbourhood is safe. Great as the evil of an eruption is, it always saves the surrounding country from these tremendous visitations. I will write soon more at length, and give you more details of this calamity. This is merely for the needful.

“Yours ever,

“THOS. UWINS.”

“Dear Zechariah,

“Naples, Feb. 23, 1828.

“I have long wished to give you some correct idea of the sort of worship the Catholics give to the Virgin Mary. I have sometimes quoted from sermons preached on festas, but oral testimony is dubious. People may say I have mistaken the meaning of the preacher. I am now going to give you an extract of a printed sermon, about which there can be no mistake. I passed the summer in the town of La Cava, or its neighbourhood. This town is under the protection of the Madonna of the Elm Tree, of which Madonna a quarto history is published. She was found (that is the miraculous picture) perched up in an elm tree, and illuminated by a heavenly light. The shepherds first perceived it, and finding the glory renewed every night, they represented it to the abbot of the Monastery of the

Trinity, who ascended the tree, in the midst of the populace, and took down the picture, always shining in triumph, and carried it in full procession of all the monks, to the neighbouring church of St. Peter. But in the Church of St. Peter, the lady did not choose to stay; when night came, she was found shining away again in the elm tree, and spreading round her a double portion of glory. The reverend monks tried another church, but it would not do. The elm tree and nothing but the elm tree would suit her purpose. The history goes on to state that the most reverend and most pious abbot, perceiving clearly by this the divine will, ordered a little chapel to be erected on the spot, which chapel grew, in process of time and through the contributions of the faithful, into a large church. In this church the miraculous picture is preserved, and a festa of three days is held every year in celebration of the circumstance. I was present at one of those festas. Like all other things of the kind, it consists of a mass sung by the best choristers of the neighbourhood, a eulogy of the Virgin by a Franciscan monk, an assemblage of mountebank ropedancers and buffoons, a lighting up of the miraculous picture, for the adoration of the faithful, and a display of squibs and crackers, and other fireworks, as the town machinist has invention enough to construct, or the people money enough to pay for. Well, this said Madonna of the Elm Tree (I hope you will not be profane enough to think of the negro's song of 'Opossum up a gum tree') goes on to increase in repu-

tation, till the people of La Cava petition for one of the golden crowns to be awarded to the lady, the account of which crowns, bequeathed by will, I gave you some time since. It was on occasion of placing, or rather sticking on the head of the picture, this golden crown, that the following eulogy was pronounced, from which I am about to give you copious extracts.

“ ‘ From what you have already heard, you will anticipate what I have to tell of this glorious Queen, on whose brows we have this day placed a new and splendid diadem. She was constituted Queen of the Universe, on that day, when, lending an humble ear to the heavenly ambassador, she became mother of God, and though through backwardness and modesty she had never given any external sign of her majesty and grandeur, there came a time when she was to be placed for ever on that throne to which her heavenly destiny called her, and put in possession of that kingdom which was her own by so many just and acknowledged titles; and had it been granted to us, to have been present at this glorious triumph, we should have seen all the gates of the Celestial Sion opened, the heavenly inhabitants crowding round, Abraham unfurling his triumphant standard, and the prophets forming a joyful choir, some calling her Cedar of Lebanon, others, the Lovely Olive of the Fields: patriarchs, priests, and kings, uniting in songs of praise, to introduce her to the Throne prepared for her before the foundation of the world. We should have seen too the splendid garlands

which encircled her sacred head, the clothing and jewels which adorned her virgin limbs, and as this royal Princess advanced with light and airy steps, we should have heard issue from the Eternal Glory the gentle accents inviting her to the throne, the crown, and the sceptre, as friend, as sister, and as spouse. We should have had too,—even we,—in common with all the elect people of God, the honour and the happiness to have joined our shouts to those of the celestial choir, while the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost, placed upon her head the eternal diadem. But to us, these privileges were not given; our goddess (*diva*) left us; but we witnessed not her departure, she was snatched from us, and took her seat amongst the inhabitants of heaven, and we remained orphaned and desolate. Her reception was celebrated by immortal feasts, but we were far off, we had no part in this splendid ceremony. And will Heaven be so niggard of its bounty as not to prepare, in compliance with our ardent desires, some opportunity, some august occasion in which we too may give visible demonstration of obedience and devotion to our Empress and Queen? Behold, now is the appointed time! Behold, now is the day of our rejoicing! Here is the occasion we have so long sought, so earnestly prayed for. The venerable prelate, your pastor, who holds amongst us the place of God, now crowns with a shining diadem, prepared in the chambers of the Vatican, the forehead of our most holy image, called the Madonna of the Elm Tree. This church, resplendent with more than terres-

trial glory, and resounding with instruments, which echo the voice of angels, represents the palace of the High God. Behold your Queen diffusing from her divine countenance, grace, beauty, love, majesty, and gentleness. What hinders that in the fulness of your faith, and the ardour of your love,—calling to mind the memorable day, when, entering into the territory of our Lord, she assumed the undivided power of God,—what hinders that, united with the myriads of saints, of angels, and blessed spirits, your shouts join your voices to the grand chorus, and receive her this day as your Queen and Lady, that her mild and gracious empire may be extended to you, and that you may feel the warmth of those benign rays which issued from her on the day of her elevation to the Throne of Heaven? You think, perhaps, that seated as she is in heaven, Sovereign of the Universe, by crowning her with the new crown, we do not extend her kingdom, that we do not increase her glory, her magnificence, and honour \* \* \* \* \*

But, in the same way as the Divine Redeemer, in the midst of so much glory and splendour, extends his empire by the numbers of those who turn to him in humble obedience, so also the Divine Mother extends her empire by all the new worshippers that surround her image, and unite to celebrate her graces \* \* \*

The Throne of the Son, according to the words of St. Chrysostom, is the Throne of Mercy and Truth, but of Justice too, and rigour, and that from which the Evangelist saw issue thunder, lightning, and thunderbolts.



But there was another Throne raised in Heaven, spreading around it mercy and kindness; there all find a secure asylum; to this may come all the most vile and most unworthy, all who dare not approach the Throne of the Son of God. Here, supplicants abound, and grace much more abounds. And oh! may glory, benediction, and praise, rest upon this throne, and her who sits thereon! To her immortal memory may there be raised temples, statues, triumphal arches, and pyramids, and while the sound of Lady and Queen resounds from the mouths of angels, let Lady and Queen re-echo from the earth, from the North Pole to the Ethiopian desert, under every clime, in every nation, however varied in language, rites, and customs, let the sound be spread, let her name be glorified.'

\* \* \* \* \*

“(A defence of image worship against scoffers occupies this place.) He goes on to say:—

“‘But you people of the favoured city of Cava, you my most religious auditors, whatever the profane may say of images, you will never forget what this image (sent immediately from heaven) has done for you. How often, when the heat of the burning sun has begun to wither up vegetation, and has threatened to destroy the hopes of the vine-planter and the harvest-man, the moment the image of the Madonna of the Elm Tree was brought forth, clouds have been seen to hover round the mountains, and the rain has again rendered fertile your parched lands. Tremendous earthquakes, it

is true, have agitated your city; your houses have been shaken, and your temples made to totter. But, thanks to the Madonna of the Elm Tree, the evils have passed over, and while other cities have fallen to the earth, you have remained like a bird in a secure nest, safe and thankful. And what may we not promise in times to come, after such signs and evidences of tender care from a protectress so commanding, a mother so loving, and a Queen so powerful. Happy people! Happy future ages! You, under the government of this exalted Queen, much more than the people under the reign of Solomon, will pass your days in joyfulness and tranquillity. Neither the hostile sword nor hidden mischief,—neither storms nor hurricanes, nor any evil, temporal, or spiritual, will dare approach your peaceful hills. Far from the sound of danger in the midst of peace and plenty, you will sit secure every one under his own fig-tree, and under the shadow of his own vine. And if God made known to Hezekiah that he would protect the city on account of his servant David, how much more will he protect your city on account of this sacred image, of value infinitely greater than David, than Aaron, than Moses, than all the angels, all the saints, and every created being. May the Blessed Lady prosper all your wishes according to my hopes and prayers. Amen.'

"In this hasty translation I may not have done justice to the monk's eloquence, but I am sure I have in no case misrepresented his meaning or obscured his doctrine. Where he has put '*signora*,' I have translated

it lady, for want of a better term : but lady is used in Italian to express divinity just as we use Lord to express God. Where he has used 'diva,' I have translated it goddess, it admits of no other. The thing itself is a very fair specimen of its class. I have constantly heard similar eulogies on similar occasions — varying only according to the talent and imagination of the orator, but agreeing in everything essential, invariably attributing divinity to the carpenter's wife and making her the Queen of Heaven.

"The departure of the 'Lady Keith' is delayed, but it will sail in a few weeks, and will be the bearer of my little pictures. You must not expect much from them, they are got up for the occasion. My more important works I cannot send till the season is over here, as I must have something about me to show, though as yet I have got nothing by it. If a ship should sail at the latter end of May, it will probably be the bearer of my whole cargo, and I may arrive myself to meet it.

"Since writing this letter I have received Roffe's, and I think in consequence of it, I shall be induced to send the 'Confession' by the 'Lady Keith.' I think it will answer the purpose exactly of Charles Heath's publication, and I suppose he will be the only one who will give me my price for it. The others are less important and cheaper, but being Italian subjects they may have an interest of their own."

"Dear Zechariah,

"March 24, 1828.

"Vesuvius, which has been as still as a mouse for the last six years, is now in a state of eruption. I have passed one night on the top of the cone looking down into the crater, and a glorious sight it is. The new mouths are formed at the bottom of the old crater, so that there is an immense basin for the lava to boil and bubble in, without any present fear of its boiling over. I would give you some idea of a sketch if possible. The centre mouth sends up from time to time, with explosions more terrible than thunder, fiery stones and ashes which fall around, and drop down again into the crater, spangling its surface with gems of brilliant light. From the other mouth issues lava, which running round and round forms a lake of liquid fire, sending up columns of black, dense smoke, which hang in the air and cover with a gloomy and mysterious veil the workings of the cauldron below. The sight was too beautiful to be terrific; but you are sometimes called back to a sense of danger by a fiery stone falling near and rolling down the outside of the mountain, or by the ashy mound on which you stand being shaken to its base by the tremendous thunders from beneath. At moments too, when the dreadful artillery has ceased and there is a pause of solemn stillness, some immense mass of rock loosens from the summit, and rolls down into the crater with a crumbling indefinable noise, which whispers in your ear, that the part on which your feet are placed may share the same fate.

“So great is the splendour of the fire, that the light of the moon is only visible darkness by its side, its mild and tranquil beam forming the most affecting contrast to the hurly-burly of the mountain. As I have begun by sketching, I must give you the appearance in the day-time, when the mountain is pouring forth smoke and ashes.

“The mass arises dark and thick of a brown hot ash colour; near the mountain you see the ashes fall in perpendicular lines. These are the heaviest and most solid. The lighter shower is blown by the wind diagonally. As the column arises it loses its colour and density, and becomes toward the top white with the sun’s ray.

“This \* is as it appeared from my bed-room window at two o’clock on Saturday the 22nd. There was a considerable fall of ashes in a village near the mountain, but they got a madonna out and carried her about, and the blessed lady put a stop to the eruption with two or three shakes of her wig.”

“Dear Zech,

“Good Friday, April 4.

“It was my intention to have given you in this letter the earliest possible news of the mountain in activity, but I was prevented from finishing it, and till now have not been able to resume it. By this time I suppose the London papers (the great vehicle of news for all the world) are full of it. Of the eruption we must now

\* Referring to a sketch in the letter.

speak in the past tense. The night and day of which I gave you the account were its highest states of action. The madonna's wig settled the business. The crater is filled with a mass of misty smoke, but there is no fire visible. We have had all the beauty of the sight unmixed by any feeling of pain. No one has suffered the slightest injury in person or property. Rather, indeed, has it been hailed as a joyful event. Earthquakes had already begun to spread desolation around. One beautiful and favourite village in the Island of Ischia had been destroyed, and the rumbling noises beneath our feet, indicated that vent must be found somewhere for the gathering mischief. Science and prophecy are now speculating on what has passed. Some are of opinion the spirt we have had is only the forerunner of an eruption that may be as (terrible?) in its effects, as any of ancient or modern (times?). Those who have property in the neighbourhood are removing their most valuable articles to Naples. Naples is secure in the omnipotent blood of Saint Gennaro. For me I cannot but be pleased at having seen one of the most splendid exhibitions of nature's wondrous workings. The impression it has made on my imagination will never be effaced. I am endeavouring to put it into picture, and hope to send you some little examples, but it is a most difficult thing to represent. In these hasty sketches the second is the best. I have failed in the first in giving an idea of the depth and magnitude of the crater. The rocky side should be much higher, and the fiery fountain

smaller in proportion. But these hints must serve till you get the pictures.

"A most ridiculous bustle has been created by this event amongst the English lion-hunters. Some had gone off to Rome to be present at the Pope's puppet-shows. You know that the Pope thinks it necessary for the spiritual benefit of the Holy City to illuminate St. Peter's, and to let off squibs and crackers at the castle of St. Angelo. The news of the eruption reached Rome, and all who could get horses came back again to Naples. The road was lined with carriages day and night. All coming *to do* the mountain—but alas! the mountain was *done* before they came, and they had only the fatigue and perhaps a fever for their pains. Some who lingered longer here have been lucky enough to *do* the mountain and the Pope too. They are so elevated with their good fortune that England will hardly hold them when they get back. I must say John Bull is a funny fellow out of his own country, however estimable he may be in it.

"Many, many thanks for your kind letters. The sound of war is dreadful to my ears. I have always looked with horror on the ridiculous association about Greece, in which England was evidently duped by the wily Russians. Whatever may be the fate of the Turkish Empire, our business is to do justice. Turkey has been our faithful, honourable ally. Greece is a nation of worthless robbers. A Turk was never known to break his word, a Greek was never known to keep his. A people more unworthy

to become the subject of romantic feeling do not exist. We might as well fall in love with the pirates of Tunis and Algiers.

"I have sent by the 'Lady Keith,' not the pictures I had prepared on purpose, but others of which I will give you a particular account and instructions when they are near arriving. It would be useless now; another ship is expected to sail in six weeks by which I shall send a large cargo. I am hard at work finishing everything, to enable me to get away by June. What may happen to prevent my coming I cannot anticipate; but that is my present expectation. I can assure you as the time approaches, I feel a reluctance to leave a place where I have enjoyed so much health and pleasure.

"T. UWINS."

Not dated.

"Dear Zechariah,

Post mark, April 29, 1828.

"This is a letter of mere business. You will receive it long before the things come to hand, but having despatched them, I am anxious to give you the instructions, and then the matter will be off my mind. I told you in my two last, that I had sent not the pictures I intended, but others. I had painted two little subjects expressly for *Forget-me-nots*. I intended to have charged fifteen guineas for one, and ten for the other, but, even before they were finished, twenty guineas were offered for the two, and I thought it wisest to sell them, without the risk and uncertainty of sending them to London.



The pictures contained in the parcel sent by the 'Lady Keith' brig, which I hope will be delivered at David's in about six weeks from the date of this letter, are a 'Confession,' a small landscape, and a tale of love. The 'Confession' I intended for Charles Heath; and I want for it, frame and all just as it is, twenty-five guineas. If Charles Heath does not choose to buy it, you will oblige me by not offering it to anybody else. Keep it quiet till I give you farther instructions. If it go not into Charles Heath's collection I have other views with regard to it which would be thwarted by its being engraved for any other set. The little landscape you may sell to any of them who will give five guineas for it. It is an interesting place, inasmuch as it represents a valley in which Salvator Rosa is said to have spent much of his time, and near which he had a house, which no longer exists. The building in it is connected with a miraculous story which I have translated from the Italian, and which will, I think, make a very good *Forget-me-not* article. I must be paid separately for the literary part, at the current value of literary labour. It will take me some time, as the naked Italian must be embellished very considerably to make it a matter of much interest.

"The third picture is the property of Mr. Allan Woodburn, of St. Martin's Lane, to whose house possibly David will be kind enough to take it some day in his carriage. David probably knows Woodburn's. It is the projecting corner opposite Chandos Street; the brothers are so celebrated as picture dealers, and the

house has been so long established, that there can be no difficulty in finding it.

“ In your negotiations with the booksellers, I must thank you to be particular to the following instructions. If the person to whom it is offered be disposed to buy it, the matter must be settled at once, and the thing paid for. If they wish to consult other partners, you may tell them to call on you at the bank to see it; but *do not on any account leave it even a day in their hands*. This relates of course to the little landscape, as I must request, as I said before, that the ‘ Confession’ *be offered to nobody but Charles Heath*.

“ You may be surprised possibly at these instructions, but I well know in all my dealings with the booksellers I have an active and powerful enemy who will leave nothing unturned to destroy me if possible. You know the man, and you must know, by a specimen of his malice you once sent me to Edinburgh, to what lengths he is capable of carrying it. I never doubted but that this man was the cause of Dove’s suddenly taking his work out of my hands, and of many other evils that attended me in my last London residence, about which I have never spoken to anybody. It is the knowledge of the deep hatred of this individual, of his extensive means of mischief, and of his insatiable thirst for revenge, that has induced me in a great measure to linger away from my country; and that makes my return, as far as my profession is concerned, a subject of no small anxiety and uneasiness.

“The visit of the Woodburns to this place has been a great lift to me. They gave me a handsome price for my little picture, showed it to everybody, and talked of me to all the amateurs in terms of such praise that I am afraid to write them down. They were the occasion of my selling the two others.\* They advise me by all means not to leave Naples yet, but to go on painting this class of subjects till I have got a reputation for them that will follow me to London. I certainly feel more power over these things than ever I did in my life before, and as portrait painting has deserted me, my hands have been left at liberty to pursue a walk of art which leads to peaceful occupation and quiet employment; a walk of art, which if I return to England, it will be my aim and endeavour to pursue without dividing my attention by portraits or distracting my mind by mingling in the disturbed currents of society:—something like the scheme you have chalked out, but not so far from London, as I have now become such a slave to painting from models, that I cannot be out of the way of them. You have, I hope, received my two last;—one an account of the worship of the Madonna, and the other the eruption of Vesuvius.

“I attribute Mr. H——’s refusal of my drawing to the same source alluded to above, and if you have offered it to anybody else you will have perceived the secret influence acting against you. Charles Heath and Ackermann

\* “The English Correggio” was one of them.

are the only two persons I can depend upon not being acted on. They judge for themselves. To Ackermann I have given the means of getting at some of my recent drawings, so that he will not want any in the parcel. At all events I do not choose he should have the 'Confession,' or anybody else but Charles Heath. As I said before, I have another hope for it if Charles do not take it. Indeed the knowledge that I have a diabolically malignant and powerful enemy has long destroyed all my hopes with the booksellers. I confess I was too happy to find another way of disposing of the pictures I had prepared.

"P. S. — My scheme for living in England is to give up portrait painting entirely and decidedly; to give up bookseller's work as decidedly; and to occupy myself alternately in etching the drawings I have made here, and in painting pictures for the chance of sale in the British Gallery. The etchings to be published by subscription. For the execution of this scheme, a house in some suburban village will be necessary. Dulwich I should like on account of the neighbourhood of good pictures of the very class which I shall aim at; but I fear the air of Dulwich will be too damp for me. Hendon or Hampstead are next on the list. There I shall have the neighbourhood of the Woodburns, who have always good things about them, and who have already proved themselves substantially my friends. I must come to town on Friday night to the Sketching Society; I can never give that up."

“Dear David,

“Naples, May 17, 1828.

“I was labouring hard to get my pictures done, for the sake of setting off to England, when your letter arrived, and made a strange revolution in my mind. The question comes upon me in a startling flash, What am I going to England for? I never was fit to enter into the field of contest, to trample on the heels of rivalry, and elbow aside the clamorous and bustling claimants for public applause. Every year that passes over my head robs me of some of my little energy, and makes me more and more enamoured of tranquillity and repose. That repose, that tranquillity so desired, I have here in Italy succeeded in attaining, and why should I leave it? Why should I leave the peaceful stream in which I have difficulty enough to steer my little boat, and embark on the ocean, where, if not overwhelmed by storms, I should be carried away by the current, or lost amidst the waves? If you can answer these questions, pray give me the benefit of your counsel. I have lost Quin, and with him his connections and friends; but I have got other friends who are quite as zealous for my interest, though not quite so powerful. My banker, who is a man of increasing influence and importance, acts the part of a brother to me. In the midst of his own most complicated arrangements, he never misses an opportunity to serve me. The artists in Rome, in many instances, send on their patrons to me, and the kind, kind lady of Seaforth, the Honourable Miss Mackenzie,

forces, absolutely forces people into giving me commissions. The Woodburns, I told you, urged me to stay for some time longer, inasmuch as they said I was establishing a class of works in which I should stand alone. They gave me the best proof of their sincerity by buying my little picture, and they assured me they would send to me any of their amateur acquaintance who were about to visit Italy. The Woodburns saw much of me; they used to come into my studio while I was painting, seemed surprised at my command of good models, and altogether struck with my establishment. Raimbach will tell you how much their opinion is to be valued. Add to all this, I have now, through long residence, and becoming acquainted with the country, got models, and materials, and people about me, who aid and abet me in a way that I should find it no small difficulty to establish in England.

“But there is still a more powerful reason than all. Up to this moment I have not tried my strength as an oil painter in the English exhibitions. I may completely fail, and if I do, it will be much better to be absent than present. The pictures I have completed for Mr. Erskine, I shall ask his permission to exhibit at the British Gallery: possibly Lord Lilford will allow me to send his too; therefore the next exhibition in Pall Mall will be my ordeal. If they make any tolerable impression, I may be encouraged to return in the spring with something for Somerset House. The two little pictures Captain Butler has bought of me will be in

London, and possibly may be at my command ; so that I shall have the means of supplying the different exhibitions, each with something by which the public pulse will be felt without my being a great loser.

“I hope before this the ‘Lady Keith,’ brig, Captain Thomas White, master, will have arrived with my little pictures. They are directed to Mr. Cotterel’s agent, Messrs. Bingham, Richards, & Co., 8 King’s Arms Yard, Coleman Street. The mark of the case is B. R. 25. They are to be delivered at your house in Bedford Row, free of expense (I pay here). If the case should not have arrived, Zech will have the kindness to inquire. Your representation about the souvenirs makes me regret the instructions given about the ‘Confession.’ On the whole I would rather it should not be offered to anybody ; but kept at your house, for any of my friends to see who may think it worth the trouble. You will take the love subject to Woodburn. I am not at all desirous of *forget-me-not* reputation. Let those contend for it who like it. Another ship will sail in about a month, which will bring my other pictures ; the various necessary instructions for which I will give in another letter.

“I do not know what unconquerable reluctance has prevented me from doing Mrs. Haldimand’s drawing ; but I will do it. Callcott, the Academician, urged me to it, as well as Robson. Callcott’s visit to Naples was a great encouragement and refreshment to me. He praised my pictures almost as much as your friend the President, but I hope with more sincerity. By the way,

should you see Sir Thomas again, ask him if he has received a present of some drawings which I sent him by the hands of Mr. Woodburn. I shall expect at any rate to be paid with some compliments for them. The exertion, if not the merit, demands it.

"I do not call to mind Robson's scene, and I have not Shakespeare at hand to refer to, but I should think it better to take some of the Italian plays; being in Italy all the advantage derived from costume and custom will be more at my fingers' ends. I think I have been in many parts amongst the hills that have not changed since the time of Boccaccio. If my plan of returning be given up for this summer, I will immediately attend to it.

"My kind, good friend Eastlake, is in London, to visit the Academy, who have lately elected him an associate. If he come in your way, you will find in him a man who is a credit to his age and to his race.

"I have to ask your interest for a young Scotchman, who will be arriving in London in the autumn, after a long and persevering tour in Italy. He was tutor to the consul's sons. All the interest I want is that you will give him a bed the few days that he remains in London. It does not matter what garret it be placed in. He never has been in London, and I am anxious he should not be exposed to the impositions of hotels; his finances will not bear it. He is a modest, intelligent young man, and you will be paid in grateful attachment, for any offices of kindness you can render him. Will you ask



Zech to be kind enough to receive and keep an account of his letters; they will be directed, Mr. Ramage, to the care of Mr. Uwins, Bank. He is just set off to walk on foot through Calabria. I hope he will escape the brigands, who still infest the Calabrese Mountains. This letter will rival yours in dulness. I am in a stupid mood to day, and the contending of different schemes, the agitating questions, to return or not to return, quite demolish me. I think I gather from your letter that you do not much like Q——. It does not surprise me; I did not expect that you would. Q—— is a man who must be known before he can be appreciated. I do not think him at all calculated to make an impression on the London medical people: lucky for him, he does not depend on them. You would come to like him if you knew him intimately; but it is not likely you ever will have that sort of acquaintance; you are both so much, and so widely occupied.

“I am in anxious expectation of Zechariah’s letters. I get little information on subjects connected with the art but from him.

“I feel very much for Roffe. One of my principal hopes in coming to London would be in giving some employment to his family by which we might be mutually served. I have often talked of publishing landscape etchings, and the idea is not abandoned, but will be delayed till spring next, when if I live so long, I must be in London. I am afraid of deceiving him by expectations that may never be realised.”

“ Dear Zechariah,

“ Naples, May 26, 1828.

“ How many times have I had to regret the inadequacy of written language to express the thoughts and feelings with accuracy. In conversation, by repetition and guarded explanations, it is just possible to make oneself understood, but in writing I find it impossible. So far am I from ever supposing that any influence has ever impeded my interest or thwarted my views, that I should be the first to acknowledge with loud and grateful expressions my obligations to all around me for sympathy, aid, and friendship, such as have accompanied few in their course. My whole life, if I can understand myself, has been one perpetual feeling of gratitude and thankfulness to God and to my fellow-creatures. From my brother artists I have received kindness more abundant than I ever heard of falling to the lot of others; and I can honestly say it has been my endeavour to return it tenfold into their bosoms. I feel and know that it is want of talent and power, and not want of encouragement, that I have to lament. But all this does not prevent my knowing the fact that I have by my own folly and imprudence made a certain individual my personal enemy, and that that individual has a power over some channels of my connections of which he has made me sufficiently sensible. It is useless, and may be mischievous, for you to ask this or that person about things he has forgotten, or about influences of the action of which he himself was not sensible at the

time. I know my man; I know his malignity and I know his cunning, and the part of wisdom for me is to keep out of those courses where he may cross my path, and this was the whole length of my instructions to you, not one word of which I would alter or withdraw, but merely beg of you to act upon them quietly and simply, and let me take the consequences.

“On the whole I am not displeased to have this opportunity of explanation, as it may prospectively relate to other things. For instance, I expect to have the little picture of the ‘Confession’ abused through thick and thin, and you must not be prevented from reporting this abuse to me from the fear that I may imagine the critics inimical to me. The English artists who have been staying in Italy with Wilkie and Cook at their head, have taken up notions of painting very different from those entertained by their London brethren. They have supposed that the works of the old masters do not owe their depth to time, but that they were originally painted on a tone and scale of colour very different from the modern practice. The truth will probably be found to lie between; but in the meantime experiments of all kinds must be tried, and that little picture of mine was done with the view of pushing the thing as far as it would go. For this reason I am not displeased to hear that it will arrive too late for the books, as I would rather it should be placed in David’s study for anybody to come and see who feels any curiosity about it. Eastlake, who is in London, writes to Rome to say

that his picture and Severn's have a very bad effect amongst those of the London painters, but this is not a proof they are wrong, as the London painters are allowed on all hands to have pushed whiteness to the extreme.

"I have stated so much of this controversy to you, that you may be prepared when you find whatever may be sent from Italy looking so different from other things, to pause and reflect a little, and not set it down as absolute inefficiency in the artist, but as the result of a different mode of thinking and feeling. For my part I must explain that I have not the vanity to assume to be a leader in this schism; on the contrary, I have been forced into it, it may be against my better judgment, one of my employers absolutely insisting as a condition of his commission, 'that there should not be a particle of white in the pictures painted for him.'

"Of my plans and schemes I am afraid and ashamed to say anything. I am doing one essential thing; I am finishing one by one my pictures, and packing them up to send off in the different ships that are about to sail; and till they are done I am resolved not to begin anything fresh. Whether when they are packed up I may follow them is still undecided, and will after all be the decision of a moment. I should like to be in London when my pictures are exhibited, for my own satisfaction and improvement; and there are no fresh commissions to prevent it this season; nothing, in truth, but the expense of coming.

“David’s letter somehow alarmed me; and I almost resolved on receiving it not to return yet, but I may again see reason to change. If I come, it will be in September or October; every plan is so uncertain, and so little within our own control, that I tremble to chalk out any. It has crossed my mind that when my pictures are done and packed up I may set off into the surrounding country to complete the series of landscapes, and return with them to London, so as to take a lodging in town for the winter to paint a picture (the subject of which is arranged in my own mind) for the ensuing exhibition at Somerset House; exhibiting in the meantime all that are permitted me at the British Gallery, and by that means feeling if I can make any impression on the public. The British Gallery opens, you know, in February.

“I should like that Alfred Roffe should practise landscape etching a little, in imitation of pen and ink drawing, like the old masters, Carracci, Guercino, and Titian. But I would not have him lose valuable time about it, as after all it may lead to nothing. Mrs. W—— and her daughter must have taken some pains to avoid me. I was not much in society, but still I must have been at many houses where they were received, and any English resident would have pointed me out to them had they desired it. I have no wish my picture should be offered to Sharpe. I know that Sharpe thinks nothing of me as an artist, and Suttaby almost as little. Ackermann and C. Heath, on the contrary, have some opinion of

my talents. You must not be alarmed at this; Sharpe and Suttaby would be ready to do me a kindness quite as soon or sooner than the others; but there are questions of reputation and estimation about which every publisher is right to judge for himself."

"My dear David,

"Naples, July 1, 1828.

"I am rather pleased than otherwise with your explanation about H——. I always like to know the worst of everything; without this knowledge one is acting in the dark. I was sure there was some influence in the affair, something more than appeared on the surface, and this is the very influence on which I calculated, though it be not exerted exactly as I might have anticipated. The man my enemy is a great writer in newspapers, and these Forget-me-nots are the very theatre of his activity. This man has sworn to his own heart to pursue me through all my course, even to the very gates of death, and he will perform his vow. It is no small misfortune to have made such a man one's enemy, but it were idle and silly to attempt to disguise the fact, or to act as if it did not exist. You may be vexed and hurt at seeing the effects of a malignity so infernal, but I shall never be surprised. Nothing that I shall ever send, either for publication or for exhibition, will escape his secret attacks and his persevering enmity. He is capable even of influencing an engraver to slight and neglect any plate from my pictures, and so blast my reputation in the bud, before

the thing be brought forth. Zechariah will not believe that a character so diabolical exists; but if he had seen or experienced what it has fallen to my lot to suffer and observe, he would no longer doubt it. My poor friend Q—— is pursued by just such another miscreant; a fellow who hangs upon his path, and secretly wounds him, without the possibility of discovery or punishment. The English newspapers are the very vehicles framed for the secret machinations of these scoundrels, and while these publications exist in their present state of licentious liberty, there is no passion so infernal but may be indulged with impunity.

“Your letter gives me a degree of pleasure that compensates for all other evils. To know that I have the friendship of those whose friendship is worth having, and the esteem of those whose good opinion is an honour, makes up for many kicks and buffets that are inflicted on me by the despicable and worthless. No man owes so much to the kindness of his brother artists as I do, and one of my great pleasures in returning will be again uniting with them, and contributing as far as in me lies to the advancement of their several interests. To hear of their well-being and success is always delightful to me. Those who have visited Italy have laid me under obligations of gratitude I can never fully repay, and amongst them I place the distinguished names of Wilkie and Callcott, both of whom have been my personal and active friends. Havell is now with me, dining with me

almost living with me. He has brought back from India the same frank, open-hearted disposition that he carried out, and I am getting wiser every day by his counsel and advice.

“The Anglo-Roman artists to a man are very warm friends. They have done, and are ready to do me every possible service. In the midst of so much love the hatred of one man is a trifle. I can assure you I think not of it. I have been under the necessity of writing about it merely as a matter of caution and business, but otherwise it never would have escaped me. I only wish you and Zech to know the fact, and there’s an end on’t. I feel no small pain to think that my business involves you in so much trouble, but I do not know well how to avoid it. I beg, however, you will be particular in charging to my account anything however trifling in the way of expenses that it may subject you to.

“If Charles Heath do not take the picture of the ‘Confession,’ you will dispose of it in the following way. When Quin left the place he left with me, as a *gage d’amitié*, a beautiful and valuable gold watch, which I never look at without thinking of him. In return, I am desirous he should have one of my best little pictures. I have finished one expressly for him, and Sir Richard Acton has done me the honour to charge himself with presenting it. Before the receipt of this letter, Sir Richard will have arrived, and the picture will be in Quin’s possession. Now,



though I have taken the utmost possible pains with the picture, the subject may not please him, and I am anxious he should have the choice of the 'Confession,' indeed he ought to have both, if the value of the keepsake were made up to him. Quin has a right to be padrone, as we say in Italy, of all that I can do. If Charles Heath have the picture I hope the money will be paid at once. It appears to me, with the ridiculous rivalry the booksellers are engaged in, one half of them will be bankrupts before another year passes over their heads.

"I thank Zechariah very much for his interesting account of the Exhibitions. I shall be obliged to him or you to report as much as you can of the impression my little pictures make on the folks. I should have told you there was no hurry about delivering Mr. Woodburn's. It would stand a chance of being more seen probably at your house. I feel ashamed of writing you so many uninteresting letters. This summer, unlike the summers I have passed here, must be spent in town at my easel. I have neither money nor time to wander about in search of novelty, and you know well enough that one town residence is so much like another, that little matter for observation is likely to arise out of it. Even the follies, mockeries, and blasphemies of the Romish Church cease to be matters of curiosity. Old Gennaro sets his blood running without my caring for it. The madonnas perform their miracles, and the archbishop shaves the annually growing beard of the miraculous crucifix, with-

out my passing over the threshold of my door to witness and deplore it. One thing, however, has happened in Rome which will excite some attention. A young girl, daughter of a Presbyterian minister in the south of Scotland, who came out with tracts in her trunk to convert the Pope and Cardinals, has fallen in her own trap, and become a Catholic. I knew her well in Edinburgh; she was a sort of pupil of mine. She was always a mighty theologian, but I hardly expected her religious disputations would end in finding the Virgin Mary to be the only legitimate object of Christian devotion, and kissing the Pope's toe the road to salvation. There have been Catholic sermons preached in English, all the winter at Rome, to enlighten the Protestant visitors, and this young girl is the first fruits. Her case will soon be triumphantly published throughout Europe. Will you tell me where the Misses Temple are to be found in Paris, and will you tell me what is the age of Jane, and what sort of school you wish to find for her. However uncertain my return may be, I should like to know these things. If I do come it will be a sudden arrangement, and I shall not have time to inform myself of anything."

"Dear David,

"Naples, July 15th.

"I hasten to answer your letter by return of post, and this will be final as regards the business of which you have had something too much. Things have turned out exactly to my wishes. As I was committed with Charles

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Heath, it was right he should have the option, but he having refused, I would not desire the picture to be sold to any one. I would rather take the hint of Mr. Prout, which I think a very complimentary and very friendly one, and let it stand by a little. Though I have offered it to Quin, as I consider it a duty, yet I almost hope he will not prefer it to the one he has, which, though a very different subject, is a much more finished and completed picture. I am glad Ackermann has got the little landscape, and I will send him the literary appendage to it in a few posts. Thus your business comes to an end, except the trouble of showing the pictures, which I cannot very well relieve you from.

“There is still one person to whom I should like the pictures to be shown. Mr. R. Westmacott, son of Mr. Westmacott, sculptor and academician, himself (the son) likewise a sculptor. When driving through Mount Street, you could inquire at the father’s for the son, whom I knew in Rome, and tell him you have two little pictures of mine, if he would take the trouble to come so far east to see them; let him understand they are trifles, and let him use his option in the whole matter; he is a gentlemanly and very clever young man, and always displayed a most kindly disposition towards me. I think he would be pleased with the attention.

“I should like Mr. Cook, the academician, to see the pictures, and Sir Thomas Lawrence, but unless occasion furnished the opportunity, the things are too trifling for a special invitation. Much of all this must be left to

your own taste and judgment. There is no hurry. Mr. Allan Woodburn, when he does arrive, will leave the pictures longer in your hands if it should be desirable, or will do anything that will conduce most to my interest. I believe him and his elder brother too sincerely my friends. The brothers now in London, I am not personally acquainted with. I believe I told you Mr. Allan is the bearer of a present from me to Sir Thomas Lawrence. When that comes to hand, he (Sir Thomas) may think the trouble something less of coming as far as your house to see my pictures. By the way, you must not suppose the President, though so very polite, is on that account insincere. It will always be recorded to his glory, that he has ever shown himself the kind friend and protector of aspiring talent. I have received from him much kind instruction and advice, and with many it does not stop there; his connection, and even his purse, have been ready to back his counsels. There are many who owe their reputation to his fostering aid, and others who without him could never have been able to make their first step in life with courage and stability. His manner is most courtier-like, but his purpose is firm, and his opinion sincere. Poor West used to overwhelm young men with flattery, and often spoil them; Lawrence befriends them without spoiling them. He puts them firm on their legs, but never lifts them into stilts. This is the voice not only of my own experience, but the experience of hundreds, and my conscience would never allow me to pass in silence any

opportunity of defending him from the censure which his extreme politeness often brings upon him.

“On board the brig ‘William,’ Captain Broad, which sailed from this port last night, I have shipped another case, marked B. R. 45, to be consigned, as before, to Messrs. Bingham and Richards, and sent to you, so that in six weeks you will receive, I hope safely, two other little pictures, and in another six weeks, I hope to send you several packages containing works of rather more character and consequence. The two pictures coming to you by the ‘William,’ will give you no trouble in the way of business. They are the property of Captain Butler, who allows them to remain at your house till he call or send for them. You will not, therefore, take them out of the case in which they arrive to you, but keep them always in readiness for the claims of the proprietor. Captain Butler, though now only a Captain on half-pay, will be a man of 7000*l.* a year. He is a person of much feeling, and just such a one that may be led on to be a patron of art. My pictures are his first start in the way of purchase, and he seems so well pleased with his acquaintance with me, that I think he will go on. I am already commissioned to do two others for him of the same size; they are indeed but miniatures in oil.

“The steamboat will go from this to Marseilles in September, and my present plan is to return by it, that is, as far as I can see into futurity. I will not disguise from you, that should I receive from London or else-

where any commission of importance enough to detain me in Italy, the balance would soon be decided in favour of the southern side of the Alps. Still I think it almost necessary to go to England ; if it were only to be present at the exhibition of my pictures, which is too important a stake to be played by other hands. At the British Institution, touching days are allowed to exhibitors, which will enable me to see how my pictures look, as opposed to others, and to rectify any gross errors.

“ I quite understand M——’s allusion. There is always something hidden under his obscure and half idiotic expressions. It will be my concern to look to it, that my pictures do not come before the public in a way not palatable. Eastlake and Severn are younger and stouter men ; they can bear the brunt of the contest, but my powers and reputation are too feeble to stand opposition. I must glide silently into a corner of the great arena, and gather up the crumbs of public approbation with the best grace I am master of. M——, by the way, had never spirit or frankness enough to say a thing was well or ill. There is always some reserve, some envious and querulous reference to his own interest and his own practice. Like all envious men, he is punished with perpetual mortification ; and lives in a hell of his own creating.

“ Your letter interests me exceedingly ; I like to hear the very words of the Dons. D——, I consider a very narrow-minded and prejudiced man. What will he say to the fact of the four greatest artists England

has produced, Sir Joshua Reynolds, Wilson, Hogarth and Gainsborough ; two having studied in Italy, and two not. The truth is, coming to Italy will not give a man genius, and that is all that can be said about it ; but it will give him experience ; it will open to him a new field for the observation of nature, and if he has any guts in his brains he cannot fail of deriving benefit from it. There is one especial good I have found. The principles of the old masters were before often unintelligible to me, but the moment I came into Italy they became comparatively clear from the analogy they bear to Italian nature. I could see Titian, Giorgione, and Paolo Veronese in every church, in every balcony, on every canal of Venice. Claude and the Poussins, I could trace in Rome and Tuscany, and Salvator Rosa darts upon the mind in absolute reality at every step one takes amidst the enchanting environs of Naples. I might add that the originals of Raffaele and Michael Angelo's figures are to be found in every street and under every porch.

“ You can hardly conceive how much I long to see you all, and how much more intense this longing has become since I have found it possible and expedient — great Jane and little Jane (who is by this time great), and the dear boys. I will make all inquiries I can in Paris ; but there will be little time, and that time will be principally occupied in seeing works of art, which were all shut up from me last visit, on account of the King's death. As there seems to have been some speculation about what Mr. Allan Woodburn gave me for the

little pictures, I will tell you what happened about it. He had not been half an hour in the house before he said, 'What do you ask for that little picture?' I told him I had asked one hundred and fifty ducats. He immediately replied, 'I have just come to Naples, and do not know much about ducats; but I will give you twenty guineas for it.' This came so near the mark, and was altogether so liberal and handsome an offer, you may easily suppose, I was but too happy to accept it.

"Dear Zechariah,

"Naples, July 24, 1828.

"I had scarcely put my last into the post for David when a gentleman called on me to order another picture. I thought every arrangement had been made that could enable me to say, as I did so positively, that the steam-boat would convey me to Marseilles, and that I should spend the winter in England; nor did I anticipate the possibility, at this late period of the year, when nobody is left in town, that any application should come to me. What is most singular the gentleman is an entire stranger to me, as well as to my friends. His own feelings alone have decided him in the business. The regular amateurs, who give commissions to the Roman artists, avoid me; and my patrons are for the most part maiden purchasers. This has been the case with Mr. Raine, Lord Lilford, Captain Butler, and the new man, Mr. Morton. In every case too a personal friendship has grown out of the commission. All these things are very flattering and very agreeable to me, and could I



get rather better prices for my work I should do very well, or, what is the same thing, could I get through my pictures with rather more expedition, possibly this new turn to my affairs will be all for the best. The only professional disadvantage I anticipate is not being in London to look after the exhibition of my own pictures; but I must leave them to their fate, and get some kind painter friend to give an eye to them, and to varnish them if necessary. The staying another winter in Italy may give me an opportunity of establishing myself more firmly in the new walk I have entered on. In London, finding myself poor, and getting surrounded by London expenses, I might have been tempted to take to portraits again, or I might have got involved in booksellers' commissions, either of which at my age would be sufficient to be a bar to my progress; as it is, I am only just on the turning point, but one or two more commissions similar to the last would quite establish me. In staying another winter too I am following out Woodburn's advice, and old Woodburn is a most knowing fellow in these matters. He said, 'Stay till you have got a reputation for painting Neapolitan subjects, and then, returning with your stock of materials, all persons who desire such subjects will come to you. There is something in being *the* English painter at Naples.' This change in my arrangements will prevent my sending quite so many pictures to England this summer as I had expected. I must keep something here to show.

"Great changes seem to be taking place in papal

Europe. You are probably aware that the Pope has ordered a publication of the Bible everywhere; for Naples even, the very centre of ignorance and barbarism, the advertisements of this publication are circulated, with this reserve, that they are not stuck on the walls like the other publications, such as the Life of the Madonna, the Life of the Madonna's father, St. Joachim, the revelations of Santa Brigitta, and the various instructions for the most efficacious worship of the Queen of Heaven. But it is a step to get a Bible at all. Great pains are taken to make it as cumbrous and expensive as possible by voluminous notes and other appendages, in the hope that it may never reach beyond the library of the rich; and so many impediments are thrown into the way of education that it is hardly possible to get a boy to read and write, except he be intended for the Church.

“The Jesuits are the only class who are wise: they see that there is no possibility of stopping the march of intellect, and they would be beforehand with the infidels. They educate merely that they may bind up the mind in the belief of all the lies which tyranny has found it necessary to impose upon the people, and which blasphemy has dared to attach to Christianity. But they will be foiled by their own weapons. Men once educated will no longer be cheated by the farce of popery. They will no longer be the slaves and puppets of mitred miscreants, who dare profanely to assume to themselves the knowledge of the will of God and the power of dispensing His

judgments. While these things are going on, while the eyes of the people are opening every day to the follies and absurdities of this diabolical Church, is it not wonderful that any should be found so besotted, as having seen the light, to plunge again into darkness? The instance of conversion which the Catholics are publishing with so much triumph is Miss T——, the daughter of a Scotch Presbyterian minister. This girl has some singular points in her character. She is one of a numerous family, of whom she has become independent by her exertions as a miniature painter. With the money she got in England she came out to Italy. I knew her in Edinburgh, and I met her painting in the public gallery at Florence. She travelled alone, and unprotected but by her own innocence, and by what she seemed to have great pride in—her religion. She was a great theologian, and entered Rome with books and other arms in battle array, determined to take by storm the Holy City, and so bring it under the dominion of John Knox and his renowned successors. Not having been in Rome this winter, I do not exactly know the history of her change; but I know she has been publicly received into the communion of Holy Church after having repented of and renounced all the errors which had been taught her by her venerable and pious father. Miss T—— is a girl who has no half measures in anything, and I fully expect she will be challenging the whole synod of the Kirk of Scotland to public discussion, unless she should expend her energies in establishing a

new order of English nuns, and presiding over their spiritual welfare. (The said lady is young, handsome, and full of liveliness and spirit.)

“As it is the fashion in the present liberal age to make out Protestants as the most intolerant of beings, and Catholics as the most amiable, gentle, and suffering race, it will be as well to make known the following circumstance, the truth of which I can vouch for, as I had it from the mouth of the consul. The British consul at Naples made a regular application to the government for permission either to erect a church or to hire a house, in which the English residents might have the opportunity of worshipping God according to the dictates of their conscience. He was told that the King had too much regard for the souls committed to his care to allow of any such heretical proceeding; and that orders were given to the ministers of police to be on their guard *that no house should be let for such a purpose*. The English minister, it was added, might have service in his own house, or by *especial favour* the English consul; but this latter must not be considered as a right. Such is the toleration which Protestants get from their most amiable Catholic brethren! This is an affair of yesterday. I know not if it has got into the London papers, or if they are not so much disposed to find everything right that is done by Catholics as to refuse admitting it. I have not written to Ireland about David's book; in fact I do not think my friend G—— is there, or if he were should I

know how to direct to him. I believe he is in Paris. G—— has got a brother, a popular physician, in Dublin, and of course without his approbation nothing could be done. I should be afraid to urge it."

"Dear David,

"Naples, July, 29th 1828.

"Zechariah tells me Ackermann has expressed a wish to buy some of my drawings. Now I can only say, I shall be too happy to turn anything into money. I would therefore rather sell than lend, but as I scarcely recollect what the things are, I would beg Mr. Robson to do me the favour to set a price upon them, and I shall be most happy to abide by it. Zechariah speaks of a little figure on a rock. What this can be I have no conception, but if it should be a figure in black, with a red cloak, dark background, his head leaning on his hand, it is one of my earliest attempts at composition, and I would not on any account that it should be made use of; it is too imperfect to be worth anything, but on that very account, I must beg of you not to let it go out of your hands. The others are quite out of my recollection, but if Mr. Robson would do me the favour to write on the back of them some price, Ackermann may at that either take them or leave them.

"I have suffered a little in health this summer by the heat, owing to being compelled to stay in town to finish my pictures; but with all these evils there are many delights. Within a hundred yards of my house, I have the most delightful sea-bathing; the earliest dawn finds

me in the water, and I see the sun rise over Vesuvius while swimming on the clear and buoyant wave. Havell says the heat is as bad as Bombay. He is for driving back as fast as possible to England; he says a year in Italy is enough to kill any man. The burning sun! the bugs, fleas, and mosquitoes! and then the necessity of suffering 365 unwholesome dinners! With all these evils and sufferings, of which he certainly makes the most, he is doing most delicious sketches and most glorious pictures. This country, in truth, is just suited to his romantic genius; and notwithstanding the impossibility of living in it, I do not expect to see him leave it as soon as he talks of. Havell is like many of his countrymen, he will not adapt himself to the manners of the inhabitants of the place, and therefore loses all its enjoyment. Like my little fat fellow-traveller, he wants a beefsteak with the gravy in it, and a mutton chop that will burn the mouth. He cannot eat figs for his breakfast, and maccaroni and cucuzzi for his dinner. I think myself much happier that I can.

“You have had so many letters from me lately that I have nothing to add in the way of instructions. The pictures I am about to send by the Naples packet (two only will be got ready) are the principal I shall send this season. If my friends do not like them, it will be all over with my hopes. I will give you no trouble about sending them to the Exhibition. There is a man (a frame maker, I believe), patronised by the Water-Colour Society, of whom Robson will inform you; this

man I will make my agent in the affair, so that when the time comes, you will only have to commit them to his care, and he will return them to your house when the Exhibition shall be over ; or rather, I will instruct him to pack them, and send them to the various proprietors.

“I have said nothing about Ackermann’s desire to have the little love picture. It is an affair between Woodburn and him. But as it was bought by Mr. Woodburn with quite a hobby-horsical feeling, I do not think any other I should do would be likely to supply its place. Nor should I like to attempt it. If people think it my best picture, I am too happy that it should be in Woodburn’s possession ; there is no one more capable of appreciating it, and no one who has more right to command the best that I can do.

“If Ackermann insists on a figure in the landscape, he must put one in. I am not sure it is very necessary. I had put one in at first, and took it out again. When I send the MS. for the letter-press, I will sketch a figure in the margin. It shall positively come in a day or two.

“I am not sure what instructions I have given about Captain Butler’s pictures, which are coming to you by the ‘William’—whether the expense is to be paid here, or in town ; so that if they charge you, you had better pay, and inform me immediately. I begin to fear that the additional expenses, in consequence of living so far off the market of my works, will be sufficient themselves

to drive me back. They will bring the whole matter on a par with London lodging and London living, besides the additional and unwarrantable trouble given to my friends.

“To be quite consistent with my late inconsistent proceedings, I ought to say in this letter, I am coming back, as I said in my last to Zechariah I was not. The truth is, if I dared tell it, I should like to pass the winter in London, to witness the exhibition of my pictures, and to return here to complete what remains undone, and to do any new commissions my visit to London might procure for me. But where is the money to come from? My prices must be wonderfully raised indeed, to allow of this expense. Going and coming would cost me nearly a hundred pounds, besides loss of time; and the Exhibition may turn out, as all Exhibitions have done to me, entirely a failure. It may produce me nothing but discomfiture and disgrace. People may be surprised at my vacillation and uncertainty, but when they come to be known, there are substantial reasons for it. Were I as independent as Havell, I could quarrel with my mutton chops too, and move about just when and where I pleased; but poverty ties me by the leg, and I am obliged to contrive a thousand ways to get even to the length of my cord.”

“Dear Zechariah,

“August 26th, 1828.

“By the time this comes to hand, you will have received, I hope, the two little pictures by the ‘William,’



intended for Captain Butler. As I do not wish them, for the present at least, to be taken out of the case in which they are sent, it will be necessary to describe the subjects, though they are simple enough to be understood of themselves. One is a young girl dressing for the wedding. Her mother is assisting to decorate her, while she is trying the effect of a flower in her bosom. In the background are some intruders, whom curiosity and impatience have compelled to draw aside the curtain. To an English eye this may scarcely appear a cottage scene, but it is strictly so. Indeed, to accommodate it to the English taste, I have not put half the finery in by which I might have embellished it. People who have not a penny in their pockets will wear earrings, necklaces, and jewellery about them to the amount of fifty or a hundred ducats; and false finery is so much despised, that it is not to be met with in the shops. The pearls, gold, &c., are all real and intrinsically valuable. These things descend from mother to daughter, and become heir-looms in the family.

“The second subject is a girl tired of dancing, who has found a retired place to sleep in. Unlike England, in this delicious climate you may sleep on the bare ground without fear of cold or rheumatism; and there is a modesty and innocence about the peasantry which allows them to sleep undisturbed, and in the most perfect security. I never saw a people so thoroughly modest as the Italian villagers. France and England, and even the prudish Scotch, who pride themselves so

much on their virtue, must sink in comparison with them. In *l'abandon* of this girl, who has thrown herself so carelessly on a bank, I wish to express what I have so often witnessed — the confidence of innocence.

“What the critics may say to these little pictures, I shall be most anxious to know. You will perceive they are no longer in so low a tone as the ‘Confession,’ which, as I before said, was only an experiment. But the interest I feel about these things is comparatively trifling to what attends the parcel just sent off. In the Naples packet which sailed from this port on 16th instant, I have sent a case containing two pictures, which have cost me no small pains and labour, and about the fate of which I certainly do feel a very anxious interest. On their reception must depend my failure or success; and though I hope the pictures I have now in hand will be still better, yet these up to the moment of their departure were the best that I could do, and I must be content to be judged by them. I will not describe the subjects, as I wish them to be taken immediately out of the case, and the subject will be found written on the back. They are on canvas; great care will of course be necessary that nothing touches the back. The canvas of this country is so slight, it will bear nothing. It must be treated as you would treat glass, indeed with still more care. One of these pictures belongs to Mr. Erskine, and one to a Mr. Clayton; but you need not disturb yourself about the proprietorship till you get instructions from me. I mean to ask permission to

have them exhibited, and I must (if I do not come myself) get some painting friend to varnish them for me. You will have received and forwarded a letter to Mr. Barnard, the keeper of the British Institution, to which I am most anxious to get a reply.

“I am now getting through with Lord Lilford’s pictures, as well as my new subjects. Mr. Havell is still with me, painting beautiful things of the Neapolitan scenery. Naples will no longer be my ground. Havell’s readiness, address, and power, will carry off more subjects in a month, than I can in six. But of him I can feel no jealousy. There is room for both of us; and the advantage I receive from his advice and instruction abundantly compensates for any mortification his superior talents may give me. It has been in my power to procure for him comfort and advantages which, as a stranger, ignorant of the manners and language, he never could have obtained.

“On reconsideration, I think it will be better to take one only of the pictures out of the case, and the one taking out should be the horizontal subject—the man playing on the mandoline. The other upright picture had better be left in the case. Sometimes a picture gets more value by being shown in a case, and as this is a serious subject, it is well the mind should have the undivided contemplation of it. It is an English child in the hands of the brigands. The father and mother may have been murdered (no unusual thing), and the child preserved for the sake of ransom. The wife of

one of the brigands is soothing the child to sleep in her lap; but by its averted attitude and disordered state it will be readily perceived the woman is neither the mother nor its nurse. Some have objected to my making a robber's wife look so amiable. In answer to this, I beg to say, first, that it is the portrait of a woman who had been amongst the brigands all her life, but who was still every whit a woman; and I do conceive the appearance of a lovely little child in the cavern would call forth all a woman's feelings. The expression of this face, is the link that unites the outlaws to humanity, from which they in vain endeavour to separate themselves. They are still human beings with human feelings. I wish only to represent the truth.

"N.B. These numerous letters of mere business, I must beg David and you to set down to my account, together with every little expense these things occasion you.

"T. U.

"P.S. I had just finished this when David's arrived. I cannot write to him, as I am just going into the country, but I will beg you to tell him he has done exactly according to my wishes in letting Robson have his way. I have so high an opinion of Robson's integrity and friendship, I am sure he will do better for my interest than I could myself. Ackermann has too many irons in the fire to be at all put out by the *not having* the things; indeed, he very likely forgot them

after leaving the house. I have got a very kind letter from Mr. Allan Woodburn, in which he expresses his complete satisfaction with the picture, and says everybody likes it.

"My vanity is a little mortified by David's not recollecting the name of the landscape painter who found my picture good. The value of criticism entirely depends on the head from whence it comes.

"All I can say about returning, is, that I am not ready to come by the steamboat. Whether I come at all will not be decided till very shortly before setting out. I promise, however, the earliest information positive or negative.

"The high charges terribly alarm me. In future, I will not send my pictures in frames. But I was fearful of venturing the first two or three cargoes without every advantage that could be given them. I know the importance of first impressions. I believe frames pay more than pictures."

"Dear Zech,

"Resina, Oct. 1828.

"The friendly letter of the keeper of the British Institution is quite in conformity with all his conduct, and gives promise of his friendly exertions for my interest in placing the pictures in the Exhibition; but in this part of the business I am not sanguine, if they merit good places—if they do not, good places will do nothing for them. As I am committed, however, it is my intention to go through with it. I shall exhibit all that may arrive

safely, which I hope will amount to six. 'The Brigands' 'The Mandoline;' 'The Wedding Morning;' 'The Girl asleep;' 'The Confession' and the Love scene (Mr. Woodburn's). It is no use my writing particular instructions till I know from you they are all safely arrived. It was my decided intention to have returned by the steamboat, but Havell's coming out has changed it. The advantage of painting through a winter with him is worth any sacrifice. I am, however, as completely unhinged from Naples, as if I were on my journey homewards; and I do not doubt, if I live, that I shall set out on that journey very early in the spring. If it were possible to accomplish it at that season, I should like to arrive before the Exhibition at the British Gallery closed, that I might have the advantage I so much want, of comparing my pictures with the works of others, Havell and I have taken a house at the foot of Vesuvius, which house we are to have till the end of January. I am hard at work completing Lord Lilford's pictures, which I think will be my best. My endeavours will be to get through something on a larger scale if possible; and should my pictures be liked in the British Gallery, I may get courage enough to send it to Somerset House. Leaving the city of Naples is an entire abandonment of portrait painting, and I must strain every nerve to keep up my new career, which, at my time of life is no small venture.

"By the time you receive this, I hope the third case will have arrived. The picture of the fisherman playing

on the mandoline, has had a hole through it which though tolerably well mended, will be better for lining, as it is called, or rather putting down on a new canvas. This I should wish done to it; and you will receive from Mr. Havell's brother a note containing the name and address of a man who is very dexterous at this work. I should like it done immediately you get the address, as I have written to the lady for whom the picture is painted, saying that it may be seen at Bedford Row; and I should not like her to see it till the lining be done. I have asked her permission to exhibit this picture, as well as Mr. Erskine's, and Captain Butler's.

"Havell and I are living here most romantically. The beauties of nature are our only companions. He is getting up a picture of the vintage, in which he partly anticipates me; but very likely when he has done, there may still be room for a different mode of treatment. Two artists living together will stumble and clash sometimes. If he were to take all my subjects from me, I should not quarrel with him. His generosity in communicating his own experience to me is so unbounded, that I consider his coming out the most important professional event of my life. I am already a much better painter than I was three months ago, and I feel myself improving every day. We have got an old deserted house, in a most poetical situation, for which we pay at the rate of four pounds sterling a year. We have put furniture enough in it for our purpose for about eight pounds, which we hope to sell at but little loss when

we leave. Our living is the most expensive part of the concern. Havell will eat nothing but solid meat and poultry, and drink tea and coffee; and we are obliged to keep a man servant to provide and cook for us, as we are at some distance from any town or even village. Our cook, kitchen, washing, and all upon this most expensive plan, costs us on the average from three to four shillings a day. This divided between two, will not ruin us; and I can assure you we live luxuriantly. We carry pistols to protect us at night; but for myself I have little fear. The people stab and kill each other sometimes, but it is to revenge private quarrels. There is very little robbery. Our neighbours are wild mountaineers; but from the wildest of them, I have never received rudeness or incivility; on the contrary, they show on all occasions the greatest readiness to serve us. The advantages we get from this wild situation are great;—we are out of the way of visiting and visitors; we have no temptations or expenditure of any kind; in short, we have nothing to do but to go right on with our pictures, in which we mutually aid and assist each other, and our time never hangs on our hands. From the roof of our house we have every object we can wish for study. The beautiful bay with its lovely islands lies at our feet, and the whole mountain vomits fire and smoke over our heads. If we walk out, we are in a moment amongst the most voluptuous vineyards, witnessing the labours of the peasant, and listening to his songs of gladness. To live amongst the poor in England



is painful and distressing, there is so much real misery, and that misery is so much increased by their discontented and fretful character. In this country poverty is no evil, the poor are certainly the happiest of the people.

“I am sorry to hear of these goings on at Edinburgh. I know the female combatant well. She is an exceedingly foolish, clever woman; I could tell some things of her which would not look very well in print. When will the world learn wisdom!

“I am still at a loss to conceive how Mrs. Wissit should have sought me in vain. To be sure the British minister was not here last winter; but there was his attaché Lord Augustus Hill, to whom I am very well known. The chargé d'affaires, Mr. Fox, knows me well, and with the family of the consul, Sir H. Lushington, I am rather intimate, particularly with his son-in-law Sir Henry Burrard. I know the Austrian ambassador well. All the bankers, who have to do with the English, know me,—in short, every English resident of every description. Of whom, then, could they have inquired? Besides I lived in the very centre of the fashionable world, and went to many of the leading parties.

“Let me know, if you please, as soon as my pictures arrive. The Naples packet is the last. Be careful to open them, and expose them to the light and air. They were packed up so fresh that I am fearful of change. An old silk handkerchief may be kept to remove the dust from them. If I do not hear from you in time for the

exchange of posts I will send instructions with the list made out for Mr. Barnard. If Mrs. Clayton offer to pay 17*l.* do not refuse it. Our agreement was for two-hundred ducats, half of which she paid me in advance, but she is to have the option of refusing the picture, if she does not like it. If she allow the picture to go to the Exhibition I hope to be in town time enough to complete the transaction.

“Mrs. Clayton’s picture is the ‘Mandoline Player.’”

“My dear Zechariah,      “Naples, Feb. 10, 1829.

“Desirous not to let a post pass without answering your letter, I write in great haste, with very little time. If anything can lessen the pain I have felt at hearing of your illness, it is the knowledge that you have been so comfortable and so supported through it. We are all come to the age now that shakings are to be expected, and it is a happy thing to have such warnings. I fear you have brought on your illness by over mental as well as bodily exertion. I always thought you too prodigal of your strength. It is time you should withdraw from much of your voluntary labour, and consult your own ease. Let the young and active succeed to your duties. You have lived almost two ordinary lives of fatigue and anxiety.

“I am happy to say that my complaints have ceased on my arrival in town. It is possible there was something in the air, or on the water, so near the burning mountain, that did not agree with me. The place I

live in at Naples is remarkably salubrious; my windows all look to the south, and though the weather is cold and tempestuous I bask in an eternal sunshine. Poor Havell has been laid up for the second time since his residence with me, but Quin has set him on his legs again, and he talks of going off to Rome in a week or two.

“The indisposition I complained of in my last letter, might be partly brought on too by mental anxiety. Havell’s coming here was a sore trial to me. His fierce mode of criticising was, at first, almost more than I could bear; but I have been enabled to persevere. I knew everything he said was in kindness, and I was determined to be in his eyes as if I knew nothing, that I might learn the full result of all his practice and experience. For the time, I am a great loser in pocket, inasmuch as I have begun almost over again some things that were nearly finished, but the end is most satisfactory. I have got by this boldness and perseverance, an increased power, and a mind, as far as my profession goes, comparatively at ease. By a ship which sails in April, I shall send several pictures in which I hope my friends will find no small improvement. The criticisms of Sir Thomas Lawrence too have done me infinite good, and I confidently hope he will find the objections to my other works reformed ‘indifferently,’ if not ‘altogether,’ in these.

“Owing to these backgoings, and alterings, and reconsiderings, I fear it will become necessary to draw

on you again for a small supply; but it is only for current expenses, as I have every reason, provided I be blessed with health, to hope that I shall soon be in the receipt of some considerable sums. My price is raised to sixty guineas, at which price I have three commissions for pictures. One besides of a size for which I must charge a hundred and fifty, besides Sir Thomas Lawrence's for a hundred; so that the picture for Watts is the last low-priced thing that I shall be called on to do. That takes place immediately after the two I am now finishing for Lord Lilford, and one for Mr. Morton. Lord Lilford's and Mr. Morton's come in the next ship, and Mr. Watts's in the next following, then Lawrence, and so on in the order of their dates. Among my patrons, I have the honour to reckon Sir Matthew White Ridley, who is building a gallery for modern art.

"I saw a list in the 'Courier' professing to give information of all the pictures in the British Gallery. It seemed done by somebody about the premises, who must have seen them come in. Mine were not mentioned. However, I thought little of this, as the object of the paper seemed to be the puffing of particular persons. And after all, mine are so small and of so little consequence, that they might be easily overlooked. Your letter satisfies me they have been sent, and for the rest I must take my chance with others.

"I would be very happy to follow your instructions about W——, did I see it necessary. But you may be assured I have not allowed myself to say or do anything

offensive to him. He may be disappointed at my not falling so entirely into his schemes as he might wish; but he has no just right to complain. I accepted only one of his commissions because my hands are now so occupied that I could not undertake two, and it would be ridiculous to undertake what I should not be able to accomplish. With respect to his applying to Mr. Erskine, he knew well enough, though you might not, that it was an unwarrantable proceeding. I am sure he knew what I should think of it by the overstrained terms of his second letter. You may rest satisfied his stomach was prepared to put up with the consequences. A. W—— is an older stager than you think him. After all, I repeat he has no right to be offended, or to complain.

“I did not expect Mrs. Clayton to call, but I did expect that before this she would have remitted the money, as she promised to do in the last letter I received from her.

“Can you tell me if H—— has applied to her, and who is to engrave the picture?

“You must not think of asking Mr. Chalon to varnish Mr. Kingdon's portrait. It is a liberty I would not venture to take. The man who lined the little picture for me would do it. I will pay any expense attending it. If you see Mr. Ramage, you may tell him I have written to him to Mr. Black's, Edinburgh, but the letter contains nothing to make it worth getting from thence at any expense.

“What has M—— been about to get into the gazette? I recollect thinking he was going on with a high hand, but I hardly expected such a result.

“T. UWINS.

“The Bible you sent me out being by Deodati, and not Martini, made me suppose the Bible Society had adopted it. In this supposition I was strengthened by Mr. Ransom. Had I known John was studying Italian, I would not have taken the pains to translate the advertisement.

“Before sealing this letter, I have read over again the part relating to W——, and I again assure you there is no misconception nor misunderstanding in the affair. I have understood him, and I hope he has understood me. Depend upon it, we shall go on together very well.”

“Dear Zech,

“Naples, March 31, 1829.

“Your account of the placing of my pictures in the Exhibition, proves to me that Mr. Barnard must have been very much my friend in the arrangement. I have sent by the post that conveys you this one to him, thanking him especially for his protection and kindness. To the writer of the article ‘Fine Arts,’ in the ‘Examiner,’ I have likewise sent a letter of thanks. I feel most particularly grateful to those who take care of my interest and reputation when I am so far removed. Will you have the kindness to enclose them each in a

little note from yourself, saying you were requested by me to convey these letters to their hands; the whole must, of course, arrive to them without any charge, and you must set down the posting account to me.

"When Cowper's first edition of poems was published, he betrayed an unusual degree of anxiety about the opinion of the 'Critical Review,' and he confesses, in his letters, that this anxiety arose from his fear of losing the character of a great man with the barber of the village, who was in the custom of reading that publication, and whose opinion would inevitably be influenced by it. My situation, with regard to my pictures, has been very similar. The resident merchants here are not able to do me good nor harm, but I should have fallen most amazingly in their estimation if the 'Examiner' had abused me, as I have risen in consequence of its praise.

"As far as Naples is concerned, I am quite relieved from anxiety. If other papers or other publications have said ill-natured things of me, you may let me know it without any fear of agitating my nerves.

"I did hope to have heard from David or from Mrs. Uwins before this time. Any long lapse of correspondence always alarms me, particularly since the account of your serious illness. There are no particular instructions with regard to the pictures. Mr. Erskine and Mrs. Clayton's go, of course, to the engraver's. Captain Butler's and the 'Confession' return to Bedford Row. When Mrs. Clayton arrives in town,

she will give orders what is to be done with the picture after it leaves the engraver's hands.

"The English here, all partake in the agitation about the Catholic Question. I have not yet met with an anti-emancipationist, and I begin myself to think it is time to try the experiment. My friends the Actons are of course in high spirits about it. I suppose Sir Richard will get into Parliament.

"Those who pretend to be the deepest and most prophetic politicians, think the Catholic Church will be rather weakened than strengthened, by the emancipation. The farce of Popery, is certainly losing ground amongst the higher classes everywhere, though it has still as strong a hold as ever on the population of these countries. A country girl, who was sitting to me the other day, asked me to explain the mystery of the election for a new Pope. She said the Pope was not a man that he could die, and though he had gone to Heaven she concluded he had left some other angelic being like himself to govern the Church, under the immediate direction of the Holy Spirit. The idea of election puzzled her, and when I explained this very earthly proceeding, she thought I was only making game of the whole, like a heretic as I was. I asked her if she got her ideas on the subject from the priest; she said yes, as well as upon all other matters of faith, in which she was abundantly learned; for instance, Vesuvius, she said, was the mouth of Hell, and the thunder was the roaring of the Devil. The faith of these people in what the



priest tells them is entire; it admits of no wavering. What a glorious thing it would be for a good Protestant clergyman to have such a set of parishioners; though I suppose if they began to read, they would begin to dispute like the Scotch peasantry, who contest doctrinal points with their parochial minister, and march up to the manse with the Bible in their hands, ready armed for battle. The ignorance of the people is the Catholic's boast and glory, and while they can be kept in ignorance, both king and priest can sleep in peace.

"Since I wrote to David it has occurred to me, that some of the Annual mongers might like to buy Mr. Raine's picture. It is a copy of a well-known and popular Correggio, and though the story is quite Catholic, it is treated in so domestic a way as to become very pleasing. The child is putting the ring on the young Catherine's finger, and looking up to Mary with an expression, that seems to say, 'Is it not a good piece of fun, mamma?' I should not wonder if Charles Heath were to like it. It would form a pretty variety in his collection.

"The Italian papers have copied very minutely the account of the Edinburgh murders \*, as they do everything that may prejudice the people against England. They have forgotten, however, to say that the murderer was a Roman Catholic.

"Tell David I am doomed to meet with his old

\* The atrocious murders perpetrated by Burke and Hare.

friends. Here is now a certain H——, whom I recollect a spruce assistant of R——, at the dispensary. He has been in practice at H., and has realised sufficient with what he got from his mother to become a sort of travelling gentleman; at least this character he wishes to assume, though really he is as anxious for practice as ever. He has got a Scotch degree, and calls himself Doctor. Age has made no difference in him. He is still the finicking Cockney of my former recollections. I doubt if he will be successful at Naples. His manners are those of a man-midwife rather than a physician or a gentleman.

“I have avoided saying anything about B——’s drawing, because it is an unpleasant subject. I do not like the idea of your paying money for any work of mine, and I know that B—— is a very Jew in these things. If I recollect rightly he gave me ten pounds for the drawing. You may, however, see him, if you are determined upon it. Tell him the circumstances; he may for once be generous.

“T. UWINS.”

“Dear Zechariah,

“Naples, July 7, 1829.

“I have always considered it one of the greatest advantages of the Bank that you can leave it without care. You have the satisfaction of knowing you have done your duty without being disturbed by one anxious thought. It is almost time that you left it not merely for a short interval, but for good and all. I am glad to

find you have given up all other business ; I always anticipated from your fearful manner of throwing your whole heart and soul into your occupations, that they would sooner or later lead to some distressing if not fatal illness. If any man ever earned the right to quiet and tranquillity it is you, and it is happy indeed that your mind is trained and schooled for the enjoyment of it. When I first heard of your illness, without knowing exactly the nature of it, I thought of proposing that you should make an excursion to the continent with your boy, and I began to flatter myself with the hope of seeing you here, and contributing in some measure to your cure. But the excitement of so many new and interesting objects as would present themselves in such an excursion is evidently not the thing required — it would be anything but tranquillity and repose.

“ You are already aware that a very serious attack on my sight has interrupted for some space the course of my exertions. Finding I must quit my easel, I thought it best to go to Rome, where I should be amongst my friends and turn even idleness to improvement. Happily I met there with a very judicious medical man whose advice has contributed mainly to my recovery. In every other respect too I have got good by my excursion. I took some pictures with me which excited no small attention in Rome, and certainly have greatly advanced my artistical reputation, besides procuring me two very honourable commissions, one for Lord Arundel, who, by the way, claims acquaintance

with David. I believe he is brother to the Duchess of Buckingham. Partly on this account, and partly from his lordship's real love of art, we became very intimate. He would come and sit for an hour with me while I was painting, and sometimes scold me with much gentlemanly good humour for an anti-Catholic feeling that he found or pretended to find in some of my pictures. In one, of *A Nun going into a Convent*, his Catholic prejudices were very much offended by the selfish and worldly expression I had given to the Lady Abbess. I told him I should let it stand as it was, 'for all his saying so.' He replied, 'Ay, it will suit the people in England.'

"The other commission is still more honourable to me, and may be placed on the side of that of Sir Thomas Lawrence. It is for Thorwaldsen, undoubtedly the greatest sculptor in Europe, and one of the first men of the age. I am the more proud of this as Thorwaldsen is a Dane by birth, and his admiration of my works is not connected with any national prejudices. I believe I am the only English painter at this moment commissioned to paint a picture for a foreigner.

"Returning from Rome I have made a very pleasant excursion through part of the mountainous district of Abruzzi, visiting many villages where there is no such thing as an inn nor any place for receiving travellers. Of course I could stop nowhere except when I had introductions, but when introduced I have been received everywhere with the greatest kindness and hospitality.

In this way one sees more of a country and a people than any other. I should have gone much farther but I became so tired with riding day after day on wretched mules and worse horses, with saddles made for sinners to do penance on; and, moreover, having got one very awkward tumble from the back of one of those ill-accountred animals, and having become mentally tired with discussing at every fresh place, for the edification of the country gentry, the political bearings of the Catholic emancipation, and the state of progress of the greatest of all bores, the tunnel under the Thames, that, finding myself at last in a high road, I got into a coach and went straight to Naples, too happy to find myself once more in my own comfortable bed. This sort of excursions are very well for a young man like Ramage, full of health and energy, but when arrived at my age rest is the thing required. I must content myself with remaining in one place and making only short expeditions to its neighbourhood and environs.

“Various circumstances have delayed my sending Lord Lilford’s pictures, but they will be absolutely put on board the first ship that sails from this port, possibly in three weeks time. I shall ask his Lordship’s permission to exhibit at least one of them. It is a thing that excited much notice; amongst other instances, I may mention its having been seen and much admired by the King and Royal Family of Naples. Royal notice is a matter of mighty little consequence, but as this picture represents one of the popular festas at which the

family were present, and saw me making my sketches, their approbation of the work may be as good as that of any other family of Neapolitans. As Lord Lilford will be in the country when they arrive, David will probably be able to keep them till the Exhibition. There will be another picture sent, which belongs to Mr. Erskine, and which, when the engraving of the 'Robber's Cave' is done, must be packed up with it, and sent to Scotland, according to the directions I will give.

"I am very curious to know the purchaser of the 'Confession.' It is an encouraging circumstance that my pictures should sell for more in a public exhibition than in my own room.

"Your account of West's pictures is very interesting to me, they are almost all old acquaintances. That West's works should not have increased in value by time, is a complete accomplishment of my prophecy.

"I wish you had mentioned the having received and forwarded the letters I sent to your care for Mr. Barnard and Mr. Examiner. As it was about the moment of your illness, I have always been fearful of some mistake. The letters I consider of great importance to my interest, as well as an affair of moral duty. There was friendly feeling about the observations in the 'Examiner' on my pictures, which I had no right to expect, and which I must be grateful for, and I am sure Mr. Barnard's attentions demand my warmest thanks. The situation which my pictures obtained, I can assure you, was much better than I could have hoped for. In no less

than three private letters to artists in Rome, my pictures were noticed, and what was most flattering, the authors of two of the letters were persons unknown to me. This abundantly proves they must have had conspicuous situations. I know by experience of exhibitions, that people do not take the trouble to look out for objects to admire.

“Mr. Cotterel, my banker, is on his way to England, and will probably call on David. He has been to me a kind and sincere friend; even his temporary absence will be no small loss to me.

“It is the monstrous inconvenience of doing business at this distance from home, and the feeling of giving my friends so much trouble, that makes me think of returning; in every other respect the facilities of my situation are much greater, though the expenses of conveyance, &c., bring the matter nearly to the same end in a money way.

“THOS. UWINS.”

“Dear David,

“Naples, Aug. 13, 1829.

“At the time of receiving your letter, by favour of Mr. Ramage, I was, as you know, in Rome, suffering with my sight. Jane’s letter seemed most to need an answer, and I wrote to her, and in it put merely what was necessary in a way of business for you. I did hope to have heard again from her or you before this, and this has made me defer writing. I have always a terror about me of writing after a long cessation of com-

munication — there seems time for so many dreadful things to have happened. This terror is increased since Zechariah has been ill. I feel it very kind in him to have written the letter I found on my return to Naples.

“Your estimate of the character of Cooper and Robson is perfectly correct. They are genuine honest fellows, without any windings and turnings. I have reason to be proud of their good opinion. I wish you had not omitted to put the scrap of the ‘Chronicle’ into your letter, though I do not much care to see what a man may think it civil to write, who neither knows nor cares about the matter. My reason for declining copying the picture of the ‘Robber’s Cave’ at Mr. Horne’s application, is simply this. I can get no assistance in these things, and I have as much to do as my head and hands can get through of original works. I have always regretted that Lord Lilford should have insisted on the subject of Mrs. Clayton’s picture being repeated. I lose a point by it, because though it is altogether differently composed, yet the picture is sufficiently like the other to prevent its being received into British Gallery; and after all my pains, my number of exhibitable works gets diminished. About engraving, I mean to forbid any more being done till I return to England. My wish is to have one or two of the objects done on a pretty large scale, and I must arrange and superintend them myself. I am quite sure the Annual things will turn out very ill, though I hope Mr. Havell may arrive in time to touch upon the proofs, which he has kindly promised; he must be very



near your shores, if not already landed. I hope you will tell the Annual people that any attempt to get my pictures from the possessors I shall consider an infringement on my property, and a nefarious mode of robbing me of my just right. Were I in England they would not dare to do it. However, let me get through well with them this year. I have no wish to make them my enemies.

“These few points are all that you will consider necessary in answer to your last kind and very affectionate letter. I will now tell you as much of my plans as seem to me most probable of accomplishment. The very name of plan alarms me. I had a fall from my horse the other day, which, unless I had been preserved by almost a miracle, would have settled all my plans for this world and the next. One of their wild mountain beasts took it into his head to start off from a walk into a gallop, on a road full of great angular stones and pointed rocks. I expected him to come down every moment; but instead, imagine what happened! the saddle and harness, which is made up of ropes’ ends and rotten string, all came off together and threw me entirely on my back, entirely unprotected but by an unseen power. The guide, and a friend who was on before, thought I was dead. Indeed, anyone would have laid a safe wager that it was impossible to fall with such violence in such a road without the skull being fractured and the whole frame destroyed. Yet I escaped without serious injury, bruised to be sure, and for

the time disabled, but with bones unbroken. But to my plans.

“The increasing weakness of my sight as years increase, makes it necessary for me to shorten my hours of labour and exertion; and for the same reason does it become imperious that that labour and exertion should be directed to simple and leading points. Anxious not to draw money if possible from London, for fear of diminishing the little handful to which alone I am to look for the support of old age, I have hitherto supported myself by making drawings in pen and ink, which I have been fortunate enough to sell, or occasionally giving lessons to wandering gentlemen in painting. I speak of the time that has passed since my bold and desperate resolution to give up portrait painting. In this way I have crept on without making any great draughts on Zechariah. But all this occupies time. My reputation as a painter has now so much increased that I have got several substantially good commissions, which will be money as soon as they are completed; but now, in the course of progress, are the occasion of much expense. I have now determined to devote my whole remaining energies to getting through these important things, without allowing myself to be called off and interrupted by little harassing commissions, which fritter away one’s time without adding to one’s credit with the public, which is after all the main thing. Private individuals will not pay a man who has not the public in his favour. Zechariah

then must not be surprised, nor must you think I am going to ruin if I draw more freely on him than usual. It is better at my age to advance money than to advance time, and one or other must be done. It is no small thing, let me tell you, for a man approaching fifty to have established himself in a new walk of the profession, and to have got the respectable patronage by which I have been distinguished. Until this patronage was decidedly established I was fearful, and timidity made me seek other sources of profit. Now that I can look to steady employment for some years forward, I can be more free with my own funds, knowing that the money drawn will be returned tenfold, and if I die prematurely my heirs only will be the sufferers. After all, I hope to get through without any mighty inroad on my stock. I only wish to prevent Zechariah from being surprised, that at a time when I might be expected to be sending money to England, I should be drawing my money from England. This statement will, I hope, show its reasonableness and propriety.

“Mr. Cotterel, banker and wine merchant, will have called on you before this. In him you will see (next to Quin) my most substantial friend. I have received from him a long course of disinterested kindness which I have never done anything to merit, and for which, as yet, I have had no opportunity of showing my gratitude. I owe to him (besides a thousand daily and nameless kindnesses) two of the most valuable and important connections, connections which have mainly influenced

my fortune and established my fame. His loss is to me irreparable.

“Zech tells me the little picture of the ‘Confession’ was sold. Pray tell me who was the purchaser. I hope there will be no difficulty in getting the money from Mr. Barnard. If you can press it, on the score of having to send me remittances, I should be obliged. Barnard’s predecessor, Mr. Young, was always in debt. I hope it is not a failing that attaches to the office. I should be sorry, indeed, to have anything unpleasant happen with a gentleman who has always shown himself so much my friend.

“The ship has not left yet which contains Lord Lilford’s pictures, but I expect daily notice of its going. I have purposely avoided in this saying anything of the proposal I made about James, because until I know if it be agreeable to you any further talk would be useless. As far as I can judge of my affairs, I think I shall return to England in another twelvemonth, if I live as long. I certainly seem to have something more like a plan in my proceedings than I ever had. I find my banker’s effects have come to an end sooner than I thought, and as Cotterel is away I can use no freedom with the other partners, so I have been obliged to draw. If Zech be at the bank and you can let him know directly I shall be obliged. The bill will go by to-day’s post.

“T. UWINS.”

" My dear David,

" Naples, June 26, 1830.

" Your letter dated the 4th of June relieves me from an immense weight of anxiety. So fully did I expect a letter on the opening of the Exhibition, that I thought something dreadful must have happened in your family, or that there was still more annoyance about the picture that you were averse to communicate. The place in which the picture is put is what I expected, only that I expected it would have been on the floor of the ante-room instead of the great room. There are only two things more about it I wish to be informed of; first, whether the quotation is inserted (without blunders), in the catalogue, and secondly (and of this you must inquire of Raimbach, *and of him only*), who were the committee of arrangement? You must forgive these annoying questions. Since Zech has been unable to write, you are my only correspondent. I have no other communication with England, and it is only by your letter received to-day, nearly two months after the opening of the Exhibition, that I know there is anything of mine in it.

" My general health and my sight has been most wonderfully good lately, and I am taking advantage of it to get through Mr. Hadfield's picture, which, with the one for Watts, are now in the order of completion, and must be done before I start. I have lately got much credit, both here and in Rome, by a small whole length of Sir Richard Acton's brother, in his splendid robes as vice-legate of Bologna. The dignitaries of the Catholic

Church, in their crimson and purple, their lace, their crosses, and decorations, make much better materials for pictures than my old friends the Scotch Presbyterians. I suppose if I should be alive and in Italy when this young man is made Cardinal, I shall be again employed to illustrate his advancement. In my own mind, this little picture is the best I have ever painted. I am glad of it, for I am afraid Sir R. Acton has got some of my worst.

“Your account of the Exhibition, though short, is, I suspect, very near the truth. With all Etty’s powers as a painter, and they are very great, he has a radically bad taste about him, which is for ever thrusting out the cloven foot. There are but few of his pictures I should ever care to possess. Collins is indeed a delightful artist. He has had the good sense to pursue one class of subjects till he has brought the thing to perfection. The fresh reality of nature is his. Wilkie has not been so steady or consistent. He has a more speculative mind, and has the ambition to conquer everything. I like his daring, but from such a course failures must be expected. I do think it a most unmanly feeling in his brother artists to set upon him and run him down. But man is a cruel animal. His first delight is destroying life and shedding blood; but the restraints of society put a check on this propensity, and ‘*pour s’en dédommager*,’ he attacks fair fame and well-earned reputation.

“I believe two pictures only will be sent, instead of

three, by the 'Melvina;' the other, though completed, is not destined for anyone, and I have some idea of carrying it with me to Paris, to see if Quin will like it. Quin, I find, is getting quite fashionable at Paris, and if his own health were strong, I doubt not he would soon be in a thriving way as to fortune. Through his connections, I may possibly get my little pictures seen, and possibly sold (I mean Lawrence's). As soon as the ship sails, I will send you instructions; but there are so many embarrassments here in embarking pictures, that I can never be sure of their going, till the ship be out of the harbour.

"It is delightful to hear of Jane's substantial improvement. I have always had the most terrible apprehensions about her. I cannot reconcile myself to the thought of Zechariah going back to his business, but you on the spot are all better judges of the case than I can possibly be. At any rate, I hope, he will use more moderation than he used to do, and above all, that he will not involve himself in the local engagements and society business, which, I expect, have been more instrumental in bringing on his disorder than the routine of the Bank. I know from my own feelings that age and youth are two very different things. There is a time when a man must slacken both mental and bodily exertion, or he will never preserve his powers to the end. I cannot sit half as long at my study now as I did ten years ago, notwithstanding my general health is better than it was at that time. I perceive the gradual diminution of

power year after year. The dreadful fate that has attended our great statesmen, politicians, and lawyers, should be an example to all. Up to the age of forty a man may do almost anything with impunity, but after that, he should feel he is going down a precipice, and he should take his steps with caution, for fear he should fall never to rise again. The proud and jealous dislike that men feel to acknowledging the advances of age, is often the very cause why they never attain to length of days; women, whose advanced life is generally more tranquil than that of men, live longer.

“Tell Roffe I know nothing about the Sicilian shell, except what he knows himself, that it is a shell of two layers, by which means a head is raised out in relief on a background of a different colour; but let him put his questions on paper, and I will send him the most correct information about it. By the way, if you do not like the trouble of writing, you may enable him to answer the two first questions in this letter. All I wish is, that it may be done immediately: putting off a thing from day to day, though it may seem nothing to you in London, makes an awful gap in our calculations here. For instance, I know the day you will get this letter; I allow a reasonable time, say two days, for getting the information, and then I know very nearly the day on which I ought to have an answer; but if these two days are lengthened into two or three weeks, you may imagine in what a terrible state of anxiety I get involved. I have been made to feel this so severely, that



I always (with very few exceptions) answer letters the moment I receive them.

"Mrs. Clayton has been out here. She seems quite pleased with her picture, and quite enchanted with you. I was happy to think my sight enabled me to make a little drawing for her album, on which she seemed to have set her heart. She wished for another picture. I had not courage to tell her I could not do it at the same price as the former one, so it will never be done at all.

"I suppose the Exhibition will be over before this arrives, but if not, I will thank you to take back the picture to Lord Lilford in the frame, notwithstanding his refusal. James occupies most of my thoughts. If anything should prevent my returning at the time I propose, I have made up my mind how to manage, provided he go on well with his studies. As the time approaches the difficulties always increase; but I must do like the great lawyers,—some of my business I must do, some must do itself, and some must go undone. My mind is made up that no ordinary impediment shall prevent me.

"T. UWINS."

"Dear Zechariah,

"July 24, 1830.

"Too happy to see your handwriting again, I should have answered your letter the moment I received it, but that I was daily in expectation of getting one from David, to which I thought it possible something might be necessary immediately to reply; as the Exhibition

opened the 3rd of May, and as the 4th was London foreign post, I of course knew exactly the day when I was to look for it. You at home can hardly imagine with what anxiety we calculate hours, days, and minutes when we expect letters, till the heart sickens with hope delayed, and a gloomy state follows, with a reckless sort of feeling as to what may be the worst. I only begged to be informed whether the picture was in the Exhibition and where it was placed. For the rest I care not. I quite agree with David that you should not think of returning to business. Surely, after your long service, you will be permitted to retire with an adequate salary. I know in public offices it is not always the best servants that are most rewarded. There is a quiet course of duty in all situations which is much less appreciated than the bustling officiousness that forces itself into notice, and commands with a loud voice attention and respect. But the approving conscience remains in retirement. I should say, were it consistent, or could it be made consistent with your plans for John, that a complete quitting of your place and neighbourhood and a settlement in the country, or rather in some country town, would be the best thing for you. I am so fearful of your getting back into your old habits of local exertion, which in my mind would be worse for you than the routine of bank employment. In a new situation you would establish yourself as an invalid and no one would expect that from you, which, while you are visible, and about, and on your legs, I

know enough of human nature to know will be demanded from you by your former friends. I can assure you that, even in my little way, the coming out to the continent was a great relief to my mind. The getting rid of a thousand little harassing applications which seem nothing, but which all go to make up the mass of wear and tear upon the nerves and spirits: 'the pedler's pack which weighs the bearer down,' — the getting rid of all this by one parting word and a few hours of steam conveyance is, I can assure you, no small luxury.

"France or Switzerland possibly would not suit you. It would be a great advantage to John to have a little foreign travel, or to complete his studies in some of the foreign universities. But in all these matters I am really incapable of advising, because, like a half informed physician or counsellor, I do not know the whole case, and cannot therefore point out the proper course; half an hour's conversation with you on this subject would be worth a hundred letters. I quite agree with you to fit John for a master would be a good thing in every way. It would insure his being himself well grounded in what he pretends to teach, and I am quite convinced there is no better schooling for a man's own mind than conducting the minds of others. I am delighted to hear of the grammar-school system. Hitherto the children of Londoners have been worse educated than the inhabitants of any other part of the kingdom. The highly educated young men who come out here from

the provinces make me tremble lest any should come short of what seems now the lot of all. 'The school-master is indeed abroad,' and may he remain out till he has broken down all the strongholds of ignorance, and placed man in the rank which the powers given him by God seem to claim for him. Oh ! it is horrible to see the slavery of the human mind in these countries of despotism and superstition. But I dare not trust myself on this subject while matters of business claim the whole space of my letter.

"I have no intention to claim on Sir Thomas Lawrence's executors. The two little pictures I had in hand for him are now completed (I did two small ones instead of one large). Everybody considers them amongst my best works, and if I come to England in the autumn I may possibly make interest to get them into the collection of the Duke of Bedford. Do not say this to anybody, because should my ambitious views be disappointed I shall only be laughed at. A ship is about to sail in a few weeks which will bring, I hope, three pictures, as far as I am able to judge, all very much better than any I have yet sent. Lawrence's little ones I shall make my own travelling companions. They are small enough to go into a trunk, and may get me some reputation in the places I pass through.

"Six London posts have now come in since I thought I had a right to expect a letter. If being on the continent rids me of some trouble it certainly brings on fresh anxieties. The alternatives now to occupy me for

another week are to suppose that David is too ill to write, or that something has happened with regard to my little picture too horrible to be communicated. Tell me, when you write again, how I am to address a bill, should I have occasion to draw again.

“My intention is still to get to England towards the latter end of the summer, but, besides the dependence on the ordinary uncertainties of human beings, there are a thousand other dependencies peculiar to my profession. For this reason I say little about it.

“T. UWINS.”

“Dear David,

“Naples, Sept. 18, 1830.

“After so many decisions and indecisions, I write again to you from this place with a melancholy feeling. There seems a melancholy fatality in my case that stands opposed to my going directly to England, notwithstanding all my desires and all my endeavours. The length of time I have been occupied for Mr. Hadfield, and the money I have to receive from him, makes him necessarily, more or less, the arbiter of my movements. Mr. Hadfield had decided to come to Naples, and I was daily in expectation of seeing him; and fully hoped to have got his permission to pack up his picture, and to start immediately by the steamboat for Marseilles. The fear of political disturbances here has made him alter his plan; and he now writes to me from Rome, that he has taken a house there for the winter, and there must have

his picture. I answered, that my plan was to go to England, and begged his leave to take the picture with me; but he rejoins a negative, and I must submit. As I had already got rid of my house, and made other preparations for my departure, I have determined not to send his picture, but to go myself with the picture to Rome to spend a month or two there, and then, if the weather and other things permit, to proceed to England. This will bring me into the middle of the winter. However, the winter may be such as not to make travelling impossible. But whether or no, you will perceive I am in a situation in which I cannot help myself, but must of necessity go to Rome. Men who can command money for all their wants and desires cannot always command circumstances; and how shall one crippled as I am by my necessities hope to place myself above them. Possibly all may be for the best. Certainly Rome will have assembled in it this winter more of my private friends than it has ever yet contained. My old Edinburgh patroness, Mrs. Rankin, will be there. My best and warmest of friends, the Honourable Miss Mackenzie of Seaforth, will be there, with several others with whom, circumstances have made me very intimate in England, Scotland or Italy. Besides the noble patron of Art, Lord Egremont, is expected, to whom I may have a chance of selling the little cabinet subjects done for Sir Thomas Lawrence.

“Neither Sir Matthew Ridley nor Mr. Martin has

answered my letter, in which I requested the pictures to be allowed to remain with you for exhibition at the British Gallery.

“Another picture by the ‘Cora’ ought ere this to be come to hand. That, I am sure, may be exhibited. It is the property of Lord Glenorchy, who is here, and who does not want it sent to his house in town till May next.

“My hope was to have been in London to have touched upon all these pictures in the Exhibition, and what I learned from so useful a school to have applied to Mr. Hadfield’s picture, which I had destined for Somerset House. But I must leave them again in the hands of Mr. Chalon, and come, if I can time enough, to see them in the Exhibition, which, if I recollect rightly, never closes till the end of March.

“May I hope you will write to inform me of the safe arrival of these packages, and direct, if you please, for me, to the care of Messrs. Freeborn and Smith, bankers, Rome.”

“88, Via Gregoriana, Rome,  
Nov. 18, 1830.

“Dear Zechariah,

“I write to you once more from Rome. Many reasons united to induce me to break up my establishment at Naples, principally the anticipation of James coming out to me, and the conviction that Rome would be a so much better school for him than the more southern city; there was besides the declining state of my old servant’s health.

“This you will think an uncharitable reason, and in

truth had it been only on my own account I should not have allowed it to operate, for very little service does for me; but I could not live in my house without letting part of it, and the responsibility of attendance on my lodgers was more than I could undertake, with the chance of the old woman losing any of her energy and activity. Why I did not go direct to England I have sufficiently explained in my last letter to David. England is still the object of my thoughts, and if I can possibly get there in the course of the month of March I shall consider myself fortunate.

“Rome is very thinly sprinkled with English this season, and amongst that sprinkling there does not seem to be one of rank or fashion sufficient to lay out money on painting. This makes me feel the loss (in a money way) of the late President of the Academy. I know Lawrence well enough to be sure that, in the midst of all his embarrassments, he would have found money for me, and the finishing his pictures was like drawing on my banker. The pictures remain on my hands, and I fear it will be some time before I meet with anyone rich or liberal enough to take them. They are, however, much admired, and have added no little to my reputation in Italy. To supply the deficiency caused by this failure I have been obliged again to draw on you, and this letter is intended to inform you of the circumstance, as the bill will arrive by the same post and probably be presented as soon as this letter; it is for 30*l.* drawn payable at sight. Torlonia is



my banker at Rome. At Naples my banker was my kind friend; but leaving Naples I am again amongst strangers, who know nothing of me but the money they can make out of me.

“About R. E.—— I am hardly in a condition to judge. Generally speaking, I think it the duty of every man to make himself as useful as he can in the situation in which Providence has placed him, without seeking out new theatres of exertion. A conscientious tradesman who regulates his conduct on religious principles is as useful a character as can exist in the present disorganised state of society. But there may be exceptions to these sweeping conclusions, and without being on the spot, I should not wish to give any decided opinion. I had the pleasure to receive David's letter (or rather Roffe's and David's) a few minutes before my departure. I read it in the coach which brought me from Naples to Rome. I hope the picture of the ‘Shepherd’ has long ere this arrived. I will write in proper time with instructions about the Exhibition; in the interval I should be glad to know if any artists have seen the pictures, and what may be their judgment on them.

“THOS. UWINS.”

“Dear Zechariah,      “Leghorn, March 11, 1831.

“I start to-morrow from this place, by the steamboat, to Marseilles, and if I should be fortunate in getting quickly through France, I may follow quickly on the heels of this letter. Should there be any extraordinary

cause of detention on the road, you will, of course, be informed of it. I am a very bad hand at getting on, and though I do most sincerely desire to lose not a moment on the road, there will be so many candidates for horses and carriages at Marseilles that I should not be surprised at some considerable detention. I have already been put out in my calculation, by the want of punctuality in the boat, which is three or four days behind the time set down in the printed advertisement. But they do not do these things here with English punctuality. The importance of time never enters the head of an Italian.

"I hope David will not take a large house on my account. I am as uncertain as the wind, and moreover, while I remain in London, I must endeavour to be more west.

"My advice would be to take the smallest possible house, so as to reduce expenses as much as possible. It is hard working all one's life to pay rent and taxes.

"THOS. UWINS."

**CORRESPONDENCE IN ITALY.**



## CORRESPONDENCE

WITH

SIR THOMAS LAWRENCE, P.R.A.

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SOME of the letters in this volume were read to Mr. Uwins not long before his death. The subjoined explanation includes all the introduction that is required.

“Staines, Dec. 10th, 1856.

“I undertook to make large outlines of Michael Angelo's single figures and some of the groups in the Capella Sistina. I wrote to Sir Thomas Lawrence, who replied very prettily.

“When I was at Urbino I made, as a thing I thought likely to be agreeable to him, a series of outline sketches, in the purest Urbinesque style, of the villa and neighbourhood of Urbino, and presented it to him with a note expressive of my feelings towards him as an artist, and the friend of art and his brother artists. It was sold at his sale, and purchased for Mr. Rogers, at whose sale it has again been sold.

“What I was principally known by was works in water-colours, as a member of the Water-Colour Society. The illustration of books was the great part of my occupation.

“T. U.”

The first letter is the one spoken of, setting forth the difficulties Mr. Uwins found in the way of redeeming his promise.

The second is Sir Thomas's reply, in which the figures of Michael Angelo introduce the funeral panegyric on Mr. Fuseli.

The third contains a noble response to the eulogium on Mr. Fuseli's genius — more difficulties — and something on the glory of Rome.

The fourth is also from Mr. Uwins, introducing the possessor of works done by English artists in Rome. It makes the first mention of the drawings done at Urbino.

The fifth Sir Thomas Lawrence's acknowledgement of their arrival; a graceful identification of Rafaele's daily life with their scenes. This letter closes with a characteristic instance of Sir Thomas's liberality to fellow-artists — a commission.

The sixth Mr. Uwins's acknowledgement — Rafaele and Urbino.

It remains to be said that Mr. Uwins prepared two little pictures, in fulfilment of the commission, with all the care that love and gratitude, joined to a desire of

approbation, could inspire. They were just completed when the unexpected tidings of Sir Thomas Lawrence's lamented death arrived in Naples. Mr. Uwins felt so deeply the value of the personal recognition, now rendered impossible, over the merely pecuniary assistance, that he refrained from presenting his pictures to the notice of the executors.

*Mr. Uwins to Sir Thomas Lawrence.*

"Sir,

"Rome, Dec. 15, 1824.

"You will probably have heard of the serious illness that detained me so long on the road to this place, and which made it uncertain as to whether I should ever reach it. Thank God, I am entirely recovered now, both from the fever and its consequences, and am in the enjoyment of as much health and vigour as usually falls to my lot, always recollecting that I am at best a frail and weakly subject.

"As yet, sir, I have done nothing for you. I was too ill when I came by Sienna to venture on staying there, and here I can do nothing until you can find time to write to Mr Pietro Cammucini on the subject. However, as I propose remaining in Rome till the spring, it will be better to defer what is to be done in the Sistine Chapel till that time, for two reasons—first, because my physicians tell me not to work in the chapels and palaces during the winter months; and secondly, because the Pope has taken it into his head to live at the Vatican,

and the Capella Sistina has become the scene of all the ceremonies which, at this season of the year, follow each other in such rapid succession as scarcely to allow of an artist's working in the place.

“ Besides these difficulties there are some others arising out of the nature of the thing. Tracing is not allowed, nor any kind of measurement, even could I get a scaffold to reach to the top of the ceiling, which I certainly cannot; so I must get as high as I can, and trust to my own observations for the rest. I am, moreover, puzzled to make out which of the supporting figures you wish copied. The one, I suppose, to the right, which is at the corner of the subject of the ‘Creation of Eve.’ May I beg the favour of you to trace from a print, or to sketch in a letter, the precise figure, as I should be sorry to make a mistake. That I may be sure with regard to Sienna, I have traced from a little print the three figures; but the custode described them a little differently from you. The figure looking round upon *Rafaele* is described as *Pinturiccio*, and the one on the other side he called *Rafaele’s* master. I have no memorandum from you as to the size these figures ought to be copied, nor do I know if you wish the heads only or the group entire at full length. Mr. Cook, as well as other artists who have been at Venice, tell me that the picture of the *Pesaro* family is in so bad a light as to make the copying of it almost impossible. As I have no letter to any person of influence in Venice you will probably have the kindness to forward me one, so that if anything



can be done by interest in improving the light it may be attempted.

“I am so dazzled by the splendour of everything in Rome, that I am become quite a little child in art, and am going regularly to school again to try if I can imbibe anything of the spirit of these wondrous works. Unhappily I feel that it is too late in life for me to do much, but while I have health and vigour left, nothing can prevent the exquisite enjoyment I feel in contemplating these wonders of former ages, these enchanting creations of the magicians of other days. (Here follows a tracing of the three figures, Pietro Perugino, Rafaele, and Pinturiccio).

“I shall consider myself very much honoured and obliged by a letter from you, sir, as soon as your engagements will admit of it, containing as distinct and particular answers as possible to the questions I have taken the liberty to propose. You will perceive that in every instance further instructions are required before I proceed, and I should be very sorry to be paralysed in my exertions by the want of such instructions.

“I have the honour to be, Sir,

“Your very humble servant,

“THOS. UWINS.

“To Sir Thos. Lawrence, P.R.A.

“P.S.—I have just been informed that the best time to work in the Capella Sistina is between Christmas and Easter, say February. At Easter the ceremonies of

the church are again renewed, and artists again excluded.

"I can only say that the moment you send me the full instructions I will watch my opportunity to begin.

"There is a small print of the ceiling of Michael Angelo; you have possibly got it. Mr. Etty, I think, has it. From this you will probably take the trouble to trace the particular figure to the uncertainty about which I have alluded in my letter."

*From Sir Thomas Lawrence to Thomas Uwins,  
British Academy, Rome. Directed by mistake to  
W. Ewing, Esq.*

"Dear Sir,

"Russell Square,  
April 20, 1825.

"In consequence of Mr. Brockedon having communicated to me your letter of the 2nd of April, I yesterday waited on Messrs. Coutts, and requested them to transmit the sum remaining in their hands for the British Academy of Arts at Rome to Messrs. Torlonia's, to be paid to your order as secretary to that society. Mr. Brockedon had before informed me of the wish of the society that the money should be sent to Rome, but I had not considered it as definitely arranged by us, or this delay should not have taken place.

"Mr. Brockedon must be wholly exonerated from the slightest charge of inattention. I signed the order for the transfer of the sum, amounting to 300*l.*, and I have no doubt of the letter to Messrs. Torlonia being at this

moment on its way. I fear you have thought me too neglectful of your obliging brothers, and of the furtherance of my own expressed wishes; but you must have the goodness to make large allowance for the general pressure on my time, and for some want of that activity of spirit which will not accompany us through life. You must not rely on punctual correspondence from me; but you *may on the constancy of my esteem*, and of my satisfaction in receiving from you any studies from either *the Eve receiving the apple*, on the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel—the Sybil half rising and shutting her book—the Almighty creating Adam, and borne by cherubs and angels—the figure of Adam—or of the finely proportioned young men engraved in the frontispiece of Gavin Hamilton's 'Schola Italica.'

"But I frankly tell you that mere general representations of them would *not* satisfy me. The outline must be nicely true, the character and proportions *accurate*. Of the 'whereabouts' of each figure or group I have in prints repetitions without number, and they all fail in the true line of elegance or grandeur that so distinctly marks the productions of that great man.

"We have just sustained the loss of kindred genius, if not of greater, in the original and lofty conceptions of Mr. Fuseli. In poetic invention it is not too much to say he has had no equal since the fifteenth or sixteenth centuries, and if his drawing and proportions were mannered and sometimes carried to excess, still it was exaggeration of the grandeur of antique form, and not as in

(many?) enlargement of the mean and ordinary in nature.

“The President and Council of the Royal Academy attend his remains to St. Paul’s on Monday next. He retained his brilliant faculties to the last, to the advanced age of eighty-six. He met death with an even cheerful equanimity, and died in the presence of a family by whom he was loved with an almost filial affection. It took place at Lady Guilford’s on Saturday last.

“You will be sorry to hear that Mr. Gott’s model has not arrived; his agent having received no intimation of it. The ballot took place last night, and he lost it by two votes! I must, however, acknowledge that the gentleman elected (as travelling student in the room of Mr. Severn), Mr. Scouler, displayed considerable power in the works that he sent in — a group of the Death of Abel. My favourite was Mr. Gott, who must not be dispirited by this occurrence, but rely on his own genius, which will bring him through if he has but constancy of exertion. Pray give my best compliments and regards to him. I shall have the pleasure of writing to him by the next post. You will not fail to commend me to Mr. Eastlake, and respectfully to the gentlemen of your society — the British Academy.

“Ever, dear Sir, your very faithful servant,

“THOS. LAWRENCE.”

*Thomas Uwins's reply.*

"Sir,

"Naples, May 31, 1825.

"Having been away in the country, out of reach of post, your letter, dated April the 20th, has only just reached my hands. Mr. William Ewing, the secretary of the British Academy in Rome, had opened it, and finding that only part of it was addressed to him, as the organ of that body, immediately enclosed it and sent it off to me. And I have been wandering amongst the wild beauties of nature, conversing with those scenes which have inspired the poets from Virgil to Lord Byron, and forgetting for a time the Vatican, the Sistine Chapel, and all the wonders of the wonderful city. Your letter calls me back to art and duty. I agree with you, sir, entirely in the opinion that nothing short of adequate representations of these works should be done. Mr. Cook has shown how they may be done adequately. He has made two painted studies, as large as the originals, from figures in the 'Last Judgment,' of which it is not going too far to say, they are as perfect in their way as human power and the most consummate skill can make them. He got a scaffold which could reach up to them, and though it is against the law to touch the surface, he, in defiance of law, did apply measurement to every part till he ascertained the proportions, and trusted to his eye only to fill up his most perfect outline.

"To do this with the ceiling is impossible, or if

possible, the erection of such a mass of machinery as would be necessary to get up to such an immense height is an exertion which my nerves cannot encounter. The eyes of all Rome would be on the man who should undertake this Herculean labour; and I have a feeling within me that shrinks from the encounter of those piercing eyes. Your good opinion of me would support me through much, and with this to encourage me I might work with some effect in privacy and retirement; but when a great responsibility is to be undertaken, the result of which is to depend on my powers, the very parade and ceremony of the thing would render me impotent, and I should only realise for the amusement of the world the ancient fable of the mountain in labour.

“I am aware that all this may seem trifling; the man who sets about building a house ‘without first counting the cost’ is deservedly held up to ridicule. But, sir, you will do me the justice to acknowledge that I was not in circumstances to form a very accurate estimate when we first talked on this subject; and indeed it was not till after frequent visits to the chapel, in company with Mr. Cook, that I am come to a resolution in which the judgment and good sense of that gentleman has had no inconsiderable share.

“The other little things which you did me the honour to say would be acceptable from my hand, I shall endeavour to do, if I can make them form part of the circumscribed plan which the state of my health necessarily binds me to; if not, I must only ask your

forgiveness for having undertaken things which demand more youth and vigour than it is my lot to possess.

“Allow me, sir, to unite my regrets with yours that Mr. Gott should have lost his election. He is a man of first-rate genius; his works here have been distinguished by the most fertile invention, powerful conception, a high feeling of beauty of form, a fine taste, and a correct judgment, and the whole mingled together by that quality peculiar to genius which I think Lord Verulam calls ‘felicity.’ Everything he does seems a creation of his own mind; you do not think it beautiful because it is like this or like that amongst the admired works of other men and other ages, but because it rises up before you in its own individual character, and appeals at once to the sympathies and associations common to humanity. I do not know if I make myself understood, but your own recollection of his earlier works will supply what is deficient in my bungling account of his more matured labours. I have transcribed the part of your letter that relates to him, and sent it to Rome. If he feels as he ought, and as I am sure he will, such a notice of his not succeeding will be to him as great an honour as if he had gained his election.

“Your beautiful eulogy on Mr. Fuseli is not addressed to one incapable of feeling it. I can echo every sentiment contained in it with enthusiastic veneration. That timidity which has marked my course in life has made me shrink from opportunities which I might have had of cultivating his acquaintance; but few students

know his works better, or admire them more than I do. I am old enough to recollect the 'Milton Gallery,' and though the age which this supposes has robbed me of much vigour, and though the visions of imagination flit less palpably before my eyes than formerly, yet there are recollections connected with that gallery which will go with me to my grave.

"And these recollections are not merely the impressions made on a boyish fancy, but they have been matured with mature years. Even now I never visit the Vatican, the Sistine Chapel, or any other collection of the works of the fifteenth century, without associating the name of Fuseli with those ages in which there were giants in art.

"It is in England, after all, that we must look for great names in modern times. The Italians have sunk into academical mannerism and insipidity; and the French, with all their talent, are beating about very wide of the mark,—quaint in their conceptions, and theatrical in their compositions. The Germans, by the way, are doing well in Rome. They have fixed on those models, and taken up those views in art, which must lead to the right end, and they have perseverance enough to do anything.

"Forgive the presumption of these remarks, and consider me, Sir,

"Your very obedient servant,

"THOS. UWINS.

"To Sir Thos. Lawrence, P.R.A."



*From Mr. Uwins to Sir Thomas, introducing  
Mr. Raine.*

“Sir,

“Venice, August 26, 1826.

“Will you allow me to introduce to you, Mr. Raine, the gentleman who does me the favour to present this to you? Mr. Raine is the purchaser of Mr. Gott’s beautiful group of dogs, and he has likewise done me the honour to become the possessor of a copy which I made from the beautiful little Correggio at Naples, which copy he has promised to gratify my vanity by showing to you.

“I have made some little sketches at Urbino; and I have come to Venice principally with the view of doing the Pesaro family, but it is in so bad a light, so dirty, that I fear it will not be in my power to make anything from it, that would be creditable to myself, or worthy your collection. To make an imperfect sketch from a picture is comparatively easy, but to make a finished study that shall really resemble the original, requires all the advantages of place and circumstance. There is an English artist (Mr. West) at work at this picture. He possesses great readiness and dexterity of hand, and he is not easily daunted by difficulties; but I must confess I am afraid to undertake it. I hope to return to Venice, when I may again consider it, but at present I leave it in despair.

“Mr. Raine will tell you how successfully Mr. Gott is going on, and how very much he is improving every day.

"I meant to have sent my little Urbino sketches by Mr. Raine, but I have not had time to put them exactly in the state in which I should wish to present them to you; and I fear after all, they will be scarcely worth your acceptance.

"I remain, Sir, your very humble servant,

"THOS. UWINS.

"To Sir Thomas Lawrence, P. R. A."

*From Sir Thomas Lawrence to Thomas Uwins.*

"Russell Square,

October 31, 1828.

"My dear Sir,

"Although too long silent after receiving so gratifying a mark of your remembrance of me, I yet hope you will accept my acknowledgment of that kindness, with full confidence in the sincerity of my thanks, and of that fixed esteem, which, however quickened by the friendship and delicacy of the art, I had long been taught to entertain for your genius, character, and attainments.

"I must hope that it *belongs* to worth, to be considerate and forbearing to failings which it seldom itself betrays, and to form excuses from the busied situation of its friends (if they have that to plead), which may extenuate what in others would appear a rude neglect and indifference.

"I thus try to believe that my apology will be frankly received by you; and that you have already *half* forgiven me for my unintentional omission. Without reliance on the pleasure you were conferring, and

on the sentiment it would excite, you would not have devoted time so valuable, even to this *interesting* task.

"I can hardly tell you the feeling with which I frequently contemplate the drawings you have sent me. Had some weakness not mixed with his divine nature, Raffaelle would hardly have been united to us, but have seemed indeed to belong to some higher sphere, permitted, like Newton, to descend on earth, the herald and companion of happier beings, to whose pure intelligence we might hereafter be admitted. The room, —the simple chamber in which he first beheld the light, must have impressed you with almost the force of religious homage, and, for the instant, have had a sacredness in your mind that could justly have known but one resemblance.

"You have sketched it too with a purity of line that is admirably in unison with the subject, and in its simple tenderness of effect is like designs by him that I often place before me, and of which I look to future increased enjoyment in viewing them with you. I *see* Raffaelle, and his Urbino, and conjecture the residence of Timotea de la Vite—to whom the greater part of these interesting relics were descended — his friend and assistant in the frescoes of the Paie, from whose lineal descendant, Count Antaldi of Pesaro, I obtained some of his finest drawings.

"You will, I know, enter into the feelings with which we look on the paper on which his eyes had been intently bent, and see those decided or varying lines that

spoke the energy or delicacy of his thoughts. We have that which his hand has held, and his pencil pressed ; and more than all, we have upon it the essence of his mind, and trace those celestial sentiments that passed within it. With such feelings, we see him in these sketches, passing through the humble gate of Urbino ; or wind round the road with him in his youthful twilight musings, when perhaps the first serene effect of colour was presented to his eye.

“All this enjoyment have you added to the few quiet evenings of a distant friend, (if you allow him to use that title,) and be assured that you may rely on his sense of the obligation, and of the peculiar delicacy with which it has been conferred, as long as he has life within him.

“I know not what to say to your desire of giving me further pleasure, by other objects of similar interest. You have selected the greatest. If on your return you pass any time at Florence, and can put down for me true and authentic details in the interior of the house of Michael Angelo of the Buonarotti, it will, I acknowledge, be additional obligation. I was so circumstanced when at Florence, that after two attempts (the family being absent), I was denied the gratification of visiting it.

“I have now to express the sincere admiration with which I viewed your striking improvement in the pictures that you have lately sent to your brother Dr. Uwins, whose kindness gave me an early opportunity of seeing them. ‘The Sleeping Female Peasant,’ ‘The Holi-

day of the Lazzarone, in his Bower,' with that beautiful background of Naples; 'The Brigand's Wife,' &c., all presented equal evidence of your increasing power, and was still more satisfactory from the assurance that it gave of the healthful state of your sight. In your shadows there is a slight approach to heat and heaviness of touch (for the comparative absence of detail, or rather of hard and defined detail, is part of the character of shadow as well as privation of colour), and all that in other respects is wanting, is only that which practice will give you — increased purity of colour, and a more light and facile pencil. But you were a confirmed artist in composition and knowledge of the essentials of art before you left England, and exhibit these maturer powers in every present effort of your pencil, having obviously gained in general brilliancy of execution. You may have heard of a new, though limited source of encouragement, in the publication of *Annuals*; small, decorated publications, in which the talents of our first artists have been engaged. One of the most beautiful specimens would have been your Lazzaroni picture. Pray request of the proprietor permission for its being engraved for the next year, and some just compensation would be made to you, for the loan and benefit of the works.

"I know that now there must be many employers of your pencil. If *I* may be permitted to occupy its powers, upon *any* light and graceful subject that you choose, at the price of one hundred guineas (I am

ashamed to limit it to that), it will give me great pleasure to possess that additional testimony of your genius and your regard. •

“Believe me to remain, with the highest esteem, my dear Sir, your obliged and faithful servant,

“THOS. LAWRENCE.”

“Sir Thomas,

“Naples, Nov. 30. 1828.

“I have to acknowledge a very kind and flattering letter from you of the 31st of October. So far from thinking myself neglected, it was sufficient for me to know, through Mr. Woodburn’s communication, that you had received the little drawings in safety; but it is a great augmentation of my pleasure to have it under your own hand that they have been interesting and agreeable to you. There are some other things connected with *Rafaëlle* that I hope to do on my return, to complete the series; making a separate affair altogether of the house of *Michael Angelo*. When at *Florence*, I did visit the house of *Michael Angelo*, but it has been too much changed (standing as it does in a changing city) since his time to have the tithe of the interest about it that we find on visiting the birthplace of *Rafaëlle*. The neglect into which the city of *Urbino* has fallen, since it came under the dominion of the popes, and the real poverty of the place, have occasioned it to remain in a very primitive and unaltered state. As I drew near the gate, I felt convinced that *Rafaëlle* had trodden on those very stones, and walked under the very arch, and stood

on the fine terrace beyond, with his eyes fixed on that beautiful expanse of country, the lines of which are to be traced in his early works. Nay, the very flowers that grew around, and the weeds in my path, reminded me of *Rafaëlle*. There is besides a veneration for the name of their illustrious townsman, highly creditable to the people in the midst of their poverty, which has saved from destruction the room in which he was born and the staircase leading to it; though the other parts of the house, occupied by *Giovanni Santi* (the father), have undergone much change. All this gives an interest to any drawings of Urbino, which I fear will hardly attach to the house at Florence, though that still remains, I believe, the property and the residence of *Michael Angelo's* descendants.

“But I speak from imperfect recollection. I was very ill when I saw it, and possibly a second visit will be much more interesting. At any rate, the knowledge that I am doing a thing that will be agreeable and gratifying to you, will give an interest to it independent of every other consideration.

“Allow me to thank you for much kindness and valuable criticism. I am just finishing two *Festa* subjects for Lord Lilford, and I hope his lordship will get the advantage of your observations. Hot and over-worked shadows may be improved.

“Your words contain a principle, which may become, as Lord Verulam has it, ‘parcel of my own mind;’ but clearness of colour and lightness of hand depend too

much on early habit and long practice for me to expect the attainment. A man who begins his career in the art as an engraver, follows it out as a water-colour painter, and only takes to oil when he becomes too blind to continue this miserable course, must never hope entirely to emancipate himself from the trammels with which such a course will inevitably surround him. I do not hope for it; and my chief reason for staying so long in Italy is, that a new class of subjects may give me that advantage in the market which the feebleness of my powers as a painter would otherwise deny me.

“With these feelings, what shall I say, Sir, to your too flattering commission? Novelty of subject I can promise, and that is all. My greatest fear is, that over-anxiety to produce a work that may not be unworthy such honourable patronage will rob me of the little strength I have, and make me impotent indeed.

“I have the honour to be, Sir Thomas,

“Your very humble servant,

“THOS. UWINS.”



## CORRESPONDENCE

WITH

JOSEPH SEVERN, ESQ.

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THIS series of letters between Joseph Severn, Esq. in Rome and Mr. Uwins in Naples, extended over a space of twenty years, from the first letter in 1825 to the last in 1845. By the kindness of Mr. Severn, the connection is permitted to remain almost unbroken; conveying a picture of artist life more clear, true, and lively than could be given by the most laboured description.

The first acquaintance was made in Mr. Severn's studio, on one of Mr. Uwins's short visits to Rome. Looking at the work then in progress on the easel, Mr. Uwins leaned on Mr. Severn's shoulder, and expressed his feelings with the utmost unreserve, praising and dispraising with equal impartiality.

The deep and affectionate sympathy that was mingled with this criticism, and mutual admiration, united to cement the introduction into friendship — a friendship

that retained its frank and unreserved freshness to the end.

When desponding amidst the struggles with life and art that beset him in his solitude at Naples, Mr. Uwins found a never-failing support and stimulus in the brave and elastic spirit of his friend, gifted as it was with the happy faculty of seeing things always on the rosy, not the black side.

The 1st letter, September, 1825, is from Mr. Severn to Mr. Uwins at Naples, after the visit above-mentioned, and defies all his criticisms.

The next four letters continue the subject how far the ideal may replace the real, in representations from nature; the whole carried on under the name of a New Tale of a Tub.

The 6th is from Mr. Uwins, describing a visit by no means unparalleled in the experience of artists.

The 7th, 8th, 9th, and 10th, are of men, pictures, and many things.

The 11th despairs of new systems.

The 12th is more whimsical than anything else.

The 13th is "Vanity."

The 14th reckons up how much "besides a hundred and fifty figures in the background" a patron gets for his money.

The 15th condemns phrenology.

The 16th is a new application of the fable of Jupiter and the cart-wheel.

The 17th and 18th are on original selection in design.

In the 19th J. M. W. Turner, R. A. is discovered by his name on his portmanteau, and concluded to be "near kin to," if "not absolutely an artist."

The 20th and 21st are on pictures.

The 22nd is on composition, and a lawsuit.

In the 23rd, love, law, and physic are in difficulties.

The 24th congratulates on their cessation.

The 25th and 26th on the Giorgione feeling.

The 27th painting gentlemen.

The 28th the uncertainty of life and fortunes. "*Who hath made us to differ?*" This is the last letter of Mr. Uwins from Naples, September, 1830.

The 29th is from England in the spring of 1831. The circle of experience was at once enlarged, and Mr. Uwins brought face to face with the silent growth of the years he had been away, unprepared by any definite knowledge of what had been in progress. The shock of the double change, from sunshine and the antique, to dull cloudy skies and the walls of Somerset House, is abruptly felt in this letter.

The 30th is on the selfishness of London and its politics. English manners and customs in the year of our Lord 1832.

The 31st painting in the present day.

In the 32nd Mr. Severn defends the Anglo-Romans.

The 33rd on fresco painting. Wilkie's picture of Pius VII. and Napoleon. Visit to Rubens and Vandyke.

The 34th Mr. Uwins's election as R. A. "Utility."

The 35th from Mr. Severn, after returning to Rome from a visit to England.

The 36th congratulatory.

The 37th Rienzi. The Ancient Mariner. Coronation pictures.

The 38th the colourman's boy.

The 39th letter from Mr. Uwins on being appointed surveyor of pictures to the Queen.

The 40th from Eglintoun Castle; Mr. Severn's congratulations on the same.

*From Joseph Severn to Thomas Uwins.*

"My dear Sir,

"Rome, Sept. 18, 1825.

"You will not write to me, nor will you let me write; for you have taught me more than once to expect this pleasure of hearing from you, until we stand like Mahomet and the mountain. 'Well then, if the mountain will not come to Mahomet, Mahomet will go to the mountain,' for I have longed this many a day to have a chat with you; yet perhaps it pleases me that you have not written, since I feel you have consulted your own conscience and rested on the good understanding between us. I have had the pleasure to receive your valuable advice, which I treasure up yet to take. Touching your valuable advice, you'll be perhaps not surprised to know, as you are too well aware of my obstinate character, that all your building up in the vineyard, which cost you so many proofs, I

have most rebelliously pulled down. I have kicked out the man in the tub, and whipped in the boys again. Here's a pretty tale of a tub! and the wild boar remains as vile a bore as ever. Let us hope that my wine may not go sour. I have anticipated the pleasure of having you here again, not in vain. I hear you have made a most beautiful copy of the Correggio. I hope you'll bring it here, and with it an unchanged inclination to stay the winter.

“JOSH. SEVERN.”

Mr. Uwins was at Castellamare, where he was detained as much by the kindness around him as to finish two little pictures for Sir Richard Acton. His wish was to have finished them in Rome. “In this,” he says, “I had literally reckoned without my host. The gentleman for whom they are done, and at whose house I am working on them, will not hear of their going to Rome. He says if they once quit Naples, he shall never see them more. The worst of this arrangement is that the time I spend in finishing them is lost to me. The summer is drawing to a close, the leaves shake about my ears, and a wintry blast meets me on the top of the mountains. Still these lovely scenes are beautiful in decay, and I should like to get something more of them before they are lost to me for ever; but I must first do my duty, whatever sacrifice it cost me.”

*To Mr. Senmore, who had not received a letter written  
three weeks before.*

“My dear Sir,

“Castellamare, Oct. 4, 1825.

“I had heard of your having become a renegade to my faith, and of your having rejected and despised all my admonitions. Your little round friend betrayed your secret. The tale of the tub was not new to me. This youth detailed to me with glistening eyes and triumphant smiles all the alterations that had been made in my absence. To me it has been a source of real delight. An artist never does well unless he pursue out his own feelings; but the principle I endeavoured to establish with regard to your picture is not the less correct because you could not inoculate it on your conception of the subject. The ill success of this experiment does not shake my faith. I am sure Brown is wrong, and what is more, I am sure that you will come to think so: but till the conviction come with full force upon your mind, it is right you should go on your course. Let nature be ‘beautified and embellished,’ as your friend Brown has it; let the labourers in your vineyard be sentimental youths and damsels; let your old men turn up their eyes to heaven with thankfulness and gratitude; let Cupids dance in your wine presses, and Zephyrs wipe the *sudore* from their pretty cheeks. This may be the poetry of the schools, but it is not the poetry of nature. Shakespeare will

teach you better things. If you can show me a single touch of this namby-pamby work in the whole of his writings, I will give up my point. I will leave you with him till we meet, and then have at you again! Believe me, I am personally interested in keeping up this contest, I would not that my own mind should sink under the powerful fascinations of your talents. There is so much beauty in your works; you make falsehood look so much like truth, and dress out error in such bewitching colours, that there is danger of coming within the circle of your enchantments. But my sword has been newly whetted amongst these mountains, and my armour buckled tighter than ever round my limbs. Prepare then! Stand on the alert! the contest will be one of life or death.

“I have been so much pleased with your letter, and have found so much of yourself in it, that I could not help showing it to Dr. Quin. People who see him in society mistake his gaiety for thoughtlessness, but I have found him possessed of a solid and serious mind, and one of no ordinary powers; I hardly know whether I most love or admire him. To him and Westmacott I owe everything that has been for good to me in this place. Tell Ewing, Eastlake, Gibson, and all other Roman friends how much I long to be amongst them again. Adieu.

“T. UWINS.”

*From Mr. Severn to Mr. Uwins.*

“My dear Sir,

“Rome, Dec. 1, 1825.

“So you think you have offended me! On the contrary, you have given me so much pleasure in your frankness and sincerity, that you had almost seduced me once more to agree with you in *the tale of a tub*, when everybody was against you from Shakespeare down to little C——. As it is, I have waited impatiently for an ill-tempered mood (coming slow and seldom as they do) that I may pay you off ‘Scot and Lot:’—First, know that it is no transgression of the fact that all are employed in the beginning of the vintage—men gathering the grapes, women carrying them, and lads treading out the juice—even to the wild boar, I am equally correct. This idea I took originally from the Psalms, and I find that it holds good now; the boar is the great destroyer of the grape, and they hunt it from necessity. All this information I have confirmed from my model. I was asking her one day (on the receipt of your still holding out) if she saw anything that was not true to the scene; she said, yes, one thing; that they did not carry grapes in baskets but in pails, and this was all. So this is another point. ‘But now, infidel, I have thee on the hip,’ the Academicians were much struck with this as a most lucky thought, and even Mr. Cook congratulated me on my perseverance in repainting them; he thought it not only well, but essential to the subject.



"You refer me to Shakespeare to know my transgression. Why I seem there to have learned it. What! When Macbeth says, 'I am fallen into the sear and yellow leaf,' and Julia, 'the current that with gentle murmur glides,' &c. &c. &c., we know, strictly speaking to fact, these characters would not have made such speeches; it is almost as far removed from real life as the music of an opera, yet it forms the life and essence of the poetry. Why did Virgil bring Dido into the *Æneid*? Raffaello a mole-hill for a mountain in the Transfiguration? &c., but that the subjects might be just and full to the mind's own laws. *Æneas* could no more be without Dido than the Transfiguration could be swallowed up by a mountain. Poetry and painting are nature not as she comes to one's hand, but as she is sought after, selected, and combined. So another world is made equally natural with this, but not tiresome by commonplace and repetition. Why where am I wandering?—have I lost myself? I wanted only to excuse myself from your attacks; but as I have not transgressed the fact, and as you have been able to witness it during the vintage, why we'll make a winding up of the tale of a tub; so now I'll ascend into good temper again. Farewell, my dear Sir, from yours most faithfully,

"JOSEPH SEVERN."

"Don't be dismayed from stirring up the dregs of the wine once more. 'Does he wag his tail? then I'm an undone man!'"

*Mr. Uwins to Mr. Severn.*

“ Naples, Dec. 10, 1825.

“ Listen and tremble. He doth wag his tail. But no ! I will have no more to say to this tub and its contents. Let it be thrown overboard to the whale, and then, merciful heaven ! what a pother there will be ! The little puddle that I have stirred up will be nothing to the roaring and splashing of the ocean. I will have no more to do with it. What ! do you think me mad ? that you would have me go on in opposition to four men who have the king’s authority to be ’squires in wisdom and intelligence, and Teresa too ! and the — and fifty ducal reasons (at least a hundred more than ever I had in support of any argument of mine) ! No — if I say another word on the subject, ‘ I am a shotten herring.’ I might have said, but that I am determined to say nothing, that you had entirely mistaken the drift of my observations, or that, like a counsellor in a weak cause, you had passed over my strong points, and fixed on one where you knew yourself safely entrenched behind a masked battery. I might have shown you, that it was not to the boar-hunt that I objected, but to the low incident of the hunter blowing his horn in the girl’s ear ; nor would it have been difficult to prove to you, that it was not the employment of people of all ages in the scene that offended my taste, it was only the sentimental cant of the old men, and the ‘ cupidish ’

character of the children. I might have repeated to you, that these incidents are unworthy the subject : that they rob it of its simple effect, and interfere with the impression it would otherwise make on the imagination. That they bring it down, in fact, from its high rank as a pastoral composition, and go nigh to place it on a level with the frivolities of Boucher, and the other bastard descendants of the Watteau school. I might have quoted Horace, Sir Joshua Reynolds, and Eastlake, as critics, with Homer, Shakespeare, and the antique, as examples to prove my position, that nothing should be introduced that is not a part of some whole ; and that whatever does not contribute to support and carry on the main action, is worse than useless : it is impertinent and injurious. I might have shown to you, that all the instances you bring forward are so many arguments on my side the question : the sear and yellow leaf, the Dido and the mountain, all add to, support, and advance the subject, which cannot be said of any one of the matters of my complaints against your picture. I might have referred to many circumstances in my own experience, to prove to you that the similes Shakespeare puts sometimes in the mouths of his characters, are not quite so wide of the mark as you imagine. One instance occurs to me that I might have told you, of a young man who died in my house at Edinburgh. He took me by the hand (and he was in a state of as great distress as Macbeth), and said : ‘Had it not been for you, I should have been like the last leaf left by autumn at

the edge of the forest, that shakes and shakes in the wind, till the chill of winter brings it to the ground, — and that the lowest peasants express themselves more simply but not less poetically, might likewise be proved to you. I might have admitted that Shakespeare does sometimes err as you have done. The beautiful description of the bower in ‘*Much Ado about Nothing*’ is an instance, but these are Shakespeare’s faults. I might have said—but what might I not say, did I once allow myself to enter on so fertile a field of discussion? It is sufficient, my dear Sir, if I have brought you to think on the subject,—your own good sense and good taste will make you settle down in the right way. I am sure you will do me the justice to believe it is a sincere admiration for your talents, and affection for your person, that has made me thus impertinent; and not any wish to assume the character of a judge or an instructor. All I beg of you is, that whatever you do may arrange itself under some class.

“Our late worthy President West is an instance, a deplorable instance, of the fault that I am endeavouring to point out. Poor man! he felt that his pictures were not legitimate art, and to cover his (childish) folly, he called them not historic, but epic! It pains me to think on what a mass of impertinent matter he crowded into his picture of ‘*Christ Rejected*,’ though he had the simple majesty of Scripture before his eyes:—‘Will you have this man, or Barabbas?’ It appears to me that the reason of your going wrong

arises out of your lofty Roman style of calling these subjects 'costume pictures.' Surely a subject in which form, action, character, and expression are displayed, deserves a higher name. That is a costume picture in which the peculiarities of dress are made principal, and the story only introduced to set them off; but a representation of the ingathering of the fruits of the earth is as universal as nature. Its proper character is pastoral, and it can only be made low by the way in which it is treated.

"Eastlake has written me a kind, kind letter, full of the finest criticism. Knowing that you have such a man at your elbow to whom you can always refer, I ought to blush at saying anything, and hang my head in silence. The Italian vintage is the most interesting thing I have ever seen, and one that requires the least of your *Brunonian beautifying* doctrine to be applied to it. The mere matter of fact is so beautiful, that whoever should add thereto, or diminish therefrom, would, in my opinion, be guilty of treason against nature and humanity. One thing I must be permitted to say, in spite of the overwhelming authority of Teresa,—I never saw the wine-press brought into the field, still less did I ever see Cupids in the wine-press. I asked if it was the custom to use children or boys in this work, and they answered in their terse manner: 'The hardest work requires the strongest hands. Those amongst us who are the most active, and fullest of strength and energy, are always fixed upon to do that which would

fatigue the stoutest, and bring down the most vigorous.' I may have mistranslated their *linguaccia*, but my eyes bore testimony to its accuracy, for I saw the finest athletic fellows always at this exercise. For the baskets, I have seen abundant authority to warrant the adoption of them instead of tubs or pails. So much for Teresa.

"All this, as well as all I have said on the subject, applies to the state of the picture when I first saw it. Were I to see it now, I should find a thousand harmonies produced by your beautiful working out of the subject, which would reconcile me to the whole matter, and make me adopt the opinion and unite in the admiration of the four wise men of the north: on their opinion, I sincerely congratulate you.

"I am sorry to see you stick to Brown's *beautifying system* in your letter, though you have too much good taste to do it in your practice. Nature must be represented by its essential qualities, and not by its accidental varieties. But the moment the notion of *improving nature* is taken up, all goes wrong. This is what has led the French school away from the path that the Poussins and their scholar Sebastian Bourdon had pointed out to them; and they have wandered so far from the path, that it will take another age to set them right. Your classical friends will object to the term *pastoral* which I have given to your class of subjects. The truth is, it is very difficult to find a word by which to designate them. I only wish to make out that they bear the same

relation to historic art that the Idyls of Theocritus do to the Iliad of Homer.

“T. U.”

*From Mr. Severn to Mr. Uwins.*

“My dear Sir,

“Rome, Dec. 15, 1825.

“First, I ask pardon for the excessive irregularity of writing by return of post. Don't be alarmed, nothing has happened. I have nothing unusual to say. I have had to ask pardon before for the like strange act, and it is now no more than opportunity and desire to sit down and have a chat with you, and give you my thanks for your very kind letter. Pray don't in any way think that because I did not adopt your alteration in my vintage I disregard your valuable advice; on the contrary, I endeavoured, though without success, and this will not make me less bold to ask your candid opinion on any other occasion. I have an idea of another vintage, when you will see that I can have to do with your fine speculations in my painting although I cannot in my talking.

“Meanwhile, we may both be sure of one thing. That as the vintage was almost wholly done to catch the public eye, or, as they say, to give me a lift, and as this said eye is never pleased but with novelty and false taste in a young man's works, why, it is almost certain that much of these same qualities must have crept into my work. This I begin to think from my new compo-

sition. Yet I have gained my point—my picture is complete, and it seems to take.

“J. SEVERN.”

*Mr. Severn to Mr. Uwins, enclosing a letter, post mark  
January 29th, 1826.*

“My dear Sir,

“I envy you the receipt of this English letter, as I am anxiously waiting for one myself, and I should like to get one from Naples too. But you have grown coquettish, and taken advantage of my having given up to you the tale of a tub, and pulled down my colours, and in fact allowed myself conquered. You won't even condescend to wish me a '*Buon capo d'anno*.' No! So Mahomet must once more come to the mountain. Well, my finished vintage hangs on the wall, and attracts crowds to see it. The young rascals are always admired, because they give more the idea of cleanliness than men. The English are surprised to find that they tread on the grapes: 'Well, to be sure!' they say, 'you see what we drink.' I suspect my vintage will lower the price of wine in England on this ground. I have received two other commissions this year; one is to be a pendant to one of Wilkie. I like him much; he is an individual thinker, and full of good stuff. The Scotch are strongly reinforced by three new artists. They'll yet 'rule the roast.' Captain Baynes has left me; I am alone. Rome is unfeelingly gay with balls and dinners



dovetailing in for every night in the week. There is nothing so bad as the weather, except the theatre.

“Ever yours sincerely,

“JOSH. SEVERN.”

*Mr. Uwins to Mr. Severn.*

“Naples,

March 22, 1827.

“My dear Severn,

“I wish you would be a little less witty, or more intelligible when you write to me, for I can honestly assure you the letter just come to hand is quite beyond the reach of my intellects. You talk of a nun, and an epistle, and a description, and I know not what else, and you assume, forsooth, the air of a neglected wight, and scold me in good set terms. Now what hidden meaning all this may have I do not know, but its literal interpretation toucheth me not; for if I have seen a word of your hand, or a syllable of your dictating, since this time last year, I am a shotten herring. I grant that I might have written to you for all that, and I should have written to you long ere this had I thought it just to torment you with the feeble drivelling of my melancholy brain. I was bad enough before Mr. C——e came, but he has quite demolished me with his accounts of your glazing processes, Partridge’s well baked ladies and gentlemen, and Wilkie’s fat meguilp. He says my pictures are like dough cakes compared to your hot cross buns; and some of my most finished works, he coolly tells me, are tolerable preparations for glazing. The

best of the joke is the lady with her cracked voice, and clipping at every word the king's English, plays second fiddle to her husband, and both together set me down as a sort of nincompoop—one who knows nothing—because I have not been fortunate enough to spend the winter in Rome, and am not up to the secret of passing my pictures through the fiery furnace. Finding that I had failed with all my great guns, I attacked them in flank with my drawings; but—Mr. C——e does not draw! and moreover, as drawing does not require glazing, what pretensions can it possibly have to the name of art, or to the consideration of an amateur? Now I had been sufficiently miserable before this gentleman arrived—I had been writing bitter things against myself all the winter. I had done nothing to please others or to satisfy my own mind, and can you wonder that I should be reluctant to torment you with my feelings—you who, everybody tells me, are as gay as the morning, and as happy as the day is long. I have ordered my chemist to prepare me a new stock of good fat boiled oil, that I may enter the field against you with your own weapons; but I fear all this will not do, unless I come myself, and see with my own eyes, and hear with my own ears, the wondrous works of this glazing age. It is not good for man to be alone; especially is it not good for an artist to be alone in such a place as Naples, when there is no such thing as a brother artist to bless his eyes and cheer his countenance. Your great geniuses can live long on their own resources, but my wheels

soon run down, and unless I get wound up periodically I am good for nothing. I had got so far in my letter, when a certain Mrs. Clayton paid me a second visit. I suppose she is not up to the *browning* secret, for she has taken it into her head to be very much pleased with a little picture I have done for Sir Richard Acton, and has ordered a copy of it, by which adventure I shall get a matter of 30*l.* sterling into my unworthy pocket. Anything like an order for a picture is such a novelty with me, that I could hardly believe she was serious, and for a long while did everything in my power to beat her off her scent; however, her nose proved true, and she stuck to the game.

"It never rains but it pours. Another interruption! another rattling carriage at my door, has brought me an order for a new half-length of a very lovely girl. I shall be so full of work, there will be no time to be melancholy. Another ring! oh, it is only the chemist's lad, who has brought the boiled oil. So, I am doubly armed. Here is the work to be done, and the rich fat black boiled oil to do it with. Look to yourselves now, my boys! If I don't make them as brown as a fox, and as burnt as a cinder, call me out, that's all!

"I have been making a small drawing of the celebrated Madame Pasta. What a magnificent creature she is! Such faces are not often made in these degenerate days. I wish you could see her and hear her. If she should honour Rome with a display of her talents, pray let nothing prevent your going to witness the exhi-

bition. She is the first singer that ever made me really feel the power of music. I go to the opera! I have scarcely missed a single night of her performance! and I begin (would you believe it!) to talk as learnedly about the science as Mr. and Mrs. C——e do about brown fat.

“La Pasta’s room in a morning is one of the funniest scenes imaginable. There is a sculptor at work at her, and two painters; three of us altogether. We attack her so early, she sometimes comes to us in a flannel nightgown, and we keep her so long, the hour of visiting arrives before she has time to change her dress, and in this guise her crowded levee commences. Poets come with sonnets in her praise; painters are too proud if she will accept their pictures; dukes and marquises, with their studied bows and stale compliments, pour out an incense on her altar, which she receives with a smile gracious in their eyes, but to us who are examining her inmost thoughts full of ineffable contempt. These efforts give her pain. Though an actress, and a woman living in the world, she seems almost incapable of disguise. Sir Joshua held the doctrine in opposition to Fresnoy, that it was not necessary to feel to be able to express. La Pasta is an instance to the contrary. I never saw a creature give herself up so entirely to her feelings, and I never saw the various passions which agitate the human mind expressed so fully and so effectually. Talma was a wooden puppet in comparison to her, and I fear even Kemble and Siddons would be light when weighed against her wondrous powers. She

said a thing yesterday morning that *noi altri* would do well to think of. Overwhelmed and broken down by the exertions of the preceding evening in Desdemona, some one of her flatterers said, 'And all this sacrifice is made for an audience amongst whom not a dozen persons will be found capable of appreciating your excellence.' 'Very true, Signor Marchese,' said she, 'but that dozen are gifted with an ear so nice, and a taste so exquisite, that all the best of us can do will scarcely satisfy: to captivate the *public only* is the lowest aim of all the arts.'

"Tell Ewing that I shall write to him soon, but in the meantime thank him from me for his nice ladies. I owe Mrs. Clayton's commission much more to his kindness than to my own merits. Say the same to Partridge; I would not have him ignorant how much I feel obliged to him for his kind remembrance of me on all occasions, and particularly for the beautiful tracing he has sent me, and for the introduction to the C——e's, with whom I dare say I shall get better acquainted.

"THOS. UWINS."

The next communication from Rome announces the completion and the private view of a work that had supplied the gossiping world, artists and amateurs, with food for speculation twelve years, and reminds Mr. Uwins of his promise to come and see it. "Remember, lodging for man and beast at 22, Vicolo di Marronite. If you'll come, I'll accompany you back as far as Mola.

Now do come; we'll have such a chat. Do you remember the day when we found all the Roman beauties in St. Peter's? I cannot forget our nice gadding about." In a few days after this, July 12, 1827, the public exhibition of the same picture, "The Angel appearing to Joseph by Night," is made the ground of renewed invitation. The letter concludes with the pleasant news that the writer is commissioned by Lord Lilford to paint a subject as pendant for one that Mr. Uwins is completing for that nobleman.

"My dear Uwins,                      "Rome, August 4th, 1827.

"Many thanks for your particulars about Lord Lilford's picturino; it is to be the long one; he mentioned it particularly; but I won't attempt anything about it till I have the pleasure to see Naples and you and yours. You run down your own works, and cry 'stinking fish' at a most shameful rate, for the which I'll pick a quarrel with you, and a double garland for your works. Your desponding may affect yourself, but it has no business with your works; so now, pray do not write or say any more about that you are too insignificant to help the Anglo-Romans at Somerset House, and so on. I cannot bear this, for if I could make you believe how much pleasure I have had in your beautiful works, how many books I have bought when I was a 'young shaver' for the elegant frontispiece by 'T. U.' I can remember even here in Rome I used to think it necessary to point out all the defects of my things, and

to those too who knew nothing about it. E—— was in the same way. Now, F let the innocent souls find out the defects, which I find a great advantage. Before they would take me at my word, and dislike my works: in this I was eminently successful. I could be sure that your Neapolitan pictures were fine from what I hear; but it is enough for me that it is the same T. U. who does them. That Mr. C——e was a downright painting prig; and though he had talent, yet he was without judgment; so his speeches do not stand for anything with me.

“The painter has undergone all kinds of attacks; he was in high hopes they would put him into the Inquisition, but it has finished with the Pope requesting a drawing of the bed, &c.; they say this is according to our Bible—only think! The all-conquering Alexander is likely to be beaten at last. I have made another finished sketch of Old Timotheus playing, &c. Copying one's own things is an abomination; can you tell me anything that smoothen the task?

“I shall be three weeks at Mola di Gaeta;—by the bye, shall I bring a canvas? have you good colours at Naples?

“J. S.”

“Villa Altenolfi,  
August 12, 1827.

“My dear Severn,

“‘Alexander's Feast’ is a noble subject, though a very difficult one. As yet it has never been attempted, and

if it were for nothing else, it would be a fine object of ambition to put into lines and colours the noblest ode in the English language; so 'screw your courage to the sticking place,' and march right on. I am sure all your friends will be delighted to see you engaged in it. I thank you from 'my heart's core, my very heart of hearts,' for all the kind and encouraging things you have in your goodness said to me; but alas! I know myself too well to 'lay this flattering unction to my soul.' My want of self-estimation is no mock modesty, it is a deep feeling of mental impotence. I know none *can* know so well as myself my own want of power; and the reflection that I am obliged to drag on the character of an artist as the snake drags along its wounded tail, without power to rise, and scarcely strength to crawl, sometimes produces feelings allied to madness. I used, as you say, to tell my opinion of myself to my employers, but I have now attained just worldly wisdom enough to keep my own secret, knowing that my very existence depends upon it. But of this matter, once for all, I will no longer trouble you or any of my friends with these humiliating expressions. And now to fresh woods and pastures new.

"I am not a little pleased to hear of the bustle the picture has occasioned amongst the faithful. I confess I have a mischievous pleasure in whatever annoys the most holy Catholic Church; but it is not on this account only that I rejoice. I think the bustle occasioned by this sort of silly opposition will stand in some measure



in the place of real pictorial fame. Had the thing been entirely still-born, after all his pains the painter would surely have died of grief or vexation; he will now, at least, have the reputation of having created a hubbub in the Holy City, so that he will end in being something and somebody. I fear the reverse may be the case in England, unless by a judicious version of the Roman story they can give it a sort of no-popery popularity.

"You need not trouble yourself to bring canvas or colours to Naples; indeed, the less of anything you bring the better, on account of a thievish Dogana, that makes a regular system of robbing and despoiling everything that passes through it.

"I can give you no comfort on the subject of copying one's own works except companionship in misery. I am at the same drudgery, and wretched drudgery it is. All the great painters of the last ages of art have been subject to it, so I suppose we who follow in these degenerate days must not stick up our backs about it. I should not care so much about it if I could do it, but I cannot; for though copying the works of others is a thing at which I have gotten no small reputation, I cannot copy my own.

"Adieu, go on and prosper,

"T. U."

"My dear Uwins,

"Rome, Nov. 10, 1827.

"I begin to think it is time to scribble a 'qualche cosa' if it's only to 'save my bacon,' (what can this

mean?) but you know you said, 'that I was to get to work before I wrote you,' and so I think by this time I have obeyed your commands to the extreme; more so as I have nearly completed a picture with five figures and much landscape since my return. I have heard all the pleasant things about you from Miss Mackenzie, that you'd come to an anchor, and anchored well; and so for the present I conclude your hankering after Rome is more gentlemanly and less artist-like; however, I won't talk about this, so how shall I begin — with painting.

"The picture I am on is of the Villa D'Esté at Tivoli, which makes a fine background of cypresses, pines, and oranges, and the house itself high up; Rome is the distance, of course. My figures are a third the height of the picture; they are four (just arrived) orange-carrying girls, who have rested their burdens to listen to a guitar-playing lady (drest in 'cinque cento'). I have varied the expression of listening according to their characters, and this, save their beauty, is the 'burden of the song' which you'll say is nothing: but I don't care, for they all say, 'Why this is a more exquisite song still;' so you must be content with also hearing that my not twenty but fifteen feet of the Revelations is making, and I am employed at night in making a large drawing of it; so, please my stars, I shall soon begin. Next week I shall go on a visit to Lord Lilford's. Next comes my six years' longing of the fountain. And so I swear by my love for painting that this is a full, true,

and conscientious account, which I render you as a right for the kind interest you take in me and mine.

"And so now we'll talk about the ladies. There were the Misses Talbot with me the other day, congratulating themselves that they should find you in Naples, and saying all manner of gratifying things to me about you, which I could more than echo. Then there is—but oh! you sly rogue, you prudish man, you monopoliser of beauty, which is more heinous than corn, why did you not tell of Dr. W——'s 'bella bellissima?' Here I went to see him, and instead of finding skulls and bones, I found a fair lady, whom I did not know how to address. I'll be revenged, for she told me all about you,—how all the hands and three pretty faces were done from her, how you were two months painting her portrait, without ever a 'finale' to it. Now only think 'how murder will out;' but in revenge I'll not publish it in 'Gath.' The fun of it was, the lady knew *me*; but I'll pay off Cottrell myself.

"Just to show you what a wrong man you are, I'll tell you a compliment paid you. I was inquiring of Sir William Russell of Kirkup's little picture of 'Jessica and Shylock;' he had not seen it, but he recollected a 'beautiful and happy beginning' by Mr. Uwins, which he thought he saw at my house, and 'wished to know if it was finished.' Now I dare say the picture is (for I did not see it) demolished, or certainly not finished.

"It turns out that the London artists are jealous of us. Roberts has painted a very fine picture of the

Madonna di (I've forgot) near Vesuvius; they are decorated with fruit and flowers (six feet long). Now remember me to Cott, and remember to write me soon.

“Ever yours,

“J. SEVERN.”

“12, Vico Carminello, Napoli.

“My dear Severn, Nov. 20, 1827 (?) [Date torn off.]

“So the rogues are jealous! I recollect a young woman whose husband was jealous of her without a cause, and she immediately set about doing the *wherefore*, as your friend 'Squire Western calls it. Your fifteen feet of good composition, good colour, and poetic character, come after the classic 'Isidas,' and then let Bewick do something analogous to the works he is engaged in copying, and the *wherefore* will be effected. These duties are still more imperious on those who have genius and energy to perform them, as a set-off against the triumph with which our failures will be received. I delight in the account of your activity; I wish I could tell anything similar of my proceedings. Your feet must reduce themselves to inches to bring your work to my level. Stimulated by your kind encouragement, and released in some measure from the weight of despair that hung on my brow, I have been doing. The little picture of the 'Confession' is completed, and I have succeeded in giving an expression of timidity and anxious feeling to the girl, which is a set-off against

the worldly head of the monk. The contrast of the two heads, brought so close, seems to be effective. As a companion to this, I have done another 'Confession,' in which first love is the subject. The old folks say I have hit it, and the young ones blush consent. These two little pictures, which are *cabinet* in every sense of the word, I have put into splendid frames; and if I could get them into a certain cabinet, over which Lord William has control, I should be the happiest man alive. But how to get a sight of him? He never comes to Naples; and though I would willingly send them to Rome, I cannot yet spare them for fear of impoverishing my own study, as they have yet been seen by few.

"I am getting on famously with the brigand picture for Mr. Erskine. The (woman's) feet are wrapped in good mountain sandals, and the colour of her dress changed to the rude materials of the country. Around the group I have hung some of the terrible instruments of murderous warfare,—the gloom of the cavern is deepened, and the flash of fire-light, about which the rogues are revelling in the interior, produces all the necessary horror. I have already had the satisfaction of seeing tears steal into the eyes of some mothers, who have entered fully into the scene without explanation, and without the 'Io suppongo' of Roman ciceroneship. But what Mr. Erskine will say when he hears the whites are not all Naples yellow, I know not.

"Mrs. Clayton's picture, which you saw begun, is

nearly finished, and is so deep in tone that it makes the original look like chalk and powder-blue. The danger with me is that, painting on this scale, my things will look hot and burnt. I have avoided it, however, in my two cabinet pictures, and as I see the rock, I hope to avoid it in the others. But my eye is a most treacherous and imperfect one as regards colour as well as everything else.

“A seasoned panel has fallen in my way, nineteen inches long and fifteen wide; on this I think of painting Lord Lilford's picture, so if you have not begun, you will have no objection to this little increase of size. If yours is begun you must let me know directly, as I wish them to be exactly uniform. I likewise think of making the figures a little smaller in proportion to the space round them.

“I find it quite impossible to copy my own works, so I shall make it, as I have Mrs. Clayton's, a new composition, and study every part afresh from nature.

“I have had your two pictures laid down on canvas, and put into most splendid frames. They are now dressed in the garb of works that it is all our delight to honour. Miss Mackenzie paid the expense, so we have all had a hand in it. Our visit to the Villa Atenolfi will not want memorials to recall it to the recollection of all the party. Miss Whyte always talks of it with delight, and I shall ever recollect it with gratitude, especially to you, whose kindness in coming out there, and whose liberal communications in matters of art have been so especially useful to me.

“Much as I regretted your leaving Naples, the event proved that you were right. For fifteen days after your departure we had a continuation of those tremendous rains which make the streets of Naples navigable, and put an effectual stop to every outdoor engagement; you would have done nothing had you stayed.

“There is one favour I must ask of you, in addition to your other kindness. You know the wretched state of my painting box, and above all how exceedingly ill it is supplied with brushes. Could you send me out from Rome, by some good-natured traveller, a complete set of brushes, large and small. You have only to think you are setting up yourself, as what will suit you will suit me, for though I do not paint fifteen feet of Revelations, I paint sometimes individual objects as large as the parts of your seven-headed monster.

“I am delighted to think of — and you being reconciled. That sort of quarrels are the silliest things imaginable; we ought to know enough of each other's characters to live at peace with all men. You know —'s good qualities and you know his weaknesses, and surely you can avoid all occasions of warfare. I am glad to hear of your arrangement with Gibson. You and he will go on famously together. There will be all the contrast between you that is necessary to give a zest to existence, rounded up with good temper and good sense. I have had a delightful letter from our mutual friend Quin. He seems the happiest fellow alive; he is just got into his right dish, as the French say. Miss Whyte is now returned to La Cava; I look for her

settlement in Naples with impatience. Her house is my best resource. I am living in Watson's house, under Cottrell. Cottrell and I are the best possible neighbours. Two industrious men always go on well together. Had he been an idler, I would have avoided the contact.

"Sir W. Gell says the young child whose life Herod seeks is almost the size and shape of himself. You know Sir William's bulk, and can judge of the truth.

"Yours ever,

"THOS. UWINS."

"My dear Uwins,

"Rome, Jan. 20, 1828.

"I have mended my pen to write to you, which I know you'll say is mending my manners, and which I think must be a good beginning. This is to introduce to you a brother brush, a worthy little Irishman, who is very desirous to know you personally. Your last was sadly melancholy, and gave me the blue devils; nay, more, it gave me downright pain. I was consoled only by thinking it was an effect of the moment, and that I should soon hear more agreeably of you. Yet I will say, that your despondency is tyrannical, and were I one of your fate-stars, I would not be treated in any such way. I'd hide my little light and play the coquette with you; since wooing is my medium. Your melancholy you carry as an umbrella in fine weather, which you might leave at home and depend on the weather. I like Havell much; he is one of the few men who speaks (and can do so) what he thinks. His drawings are like



magic, and I assure you have made a sensation here amongst the milk and water painters. He don't agree about the principles of the art being fixed in the productions of the old masters, but thinks that much, even to the setting in on a new bottom, is to be done: yet, by the bye, his own drawings resemble the old masters most completely. Now I seem more and more to despair about new systems, as we have seen so many pass away, which were adopted from mere caprice of originality. The laws are fixed as they are in sculpture, and when it happens that modern works keep company with the old masters, you may depend upon it, they will be judged by them. I am anxious to know if any of Lawrence's works have had this test, and what is the result. Do you think his 'sickly white' will pass current in the presence of Titian's gold? or is it a style only judged by the people who are painted, and who like and see themselves according to the fashion. There is one distinction to be made, which your friend Allingham did not think of; that is, the different objects of history and portrait: the one is to strike by its likeness, to a particular person; the other, by its resemblance to the subject or image in our minds, and the old masters who have helped to form them.

"Miss Traill is here painting with great success.

"JOSEPH SEVERN."

To this follows a letter without date. Postmark, April 19, speaking of commissions from Mr. Fawkes.

“ My dear Severn,

“ Naples, April 22, 1828.

“ The various lights which are contrived to illuminate this nether world, are not more diversified in their character and power, than are the different professors and pretenders to the noble art of painting. Your man of imagination and genius is the splendid gas-light that spreads its ray through an immense galleria, and is at once the admiration and the vivifying influence of the whole assembly. Your man of mediocrity is a wax candle, that burns with a tolerably steady flame, and is never offensive or disagreeable. Your thoroughly dull man is downright tallow; he wants perpetual snuffing to keep him alive, and is apt to go out in a stink. Then there is the man who has neither genius nor taste, but whose plodding industry seeks the materials for others' use; he may be compared to the table-lamp, that finds its way into every chamber, and burns with no diminished flame through all the tedious night; and the caricaturist—he is the torch, whose glare is thrown on objects disagreeable to the eye, and lights up things that were best concealed. But besides all these, there is a wee thing called a wax taper, which is found in gentlemanly places, and is used for gentlemanly purposes; but its light is so feeble, that it will scarcely bear to be moved or touched, and the least whiff of wind puts it out. This last, is the fit emblem of poor me; and it would not be more ridiculous to take the wax taper into the splendidly illuminated galleria, than it would be for me to give you an account of my Liliputian labours.

You are covered with glory, going on step by step, in a career of brilliant and merited success. I am struggling with want of talent and want of power, and am only thinking how to save my old age from want of bread, from poverty and misery.

"I congratulate you with all my heart and soul, on the patronage of Walter Fawkes. 'Tis worth all the nobility of England together with the king at their head. Fawkes buys from his own feeling. He is a man of sound good sense, with a long purse, and a noble soul. Your pictures will not only have the advantage of being in his collection accompanied by other illustrious names, but they will have the fond and doting attachment of their possessor, who will use all his art to display them to most effect, and compel his friends to study and examine them, till he has brought the dull souls into something like an appreciation of their excellence. Fawkes's friendship will be as good as an annuity to you; for if he once comes thoroughly to relish your works, he will go on ordering without measure or end, and his payment will be as liberal as his orders. That any criticism will ever shake you in his once established good opinion you have no need to fear. Few men are bold enough to criticise what Walter Fawkes chooses to buy, and if they should be so hardy, he will not listen to it. It was my fate to come across him once in my life, and I know something of his character. To me, the contact produced nothing. I had not talent enough to attract his notice, nor would it

have produced anything had he come out to Naples. But to you, he will be an ever-springing fountain of encouragement and patronage. I would recommend you, as far as may be consistent with the honourable fulfilment of your other engagements, to do something for him soon.

“He is a man of promptitude and energy.’ The ‘firstlings of his thought, are always the firstlings of his hand ;’ and he will be delighted to see you take up and carry on his enthusiasm. To this you need not be stimulated—it is really a glorious thing when the taste and even the prejudices of one’s employer run in the current of one’s own feelings! What can an artist wish beyond this?

“I will not enter any more into the discussion of white and yellow. It is not white, nor yellow, nor blue, nor red, that makes the difference between a work of genius and a work of no genius; it is the mind—the individual mind of the artist, that stamps the character of the work. What is it that rivets your attention to an old wall, if Correggio have but touched it. The fragment of fresco that is preserved in the library of Parma does not owe its enchantment to white, or blue, or yellow; even the Venetian painters, who all worked on one system, are allowed to pass under the eye with little notice till you are forcibly roused by something from the hand of Titian or Giorgione which fixes you to the spot like a statue, and stamps an impression on your imagination that lasts for ever. Even so is it now.

Systems of art will not make genius. Minds will not grow like cabbages in a garden, all of equal size and power. In spite of national schools and Lancasterian establishments, there will still be a diversity in the size and quality of the brain, or at any rate in its intellectual power. One shall go at once to the point of his ambition, the goal of all his hopes, while another shall labour through the course of a long life to bring out at last the humiliating truth that he can do nothing.

“Eastlake wrote me a kind letter of farewell before his setting out; I almost doubt whether his hurried visit to England will enable the rogues to appreciate him. However, they have made one good step by electing him to the Academy; let us hope they will go through the course.

“T. UWINS.”

“My dear Uwins,

“Rome, May 6, 1828.

“Many thanks for your kind letter, which I find both in matter and style ‘ottima;’ but your writing always charms me, and would I could say so of your thinking; and now that I am about it I’ll e’en have my say. Your great fault (for I dare say you have many which I don’t know of, esteeming you as I do) is the total want of vanity, which I daresay you don’t reckon as a fault,—now tell me truly if you do? I think it a most important defect in any one to be entirely without vanity, because there is nothing brings out and applies so well all the inner man,—I mean all the grasping

and achieving comes of this; for, you see, a man with this feels his own importance (he over-feels it, but what of that), and tries grand things and succeeds; when another may have the greatest talents, but nothing to bring 'em out. I know you will call this by some fine name, as laudable ambition, aspiring virtue, and so forth, but, as the Preacher says, 'all is vanity' at bottom, so we will be honest and let it stand as vanity. The Germans are a people making little figure, and doing little good in the world on this account. They have the highest talents and morals, but pursue their intellectual aims only as solitary pleasures, and so society is nothing the better for them. Then your English, who have the vanity to seek perpetual notice, are always benefiting the world with useful intuitions or innocent pleasures, and all this with but a small part of the talent of the Germans. When a man under-rates himself, he blunts his talents, and minces his steps in life; and on the contrary, if he over-rates, although it may make his manners displeasing at the moment, yet if there is genuine talent in his matter he will sink into that at last, with his first presumption modified into something useful or pleasing. Such a man as —, for instance, would never have done anything but from his vanity; his talents are very mediocre, but he has humbugged himself into the same high notion of his genius with which he has humbugged others, and produced works of some stamp, whereas his energy is all he has. Now I would contrast you with him. You have the finest talents, and even advantages of gentleman-like accom-

plishments; but withal, such a shameful way of under-rating yourself, that I always doubt if you have ever truly exercised your powers to their true extent in anything; nor can you, while you have not the vanity of an aim. I can well remember the days (some three or four years back) when I thought myself a very poor creature, but yet I was too vain to tell it to all, and my little vanity kept up a show, even in abortions, and even lost more than putting my shoulder to the wheel; and now I have persuaded myself into my fancied capability, 'like one who loving an untruth and telling it oft, makes such a sinner of his memory as to credit his own lie.' Here lies the mystery: *you will consider yourself the 'wax taper,' and not the gas-light, when who can say that you have ever turned on your gas to the full, or 'che so io.'* Now all this means that you should undertake a work to the full extent of your power; not a great ugly mess, but something dictated by your own feeling of beauty and splendour: let us have some of your magnificent Neapolitan background, with equally magnificent groups upon it—only one picture as a trial, and then you'll see. I must tell you that I don't quite estimate your praises about my talent in painting, since you judge so ill of your own; for a true taste would also extend to the judging its own productions, *or how do they come forth?* Now take up your brush and answer all this, and prove me right, and truly

"Your friend and admirer,

"J. SEVERN."

"My dear Severn,

"Naples,  
May 20, 1828.

"A great bad picture is a great evil, a little bad picture is only a little evil; and though I have not much of the Catholic about me, and have no notion of cutting and carving sins into different shapes and degrees of sinfulness, yet I must think there is some difference between killing a flea and killing a man; and by a parity of reasoning, my conscience gets more ease while I am taking inches where others take feet, and covering panels while greater geniuses are spreading themselves over walls. Unhappily for me a picture is a picture, and whether small or great, the invention, composition, and arrangement both in form and colour, must be followed out to completion in one as well as the other; and the difference of time taken in its execution, is not in proportion to the difference of money people expect to pay for it; so that my humility makes me poor and keeps me so. By the way, my conscience is quite at ease about Lord Lilford. You seemed to think I had charged too much for his *picturini*. One of these things, which to you appear such trifles, has already cost me in models and materials almost half the money I shall receive for it; but then there are ten principal figures, not reckoning dogs and donkeys, not reckoning a procession of a hundred and fifty people in the background. I do not know what you may think, but I hope his lordship will be satisfied that he has got enough for his money. However, your startling at my price



has made me more cautious, and I have sold other things at lower prices. My two last pictures, pictures too which cost me no little labour, are gone for ten guineas each, and I have engaged to paint pendants to them at the same price. I do not care how little I get if I could but live by it, and save a little money for old age; but this year I have been obliged to draw on England for my support. To get through at all without portraits, must nevertheless be considered a great triumph; and I confess to you, that as far as that matter goes, I never was happier in my life. I do not mean to boast that I have refused portraits, but the application has never been made to me in one single instance through the whole season; and if I could get anything like a commission to keep me a going, I would pluck up a spirit and refuse the drudgery entirely.

“I agree with very much of your reasoning about vanity, but you have not hit exactly my case. Mine is a disease, the influence of which I have struggled against with all my might, but it always gets the mastery. Had I been aware of the discoveries of the phrenologists early in life, something might have been done. Phrenology is the only clue I ever got to the history of my own mind. This will all appear stark, staring madness, to you who are an unbeliever; but we are all mad at some point of the compass, though at others we may be wise enough to distinguish a ‘hawk from a *handsaw*.’

“Miss Mackenzie tells me she has been giving you a detail of my wondrous works,—she might have found

better employment for her time. But she is all over kindness. You will be sorry to hear that we are going to lose her from Italy,—I fear for ever and a day! Her mother's declining state makes her immediate presence in England necessary, and she leaves this place, by the steam-boat for Marseilles, on Saturday next. I wrote to Havell last Saturday week. An Englishwoman who lets lodgings here, promises to cook him mutton chops; in short, a complete English dinner, without either tomtits or yellowhammers. I congratulate you on your success with the Prince Cobourg. — has not written to me a long while. I have been doing a little picture for him, which Sir Richard Acton (who sets off in a few days), has promised to take. When — went away, he left his watch with me as a *gage d'amitié*. This little picture is the regular exchange. It is a very young girl coming out of a bath. I have sent the 'Confession' to England; I could not get a purchaser for it here. It is gone in all its yellow, and will be abused till it turns white for shame.

"Yours ever,

"THOS. UWINS."

"My dear Uwins,

"Rome, May 28, 1828.

"You see I come quick upon you with my epistles. I have just been seeing Havell, who has taken some snatches at Albano truly sublime; there is one of the lake, beyond anything I had ever seen; there is one too with the sea in the distance, and poor Miss Mackenzie

going, that is, the steam-vessel in which she sailed. Havell knew of her leaving from me. When he saw the smoke-tailed boat, he set to and made this remembrance, which he intends for Miss M. This is quite a romantic incident, is it not?

“Well, then, I will take you at the point where you are ‘wise enough to distinguish a hawk from a handsaw,’ leaving phrenology out of the question. You paint and sell your pictures, which I think a proof, to any common mind, that they are esteemed; and yet you will not paint and exhibit, which would enable you to sell them better, and keep up your name into the bargain. Hang the bumps! I have no patience with them, since their knowledge has made you ‘infirm of purpose.’ ‘Mark how plain a tale shall put you down.’ —, I believe, has scarce one of your benedetto bumps, corresponding to the great talent he exercises. I believe only in putting the shoulder to the wheel, and I believe it is better to have vanity than genius. That all excellence is the effect of labour, and that you must do a picture, as I said in my last. We have just now seen a picture by a Frenchman named Orsel, *which is almost perfection in the art*, and yet his first sketch is a horror of horrors, in all the vices of the French school; but by thinking, and seeing the fine things about him, he has contrived to *unlearn*, and again fill his soul with Raffaele and Poussin, and has at last produced a picture which I wish you could see.

“J SEVERN.”

“My dear Severn,

[No date.]

“When Jupiter told the man to put his shoulder to the wheel, Jupiter knew well enough the man was able to move the waggon without any assistance from his godship. Here is the point about which we differ—the power of doing the thing. If a man so weak as not to be able to lift a pound weight, were all at once to attempt to lift a hundred, Jupiter would laugh, and so would all his subjects. Many thanks for the kind feeling that stimulated your proposed wager, but I shall never hold you to it. If I am to have a picture of yours, I will earn it by one of my own. Sir Richard Acton half promised me to show you ——’s picture as he passed through, but I rather think he arrived in the night, and started again almost immediately. Woodburn’s picture, the ‘Confession,’ and some others have arrived safely in England, and they tell me are much liked by my friends; but this is not exhibition! It would be hard indeed if a man could not get the admiration of his own little circle. Another cargo was just going off, but Havell’s arrival has caused them all to stop till they could be put into a new dress. It is a glorious thing to find him returned from India with the same frank, ingenuous spirit, and the same warm feelings of friendship with which he parted. I have established a *cucina* with which he consents to be satisfied. He has not been obliged to eat one cock-robin since he has been at Naples.

“An account has at last reached me of the Exhibition

(not by an artist), and next to —, a certain artist of the name of Severn, makes no small figure. Etty's picture, for which he was paid five hundred guineas, is found guilty of having a lady's thigh almost, if not quite, naked, which prevents the moral part of the visitors from turning their eyes towards it. I expect the squeamishness of the British public will soon make it necessary to advertise in the catalogue that no picture will be admitted unless the figures be covered with drapery an inch thick. Were I to exhibit the picture done for —, I should be condemned without benefit of clergy; alas! the poor lady has not a rag upon her back!

"Adieu. Poor Stothard, they say, is no longer able to work.

"Yours very sincerely,  
"THOS. UWINS."

"Dear Severn,

"Naples, August 8, 1828.

"It seems both against yours and —'s pictures very white ones have been placed by the hangmen. —, by his four days' work on the spot, was enabled to take off the effect that would otherwise have been injurious. His picture seems to please everybody; I long to hear from himself the history of his own feelings on the subject. I certainly think that no picture representing an out-of-doors scene ought to look yellow. I can conceive some interior and in-door effects that may assume this hue, but it is a scheme on which only

a very small portion of nature can be embraced, and which cramps and confines the artist's grasp. That it please the eyes of the regular bred connoisseurs, is not sufficient authority for adopting it. These poor people are really so ignorant of the nature and powers of the art, that a modern picture resembling an old one would be sufficient to stamp its value in their muddy minds, without its having any other quality of excellence. An artist ought to be on his guard against the influence of a class of people who are really of no value to him except for the money that they bring. Havell's mode of study seems to me to be dictated by sound philosophy. He looks abroad into the varied field of nature, without prevention or prejudice; his knowledge comes from the fountain head, and if he mistake or deceive himself he goes back to the same source for correction and improvement. No man is better aware than he is of the principles on which the best painters worked, but he is at every step prepared to weigh those principles in the balance of nature, and should they be found wanting, he is strong enough to reject them and throw them from him with as much ease as Samson broke the green twigs of the Philistines. It is a glorious thing to keep the mind in this free unembarrassed state, ready to meet whatever may be presented to it. I have not heard from ——. There is some talk of the Prince coming out again to Italy.

“T. UWINS.”

"My dear Severn,

"Naples, August 26, 1828.

"Havell is still with me going on gloriously; he is painting a picture of the lovely Bay of Baia, which sparkles with all the gems of the East, and is as true as it is beautiful. I really consider myself happy to be working in the same room with him. To see him paint is something like seeing Paganini play the fiddle; he is just beginning to relish Neapolitan scenery. We have touched him with our enchanter's wand, and I think we shall fix him here for the winter; he seems to me to be the only man who enters into the true poetry of the art; Turner depends too much on his gods and goddesses and his classical story, and Callcott is nothing without a low horizon and a Dutch sea-port, but Havell gives you the 'call of incense breathing morn,' or shows the 'glorious orb of day' leaving a world full of loveliness, and setting in a blaze of splendour. This is poetry; there is no dressing up, no canting sentiment, no forced endeavour to make nature what nature is not. The girl comes dancing through the vineyard with all the hilarity of innocence, and the vine-dresser goes through his daily work in quiet simplicity. The poets have done all this: Cowper has done it, Wordsworth has done it, and Lord Byron has done it, but amongst the painters, Havell seems to me the first that has attempted it.

"All this you will think heterodox; I recollect endeavouring, when you were about the 'Vintage,' to persuade you that nature was full of poetry, but you

overpowered me with authorities, and stuck to your text. I expect Havell will do a vintage: we shall then see whether the real thing, or the ideal thing have most of poetry in it. The poetry of painting seems to me yet in its infancy; Flaxman took up one part of it which the Germans have followed out; but the union of this with colour and all the magic of nature's hues is still to be done. Let the English have the honour of accomplishing it, and theirs shall be the glory.

“T. UWINS.”

December 9th, 1828, the last letter of this year, returns thanks to Mr. Uwins and to Mr. Havell for their congratulations on Mr. Severn's marriage.

“My dear Severn,

“Naples, Feb. 3, 1829.

“Your kind intentions towards me as regards Lord William Russell, were frustrated by my absence from town. I did not know his stay would have been so short, or I should have come sooner into the great city; unluckily I arrived a day too late. My coming to town has however been fortunate in other respects. I have got no less than four commissions for pictures of Neapolitan subjects (three for Sir Matthew Ridley) besides those to be done for London. This success has given me courage, and Havell's kind advice has given me power; so you will now see me practising the art with a much more assured step and a much steadier pace.

“My little pictures for Lord Lilford will be sent in a vessel that sails from this port in April. Could you



send yours here, that the three might go together? There would be another advantage in this arrangement; were I to see your picture, I might continue to bring mine to something like the same tone, that there may be no violent difference in things which are to hang together. Mine are at present on a very bright scale of colour, and I hope yours will not be as low as you usually paint, for my dancing subject will not admit of very sombre hues. My hopes of coming to Rome (except perhaps for a short visit) are at present at an end; the subjects ordered are all so local that I must stay on the spot to do them.

"I have heard with infinite pleasure of Williams's great success. If distinguished talent, liberality, good taste, with gentle, amiable manners, are likely to insure success, his course will be always prosperous, for he possesses all these qualities in a very high degree. I am sure he will be pleased to hear, as well as Eastlake, that some portion of the same success has fallen on me. Next to the pleasure attending one's own good fortune is the knowledge that others are equally happy.

"The impression that Turner's pictures seem to have made on the English travellers as well as the foreign artists appears very unfavourable, if I may judge from the reports. How is all this? are they deficient in the high qualities that used to distinguish his former works, or is he trifling with his great powers? The following simple account of him has amused me not a little. It is written by a merchant travelling towards Bologna,

a young man who knows nothing of art, and nothing (as you will perceive) of the reputation of artists.

“I have fortunately met with a good-tempered, funny, little, elderly gentleman, who will probably be my travelling companion throughout the journey. He is continually popping his head out of window to sketch whatever strikes his fancy, and became quite angry because the conductor would not wait for him whilst he took a sunrise view of Macerata. “Damn the fellow!” says he, “he has no feeling.” He speaks but a few words of Italian, about as much of French, which two languages he jumbles together most amusingly. His good temper, however, carries him through all his troubles. I am sure you would love him for his indefatigability in his favourite pursuit. From his conversation he is evidently *near kin to*, if not *absolutely*, an artist. Probably you may know something of him. The name on his trunk is, J. W. or J. M. W. Turner!’

“Kind, kind remembrances to Mrs. Severn.

“T. UWINS.”

“My dear Uwins,

“Rome, March 8, 1829.

“I have longed for a moment to tell you what real pleasure your news has given me. So I can now congratulate you with heartfelt feeling on this long-desired flow of your brush. I am delighted too that you remain in Italy; but I am disappointed that you cannot come here. For I respected and valued you through your works before I knew you formerly, and now that

we are devoted friends, it seems hard to be separated only by the short distance from Rome to Naples; it seems hard to be scribbling when we might see and criticise each other's works with such mutual advantage; for you see at a distance we can send nothing but praises. Now all this is to say, that *cannot* you *really* come and paint in Rome? You know we have models of every description, and now many from Naples; if you bring a few localities with you it will amount to the same thing; and as you have such a stock of studies, you cannot fail — nay, I am inclined to think certain things are done better using only the 'mind's eye,' and not being for ever in the presence of the object; it is enough to have lived with and *felt* it.

"For instance, the Venetians were the greatest painters of landscape, yet in Venice they had not a tree or a field. It is a curious fact that the English landscape painters in London produce the most perfect Italian atmosphere, and *vice versa*, the Italians who are born in it never think of it.

"Yours ever,

"J. SEVERN."

"Turner's works here were like the doings of a poet who had taken to the brush."

"Naples, July 28, 1829, (after returning

"My dear Severn, from a visit to Rome.)

"I promised to quote from Havell's letter his opinion of your 'Fountain,'—eccolo! 'Great news! The Prince

has called to see Severn's picture, and has spoken more in praise of it than any one else; I have not seen Severn since this event, but I spent an evening with him shortly after my return to Rome, and am quite enchanted with his lovely, devoted, domestic wife. She seems all that a painter could wish to make his home delightful. Of his picture I must say it far, very far, surpasses my expectations. It is not a dull picture, as I feared it would be, nor is it over glazed; on the contrary, the figures in cool, quiet shadow have so much purity of tint, and the oppositions of cool and warm colours are so gentle and true, that they are quite equivalent to the most brilliant contrasts. Whatever objections criticism may make (and there are some things to say), the pure transparency of the tints will put everything down; to me the picture has been a most useful lesson. I had not a conception before how far mere daylight shadow could be carried without dullness. The only gleam of sunshine is a small streak on two figures going up the steps.'

"How few men there are who would so boldly confess themselves to have been wrong in all their anticipations, or who would so warmly praise a work that had gone so far to falsify some of their most favourite tenets. For me, I can assure you, it was this letter that mainly influenced my visit to Rome.

"I find my wager with you is really lost. The only picture I sent for sale to the British Gallery was purchased; by whom, as yet, I know not.

"Give my kind, kind remembrances to Mrs. Severn. I have little time for writing, as this short letter will prove to you; but I could not allow Mr. Smith to go back without renewing to you my assurances of attachment and esteem, and adding another link to that chain of connection with my brother artists which is the principal charm of my life. Adieu,

"THOS. UWINS."

"Naples, August 13, 1829.

"It appears to me the only and the cheapest way to get rid of Teresa and her husband is to pay them their full demand. The time you will lose, and the wear and tear of spirits occasioned by the contest, will cost you an infinite deal more than the value of these crowns. As to right or justice, it has very little to do with any courts, and nothing at all with the courts of Italy. You may depend upon it these people are only the tools of a much higher power; and I have no doubt in my own mind that they can command money enough to buy the Pope and cardinals, and old St. Peter into the bargain. The whole conspiracy will be completely foiled by your paying the money, and you will be every way the gainer. For me, I have long given up the idea of defending any cause in any court. It is always the cheapest way for an artist to put up with the first loss, and allow himself to be cheated and imposed upon. A merchant or a man of leisure may sometimes try a contest with rogues; it will take the one but little out of

his business, and be only an amusement and occupation to the other ; but an artist, whose time is his estate, and whose head and fingers are the only effects in his banker's hands, for him to treat with lawyers or put himself in opposition to knaves, is worse than madness. I was for compromise from the first, and now I am for submission.

“On the subject of art, my dear Severn, you are much too indulgent about the impertinent remarks you used to allow me to make on your works. After all, it was on trifles only I ventured to speak ; it had nothing to do with the great, decided, and independent course you are now taking. You owe this to your own original thinking, and not to any human being. The only remains I saw of the taste which was discoverable in your works when I first came to Rome, was the tree growing out of the top of the Madonna in Lord A——’s picture. When I went to Tivoli, I found the tree growing there ; but that is not enough to authorise your putting it in ; these things are too particular for adoption into backgrounds. If it were a picture of the old Madonna, treated landscapely, the case would be altered ; then everything that could embellish the venerable niche of the goddess might be dwelt upon and enforced.

“I am glad you have found out that little pictures cost as much labour as big ones. Adieu ; present my warmest congratulations to Mrs. Severn, &c.

“T. UWINS.”

"My dear Uwins,

"Rome, August 29, 1829.

"You will be rejoiced to know that I have succeeded and gained my cause; and these twenty wretches are exposed in their conspiracy, and even open to punishment. This affair has cost me some anxious hours. As I was unfortunate in my lawyer, it wholly depended on me, and I proudly set my head to work to confound what had been put together with the greatest art. My success is greatly owing to the exact way in which I managed my affairs. I referred to my journal for everything, and contrived a most ample defence, proving their evidence to be false and infamous in every respect. Now that it is settled, I feel a satisfaction in having persevered; but I will confess that the pain and annoyance was great, and almost more than I could bear; yet I felt it my duty to repel such an act of infamy, even on account of my friends as well as myself, for the future. It is certain that these servants are supported very oddly. How these people have made head against me I cannot tell; they have paid seventy-five scudi to lawyers, and but for the most ample defence I must have been defeated by the mere length of their purse.

"This has been my least trouble, for poor Mrs. Severn, ill-advised, has, together with her little daughter, been in the greatest danger. This affected me more than all the rest. I gave up all idea of trusting any one save myself; and as I could rely on myself, I became nurse, and watched at night, and doctor, as far as I could be *certain* of my information, and lawyer

into the bargain, being painter all the time. 'Tis a gratification when a man has passed what I have in the last three months, and he comes out with his mind and his spirits unimpaired, nay, invigorated; for these trials, if they do no harm, do good. I cannot regret these troubles now they are over, from the experience and firmness they must give to my character in this very reliance; for now I feel happier and stronger than ever I did. I am near completing a picture in the Giorgione style for Lord Lansdowne; it goes rather to my satisfaction. I must tell you that my friend Lady Northampton very kindly offered to pay all the law expenses for me, to encourage me to proceed, so did Mr. Finch: these are agreeable circumstances.

“JOSH. SEVERN.”

“My dear Severn,

“Naples, Sept. 12, 1829.

“Our old friend Cristall used to say, ‘The art was not so difficult as it was difficult to get at the art.’ The thousand annoyances and embarrassments that surrounded him perpetually, and kept him from sitting down fairly to his easel, sometimes overwhelmed him quite. We all, more or less, know what this is. I have had my full share of it as well as the rest; but you beat us all! The elasticity of spirit that enables you to do wonders, out of your art and in your art, to act lawyer, advocate, doctor, nurse, and painter too, is quite beyond me. I congratulate you with all my heart and soul on the recent proof you have given



of this power. I sincerely hope the knowledge that you possess it will be all that is necessary, and that you will have no more occasion to appear in any other character than that of a happy father and a successful painter. Your triumph is glorious;—you have shamed an Italian court into an act of negative justice.

“I have just finished a small view of Naples, the only absolute landscape I ever accepted a commission for. It has been enough to prove to me that the landscape painter’s business is plain sailing in comparison with ours. I am now engaged on a scene of maternal affection in a vineyard; I am trying it on the poetical scale of colour.

“My other subject is a regular Dutch interior (I have always two pictures going on together). The figures of my interior are only elevated by the sentiment of devotion; they are not eating and drinking, nor are they vomiting or doing anything else in holes and corners. In every other respect it is Dutch from top to toe, and depends for its success on the accuracy of imitation and detail. It unites candlelight and daylight, and has some other Dutch tricks about it, which you and Eastlake would think unworthy the dignity of the art. But I am like your friend Audrey in ‘As You Like It’—‘the gods have not made me poetical,’ and I must content myself with earthly things.\*

\* It is a mistake to call this “The Saint Shop” in the Memoir. It is a Neapolitan Mother mourning her dead Child, exhibited at Manchester, and in 1858 at the Ancient Masters.

"A picture is come here for the new church, by a Roman artist by the name of L——. Is this man a painter of any celebrity in Rome? If he is, Rome is lower even than I thought it. It is a sort of emblematical Madonna business, with the infant Jesus being let down by his ugly Wapping mamma on the head of a snake with an apple in its mouth. To comply with the modern affected modesty, the infant is made to look like a girl; so much so, that when I saw it I asked the director of the museum what female saint was fond of jumping on snakes' heads? The assured gravity with which I was told it was the goddess Madonna and her son amused me not a little. It is the saving of the Roman painters to have such subjects. They are sure to be ridiculous, which is something; without this they would have no character at all, 'and that were pity.'

"I have got a little acquainted with your friends the family of Lady Northampton; but being out at Portici I cannot attend their evening coteries. They came to see my pictures, and seemed pleased with them.

"T. UWINS."

"My dear Uwins,

"Rome, Oct. 24th, 1829.

"How goes painting with you? what discoveries have you made? for as I consider you as part of our republic here, I have a right to ask what you have discovered, that it may be made known for the general good. I have just completed the picture for Lord Lansdowne, who requested me to give myself up to the Giorgione feeling, which I assure you I have done. The armour

throws out the flesh in a deep tone, even to that of the lady. She is a portrait of my wife; how I wish you were here looking over my shoulder at it and having your say, for you have a great turn for the romantic style in painting, although you are professing such rigid truth. We have been thrown into confusion, and I have been completely unnerved by the almost sudden death of my eldest sister in London. How like the human mind is to the dog in the manger, at least my mind. Here am I, at this distance from my home, settled, perhaps *never* to return; and yet in that home I cannot bear the least change:—even a garden (where I played when a boy) being built upon caused me to shed tears when I heard of it.

“We had a very fine christening at Albano, the little girl is called Claudia.

“Ever, &c.

“JOSEPH SEVERN.”

“Dear Severn,

“Napoli, Nov. 8th, 1829.

“I have allowed your letter to remain unanswered longer than my *solito*. The attempt at painting a picture on the poetical scale of colour I cannot say has either succeeded or failed, because the breaking down of my sight has prevented me from pushing it to completion.

“I am as sick as you can be of the class of subjects I have been compelled to paint, and had I my life to begin again I would entirely avoid them; but with me it is the eleventh hour, I cannot choose my own walk, I ‘must please to live.’ I admire the firmness with

which you have gone on, and I hope —— will likewise make a stand against these every-day subjects.

“I confess I do not like a nobleman dictating to you the style of Giorgione or any other style. An employer may go so far as to indicate the class of subjects he would wish treated; but when he comes to talk of the manner of treating it, I should be disposed to shrug my shoulders and say with Polonius, ‘something too much of this.’ Every perfection in art lies close to some error; and great care should be taken that in your wish to please the patron you do not imitate the *manner* of Giorgione, instead of imbibing his noble way of thinking, and endeavouring to follow out that dignified path which his short life enabled him only to indicate to his successors and admirers. But no one can ever fear you will turn aside into the unworthy path of imitation.

“The little picture of the Festa has procured for me unusual honour. When it went to the studio (or museum) to be examined, previous to its being shipped for England, the directors of the museum actually consulted about buying it for the king’s collection!

“T. U.”

Two letters written by Mr. Severn from Rome, in January and March, 1830, are chiefly filled with matters of local interest. They relate to a Roman exhibition of the works of English, French, German, and Italian living painters, in which Mr. Uwins did not unite. They also allude to the melancholy and sudden death of the Lady Northampton.

“Dear Severn,

“Naples, May 7th, 1830.

“I have seen the outline of your great man’s Pope. I do not like it. He has copied the attitude from Titian, without considering the difference of circumstances. As it is, it looks like the attitude of fear. The poor old man seems afraid the wigged gentlemen below will slip their hold and tumble him on his nose. There is a total want of poetry about the picture. They say here it was painted from beginning to end in eight days. I believe it is a lie; but after all it must be a very easy thing to do this straightforward work, where everything is painted in all its crude vulgarity, and no attempt is made to impress the imagination.

“What a shoal of amateur artists we have got here! I am old enough to remember when Mr. Swinburne and Sir George Beaumont were the only gentlemen who condescended to take a brush in hand, but now gentlemen painters rise up at every step and go nigh to push us from our stools. Here is my old and valued friend Harden of Brathay, whose good taste and genuine feeling enable him to do beautiful things without parade or pretension. There is Clutterbuck with Mont Blanc on his shoulders, grappling with the most difficult scenes, and carrying off the ground volumes on volumes of masterly drawings; there is a Daniel, too, come to judgment! a second Daniel!—verily, I have gotten more substantial criticism from this young man than from any one since Havell was my messmate. Captain Roberts sticks to topography and commonplace, and Colonel

Stisted is lost in varnishes, meguilps, and means to get texture. He never looks at a picture straightforward, but squints all round it, and eyes it at the corners, to find out what tricks have been used in its process, and is much more delighted to see what has been undone than what is perfect. But the most amusing of all the tribe is Atkinson. He lets you know at once that he knows all about it. Nobody ever saw Sir Thomas Lawrence paint but him; argal, nobody but him is up to the right thing. He tells me of 'young What's-his-name, down there,' 'who does clever costumes' (*What's-his-name* meaning yourself, and *down there* the Eternal City), and wishes to know if I have seen anything 'by a man of the name of Eastlake, a brigand painter!' He says it's a *rum thing* they should be able to get up an exhibition in such a place as Rome, and is quite astonished to find anything good in it. Then, oh! let me not forget him, my old acquaintance, Dr. N——. I do not know if he is to be set down amongst the *operatives* (as they say in Scotland). Beyond a feeble drawing of the Cyclopean house on the Sicilian shores, I believe he has not ventured; but he is rich in the works of others: — medals of indescribable and untouchable beauty, and the German's damnation drawings, which have at last given him the employment his heart delights in. He can now dwell on the niceties and delicacies of damnation with a zest and relish that would do honour to a Spanish inquisitor. Good man! How his virtuous heart warms as he expatiates on the torments of Hell-

fire, and when the poor women fall into the mess he seems almost to go off in a paroxysm of holy ecstasy. What a delightful comfortable thing it must be to be so very good as Dr. N——! All one regrets is he was not a cardinal in the good days when they burnt heretics after dinner, and ate sweetmeats to the cries of the sufferers.

“Well! my list is come to an end. I dare say you’ll think there is enough of them. When Puff asks Sir Fretful Plagiary in the ‘Critic’ why he does not take his tragedy to Drury Lane, the poor author whispers in his ear the awful words, ‘The manager writes himself.’ If gentlemen take all to painting for themselves, what is to become of us poor professional brushmen? I do not know how you get on in Rome, but for me here, beyond the making two drawings for albums, I have not got a single sixpence this season, or even been asked the price of anything on my easel.

“Pray let me know how your picture is relished at Somerset House. My eldest brother, who used to be my informer in all these matters, is too ill to write, so I shall be without any advices on the subject.

“Believe me, &c.,

“THOS. UWINS.”

“My dear Severn,

“Naples, Sept. 21, 1830.

“I recollect being in Edinburgh when a man was executed for piracy on the high seas. As he was conveyed to the place of execution, and as the proces-

sion moved slowly along Leith Walk, a poor Scotchman close to me, with tears in his eyes, and a voice almost choked with convulsive sobbing, exclaimed, 'Poor child! Poor child!' then turning his eyes towards heaven, he said audibly, 'God be merciful to me a sinner!' It was the finest piece of human sympathy I ever witnessed. Those few words expressed the whole current of his thoughts. It was as if he had said, 'Am not I of the same nature with this poor condemned man? subject to the same passions, liable to the same crimes, and to their consequences? but thanks to heaven! I am hitherto preserved.'

"What this simple Scotchman expressed so naturally and beautifully, I confess I feel (setting aside the crime) when I see one friend and then another and another, dropping down by my side, and I remain alive! 'What am I, or what is my father's house?' that I am preserved in health, and the enjoyment of my faculties, while so many of my own standing, and many younger, are daily sent to their eternal account? Your letter forces these reflections upon me. Fifteen days have not passed since I received a letter from Mr. Finch (by the hands of Mr. Ash of Cambridge), full of kind expressions, urging me to come and pass the winter in Rome, and amongst other temptations, promising me the free use of his house and library. I then thought myself going to England. A sudden alteration has since taken place in my plans. I am now going to Rome—and Rome is altered. Eastlake's absence, and the removal



of another warm heart from the circle of my friends in the death of Mr. Finch, throws a gloom over my return to the Eternal City, which I cannot shake off. Besides, leaving Naples is a melancholy thing. It is in itself a partial death. I turn my back on a place where I have enjoyed health and happiness, and I am going where I may meet with sickness and death — at any rate, where death has already announced itself as the harbinger of my arrival. And I leave some dear friends behind, friends whose value I only begin fully to appreciate, now that I have determined to abandon them.

“Forgive this gloomy letter. I have written you some merry ones which must be thrown into the balance against it. In truth, to you I have always told out my whole feelings, whether grave or gay, gentle or severe.

“If I can shake off my melancholy and go steadily on with my preparations for departure, I may hope to shake hands with you about the 6th of October.

“Adieu,

“T. UWINS.”

“(London), 25, Percy Street,  
Aug. 17, 1831.

“My dear Severn,

“About art, what shall I say? The effect on my mind produced by the works of the English painters was overwhelming. Had I written my first feelings, you would have thought me silly or mad. I have now begun to arrange my new ideas with a little more consistency, and hope to be able to talk about them with

some degree of soberness. Freshness seems the great aim of the English painters, and those who can accomplish it without losing the higher quality of harmony, certainly produce extraordinary things. Some few have lately been aiming at tone, amongst whom I may name Wilkie, Landseer, Hilton, and Etty, but from want of the judicious management of cold hues, they seem to me to have lost much of the power of their art, and to have become brown or black. I was vexed at not finding anything of yours in the Exhibition to compare them with. Hollings, Stevens, and Partridge, paint as much as they can in the English way, and even —, though there is no English manner about his pictures, paints with much more freshness than he did in Rome. I am convinced much of difference of manner is owing to difference of climate. The small dark rooms in which pictures in England are hung call for brilliancy and whiteness. That would look black here which is only well toned in Italy, and what looks well here would be found under your Italian sky to have a chalky whiteness. Beautiful as were the hues of —'s pictures, they certainly looked weak in the Exhibition, but this is accounted for by his rejecting the artifices of light and shadow, which are the principal resources of the English painters. He seeks after repose; his English rivals, on the contrary, think nothing right that is not painted with energy and fierceness. — would win the feelings by gentle means; the English are not content unless they make a powerful impression on the eye. They are meretricious painters.

“The thing which most astonishes me is to find so little originality of genius; the whole body, to a man, are following after one scent with as little doubt about their object as a pack of fox-hounds in full cry; and, to pursue the simile, should any unfortunate wight turn out of the path into some way of his own, he is treated much as an unfortunate dog is treated by the whippers-in of the pack; he is hooted, and abused, and banged, till, perforce, he is obliged, against, it may be said, his better convictions, to rejoin the hounds from whom he is separated, and follow after the senseless halloo of the multitude. It is seeing this that increases my admiration for —— and yourself; and I do hope, for the credit of England, you will continue to pursue out your own distinct and original feelings, uninfluenced by the jargon by which you will be assailed. In traversing the continent what is it that arrests our attention? Is it not the individual feeling of some great and master mind, and not the productions of any school, however celebrated? What is it we care about at Parma, but the opportunity it gives us to dwell on the thoughts of Correggio? When these become caricatured in Parmegiano, or fritted away in the rosy fantasies of Barroccio, are they any longer valuable?

“The English understand the brush work to perfection. But their pictures, I have already said, seem addressed to the eye rather than to the mind, and the subjects they paint are really beneath their art. Wilkie and Leslie are exceptions. The ‘John Knox’ which Wilkie is preparing

is a masterpiece of original conception, and powerful execution—and Leslie's 'Dinner at Page's House' is truly Shakesperian. Of myself, I can say little. My 'Saint Manufactory' has been seen by the painters here, and by some approved, especially by Wilkie, who has talked of it in circles where his praises have reached my ears. I am hard at work on other subjects, painting portraits in the meantime to meet my increased expenses. My intention is to stay another winter here, for the sake of seeing my pictures in Exhibitions, and to return to Italy in the spring. While I live, however, I must always think of Italy with pleasure, and recollect you all with gratitude. You and Mrs. Severn have a very large share in my grateful recollections, however my neglect of you in the way of writing may seem to give the lie to it. Adieu, &c.

"T. UWINS."

"Dear Severn,

"13 Bedford Row,  
London, June 5, 1832.

"When I was in Italy, I used to imagine my friends neglected me because they did not write, but should I return there, my pretensions will be much more humble. I shall be quite contented, if my dearest friend writes me half a dozen lines about once in two years. London is a vortex of confusion, where all settles and centres in one sole object, and this object is *self*. No one has a thought to expend beyond his own personal concerns, his own mean and paltry interests. And how can it be otherwise

when everything is pushed to an artificial point that hardly allows room for the sympathies of human nature. Great cities are great evils. It is an overgrown monster, that must come to an end by the influence of internal diseases preying on its vitals.

"But I must tell you of the Exhibition, an Exhibition opened under the most inauspicious circumstances. The very day was that unfortunate one in which ministers were defeated in the House of Lords, and the whole nation thrown into the most frightful confusion. Who could think of pictures? Had any one ventured to name the arts of peace on this day of anarchy, he would have been marked out as a traitor to Reform, and hunted down as an enemy to his country. At any other time, Wilkie's 'John Knox' would have been a point of interest round which all the intelligence of the country must have assembled. It is, in truth, a noble work. In no age of art, nor in any school of art, do I know its equal. The power of the preacher's eloquence, and the growing strength of the party, is abundantly displayed; not merely in the determined countenances of his followers and adherents, and the devoted expression of the multitude, who seem to be drinking in the truths he utters,—this was not sufficient to accomplish Wilkie's powerful conception of the subject. To make the conflict more terrific, he has brought the Catholic bishop into the church, accompanied by an armed man, who stands prepared to shoot the preacher at the word given. The characters are all studied from portraits of the

various personages of the period, and the picture may be considered a complete history of the Reformation. As a work of art, it is painted in what is called his new style. Everything is put in at once. To me, the execution is as extraordinary and as effective as the conception is grand and imposing.

"In works of character and expression, Leslie comes next; his 'Taming of the Shrew' is excellent, and his 'Family Group of the Marquis of Westminster,' &c. &c., is an example of the address of genius in overcoming the greatest difficulties in art. Of the poetical class of works there is little. Callcott's landscapes are graceful, and Turner's are incomprehensible. Lawrence's beautiful women are much missed.

"We of the Roman party, are all remarkably well placed. My 'Saint Manufactory' occupies an honourable situation on the eye-line in the great room; you are very well hung, and seen in the anteroom, and Williams in the school of painting. There have been no less than three applications for Williams's picture, to my knowledge; two came to me, and the third was Lord Lansdowne. I am afraid you and I are not quite so well liked. They want more powerful light and shade in England, and accurate detail. I know you have the power to recover anything you may have lost by this Exhibition, and I do especially urge you, if you value your reputation in England, to send something next year that shall compel the admiration of all who have heads to think and hearts to feel.

“Of my own picture, I do not know what to say. The members of the Academy have all complimented me about it, in a way I certainly did not expect. Everybody tells me it was one of the points of attraction at the private view, and at the royal visit the king stood longer before it than he did before any other picture. The newspapers have all noticed it, and generally with praise; but ‘povero infelice che so io!’ it does not bring me any commissions, nor does it seem likely to lead to any good. The proverb says, ‘Solid pudding is better than empty praise.’ Now of this said pudding, as yet, I have not got a single slice. Since coming to London, I have been living on the hard-earned crust of my former savings, which is not even buttered by any new patronage or employment, nor is the taste of it made sweet by hope.

“Never was there an Exhibition within my recollection that excited so little interest; and yet there are works in it superior in their class to any I ever saw exposed on its walls. The truth is, art seems to be entirely forgotten in politics. The whole talk is of the anticipated struggle between the people and the aristocracy. The Reform Bill was carried last night in the House of Lords, by a majority of forty-seven. But whether art will ever become fashionable again is rather doubtful. The habits of the people are greatly opposed to it. Marriage is almost at an end amongst the higher and middle classes; single men have neither house nor establishment. They hire a bed-room in a garret, and

live in splendour and in society, at the different club-houses. To these their letters are addressed, and here only they are known.

"I cannot conclude this letter, without again urging upon you to send something next year that shall bear down all opposition. I do not call upon you to abandon your scheme of painting, but I wish the thing accomplished in so effective a way that the white school must submit to be weighed in the balance and found wanting. Kindest remembrances to Mrs. Severn.

"T. UWINS."

"38 Charlotte Street, Fitzroy Square,

"My dear Severn,

Feb. 21, 1833.

"I feel I have dreadfully neglected my Roman friends. I do not know how it is time seems so much shorter in London than in Rome. I still recall you to my memory with a feeling of deep interest, which neither time nor distance can diminish or change; but the multifarious operations into which one is necessarily dragged in this great city, confuse the mind and destroy the tranquillity necessary for communications with friends of happier days. It is good for an artist to be in Italy. Art *here* is a paltry trade, or a matter of despicable intrigue. There is so little patronage, so little money spent in art, that the scrambling to get a share of that little leads men into things of which they would be otherwise ashamed. I often wish myself again in the quiet city you are fortunate enough to in-



habit. The Exhibition now opened at the British Institution is full of costume pictures, but I feel the want of your works. There is nothing in all these things addressed to the imagination. There is no invention, no sentiment, no mind in the whole catalogue; they only prove that the best materials may be put to bad uses, and will go near to disgust the world with Italian subjects. They are not even good enough to carry me back to the country they profess to imitate, but rather have the effect to make me sick of the whole matter, and dispose me to forswear costume subjects for ever. Why do you not send us something? what has become of the 'Sicilian Mariners'? I always hoped to see that in England. But after all, I do not know that the quiet tone and deep feeling that pervades your pictures would be calculated for London exhibition. Everything must be dashing to produce any effect. There is a horrible subject of the 'Veiled Prophet in Lalla Rookh Unveiling Himself.' It is the only picture in the Exhibition at all talked about, and the approbation of the public will lead, as it always does, others into his path; so that for some time to come, our Exhibitions will be filled with nursery goblins and all the monsters of the fairy tales. The painter seems to have power for anything.

"The young men of the present day in England are most powerful painters, but I fear that for this one quality of good painting, other and more essential parts of the art are neglected. It is really wonderful to see the

address with which they put together pictures, which, when examined, have not a single point on which you can dwell; as to drawing, it is a forgotten art. I suppose it will never again be expected to make a part of an English picture, and as to what we call the modelling, rounding, and realising objects, it is never thought of,—a dash of colour is made to stand for everything, on a sort of hit or miss principle, that looks flashy and captivating; and, worst of all, this seems the only quality in a picture the amateurs look after. Even —, whose drawing of animals used to be so powerful, seems to have abandoned the grander class of animal subjects for *still life* and *dead game*, only, as it would seem, to show the magic of his pencil. His dead and wounded birds are painted with an art that nothing in the world ever reached,—our regret is, that he should so prostitute his genius and waste his powers.

“I am getting up the nun subject as large as life, that I painted for Mr. Willes; but I am so dispirited with the present state of things, that I hope nothing. The only picture of mine that has excited any attention is the ‘Saint Manufactory,’ but to my mortification, the qualities the public liked in it were such as I am not disposed to repeat. It was its grotesque and whimsical character to which its great success was owing, and people expect me to go on painting subjects for which I have no feeling. The public is the worst of tyrants, and to this tyrant we are all here obliged to bow. Happy you, the select few, who have chosen the better part. You are able to follow out your own inclinations, without

being called upon to administer to the caprice and folly of the town.

"In England, the Sketching Society is almost my only pleasure. It is kept up with as much energy as ever. We have now amongst its members two academicians and two associates, and we meet every week without interruption.

"We expect to see your picture of the 'Falconer,' at Suffolk Street this year. It looks extremely well at Westmacott's house.

"Pray write to me. Tell me about Mrs. Severn and the little ones. Tell me what you are doing,—'works of days past, and morrow's next design.' The immense size of London makes it as desolate as a wilderness. To find out your friends is difficult, to enjoy them impossible. Is my 'Saint-maker' arrived in Rome? or is it destroyed in its way, or stopped at the custom-house, or gone to the bottom of the sea? It seemed to me a foolish thing having such a picture out in Italy. It was intended for England, and in England only could it be relished. However, every man must do what he likes with his own. I am still, as you say, commissionless. All people who knew me in Italy, avoid me as if I had the plague; so that whatever others may have done, I have done nothing for myself by going there. I am beginning here to make a new reputation, just like a young man of twenty. Art in England has said its last dying speech. The sailor-king, the Reform Bill, and the real distress of the country, have finished it.

"T. UWINS."

"My dear Uwins,

"Rome, August 16, 1833.

"Your letter is a 'facer;' I am floored by it; not so much about my picture, as the cause of us Anglo-Romans in our native country. You shut us from all regeneration, you all but damn us. It is of our works entering England, 'Lasciate ogni speranza, voi che intrate.' Here am I, like the flogged under the hand of the flogger; I first gave my left and then my right shoulder, and now in my Campagna picture, I have given you the full range of my back, and you are still not content, but tell me I must turn my face about and come to England, when it will be all over with me. It shows how far I am from the mark, for in this picture I was flattering myself that I had profited by all your kind remarks, and that you would have found something more than usual in it to praise, or at least to find fault with. But no; I looked in vain to the end of your letter, and found that you had not condescended a single remark, either on that or the 'Sicilian Mariners.' You treat my picture as though it were a bale of un-marketable goods, which was so far below the mark that it had not found in your good opinion or that or 'this side uppermost.' Now I beg to tell you, that it is marketable, and that had it not been *sold*, I should not have sent it to England.

"Touching the charge you bring against us of despising every iota of art in England I plead 'not guilty.' 'Tis impossible that any one can esteem more highly than I do the works of Wilkie, Callcott, Leslie, Etty,

Turner, Newton, &c. I have never ceased to think them amongst the first of painters ancient or modern. I may have sometimes answered your own accounts of the Exhibition, with remarks I have heard from English noblemen, unfavourable, but at the same time in them mere caprice. This does not affect my opinion a bit, and I know that if I were to come to England to-morrow I should find the works of these great men full of the high powers which I know them to have. I have said that I cared not to paint for the Exhibition whilst I could not see it; but I shall say otherwise when I come to see it.

"My journey to Venice has, I trust, done me good; I made some eleven finished copies by means of a looking glass reflecting the sun on the picture, which lightens up every darkness; it shows the very colours underneath; it showed things in the 'Peter Martyr' that nobody had seen before, every leaf and branch in the trees, and *another angel*. I was fascinated with Venice, and think that the perpetual freshness of effect it presents must have been one cause of the freshness always in the Venetian pictures. I have not courage to tell you what I'm doing now, you have so flogged me with indifference.

"Your's sincerely,

"JOSEPH SEVERN.

"My children are a great pleasure to me, and at this summer time I am without them, and I am quite miserable; think of my wanting them in my studio!"

"Paddington Green,  
Oct. 13, 1834.

"Dear Severn,

"There seems a disposition in this country to encourage fresco painting in the way of decoration of houses and public buildings. Lane (Signor Giovanni), Dyce, and Zephaniah Bell have all done something towards introducing it, and Wilkie is quite hot about it. I do not mean that he thinks of it himself. It is too late in life for him to begin new walks; but he recommends all the young men to turn their attention to it. Nothing is so likely to improve the style of design as the adoption of fresco painting. All art in this country has hitherto fallen into portrait painting. The most exalted hopes of aspiring genius have dwindled away to coat, waistcoat and breeches. But the severity of fresco will demand another course of study. The Sistine Chapel, the Stanzas of the Vatican, and the works now in progress at Munich must be considered the standard authorities — 'the mark' of those on whom these better days shall dawn. Even now I think the patronage greater than the merit that claims it. Encouragement is not so much wanted as are painters to deserve it. When any work of real excellence is produced there are many claimants for it immediately. — is obliged to keep a list in which his commissions stand in rotation. Were you here the case would be the same with you. The richness and originality of your inventions would give you a rank above all your competitors. I say, were you here, because I know from the experience of — (not to

mention myself) that were you to finish a picture here you would make it a very different work from what you are content with in Rome. For myself, I am still engaged in what you call costume pictures; I paint only what I have seen. Whatever I have done this way has found a market, and what is more agreeable to me than all is, the market has been composed of strangers; persons whom I have never before known, and sometimes know nothing of after the purchase. This was the case with the 'Festa of Pie di Grotta' in last Exhibition: it was bought by Lord Normanton, through his agent Mr. Seguiet, and to this day I do not know his lordship. I am proud of these things, as it proves the little reputation I have is fairly gotten. I have thrown myself on the public without the support of patronage or the intervention of private friends.

"I do not know anything that would give me more pleasure than coming out again to see you. I should have been in Rome before this had they made me a member of the Academy. But I have now commenced housekeeping as my new address will explain to you.

"T. UWINS."

"10 Paddington Green, Monday,

"Dear Severn,

July 25th, 1836.

"In England it is quite impossible to execute works of any size. The bishops will not allow them in churches, government laughs at them, and as for poor King Billy he does not know a picture from a window-

shutter. So we are in a hopeful way. Some societies have been attempted on the German lottery scheme; but they buy only small works, because it would be of no use to award prizes to people who have not places to bestow them. In these small things there is no want of talent. Mulready exhibited a picture of a subject I am almost ashamed to set down, 'Lending a Bite,' but painted and drawn in a style worthy of the very highest walks of art. Wilkie is the only man who ventures to paint large. He gives us a picture of Buonaparte and Pius the Seventh in the celebrated scene which took place at Fontainebleau, the figures life size. It is one of those subjects that do not tell their own story, and therefore must be considered as portraits of celebrated characters. Wilkie (I should say Sir David) is subject to strange vagaries. There was a time when his pictures were so intelligible that a word in the catalogue was sufficient for them, and now a whole history scarcely suffices to put you in possession of his meaning. There were some strange incongruities in the picture. Buonaparte in his great coat and great cocked hat on his head. This could never be. Napoleon was never so wanting in the proprieties of things as to stand covered before the head of the Church. I saw some Frenchmen looking at the picture, who were perfectly shocked for the credit of their emperor. They would have pulled Sir David's nose if they could have got at him. The picture had some finely painted parts, but as a whole was weak and inefficient. Your young Scotch friend Dyce sent a



good picture on the grand scale, 'The Descent of Venus,' from Jonson's Masque, and this is the end of the list. Hilton had nothing, and Etty only little things. —, though not so conspicuous as in former years, maintains his character for simplicity, grace, sentiment, and purity of colour. I forgot to tell you of a twenty feet picture by Stanfield, of the 'Battle of Trafalgar;' but this can hardly be called historical. For myself I painted two pictures of so gloomy a character that, though they served as a good contrast to the roses and lilies of the Exhibition, they have put no money into my pocket; and I am at this moment without a single commission or anything to look forward to in the shape of profit but portraits of ladies and gentlemen, and flashy drawings for speculating publishers; in truth, I am always obliged to labour three parts of the year at things of mere trade to get the fourth part of it at liberty for doing something worth doing. I envy you Romans, who can do what seemeth you best. Works done under the disadvantages which London artists have to struggle with can hardly take a high rank. I must say my astonishment was great at finding from your letter that any travellers had spoken well of me.

"I have lately been through Belgium. What glorious works of Rubens and Vandyke are still to be found in those favoured regions. I cannot say much for the modern professors. But in Paris great things indeed are doing. Leo the Tenth and the Medici sink into nothing in comparison with Louis-Philippe. The ate-

liers of all the artists are filled with canvas forty feet long. Your great dragon is a miniature picture in comparison. Palaces and churches are being filled with works of historic art. In the midst of all this employment Horace Vernet is gone off to Petersburg. *Si dice*, that he demanded of the King some title and distinction above the common ribbon of the Legion of Honour, which being refused he sent all his commissions back to his Majesty and immediately set off to Russia!

“Encouragement cannot produce genius, but it can aid in developing it. Many really grand works are growing out of this hot-bed of patronage. I saw a picture in the studio of Scheffer that would do credit to any age. The contrast between what I saw at Paris and what I see at home makes England appear still more than ever deplorable; our government does worse than nothing, and as to a reformed house of parliament, if it is to be ruled by the tasteless, whence is the shadow of a hope to come?

“P.S.—I am delighted to hear of Mrs. Severn and your happy family. I wish, like you, I had had courage enough to marry in early life. I am quite sure it is the best thing a man can do morally and intellectually.

“T. UWINS.”

“10 Paddington Green,

May 24th, 1838,

“Dear Severn

“When you talked of coming at Easter, I thought of sparing myself the labour of a letter, and thanking you

for your congratulations *in propria persona*. But your Easter is as long a coming as the protracted *Pasque* of an old sinner. To save my own conscience then from reproach, I have procured a sheet of thin paper, with a well-nibbed pen, and an hour before me to gossip in — and so here goes!

“First, as to the Academy and elections, &c., you are altogether on the wrong scent. I had ceased to make it an object of wish or hope. Feeling that owing to many unfortunate circumstances I had degraded (according to university phrase) in my art — that I should not go up with my peers, with men of my own standing, I had determined not to go up at all. It was the Radicals that forced me into it. I had scarcely arrived in England when I was waited on by a deputation of the blackguards, telling me that the time had arrived to ruin the Royal Academy, and calling on me to join their infernal councils, and commence forthwith the work of destruction. This was the moment of decision. There was but one course for a man of honour. I set down my name immediately as a candidate for the associate’s degree, determined to stand or fall with the Institution from which I had derived education, protection, and kindness. I was immediately, and to myself unexpectedly, elected. And I have been advanced to the highest degree quite as soon as was consistent with the justice due to men of longer standing and higher claims. The Academy has done more for me than I had any right to hope or expect; and let me say it to their

honour, I have never made any attempt in any shape to procure influence by other means than exhibiting my works from year to year, and challenging open rivalry and competition. Yes, in my own person I stand a living and triumphant No! to all the lying charges that have been brought against the Institution by the most contemptible and paltry party that ever dared to dictate to the world on matters of art since art first started into existence. It did not suffice to H——, and E——, and B——, to be quacks in politics, but they must put their hoofs into sacred places, and try to trample on all that gives grace and interest to humanity. Happily their course has received a little check. They are now shrinking into their dens, and lying in wait for some new opportunity of mischief.

“But to more agreeable matters. Your pictures make a decided and interesting point in our annual exhibitions. All the world is talking of them. The ‘Crusaders’ is my favourite. I consider it the very best work your hand has produced, or rather your mind. It is in truth a noble composition, full of deep romantic feeling, full of expression and enthusiastic character; and to every other fine quality it adds the peculiar charm of appearing like a work of the age of chivalry. —— has a picture of Gaston de Foix of the same high character. To speak the truth, I must say I do not like the sketch for the large picture half so well as the ‘Crusaders.’ It aims at a higher walk of art, and I do not think quite accomplishes its object. Perhaps it is prejudice, but I

seem to require in such works a larger and grander style of drawing, as well as a simpler and more pure plan of composition. There is a bungling of forms about the tree (or rock, for I hardly know which it is) and the dragon which produces a most unlucky confusion — but I dare say all this is better studied in the larger picture.

“The ‘Venetian Carnival Scene’ is very graceful and beautiful, and the little ‘Ariel’ is a perfect gem. One of our great men (Beckford) fell in love with this little picture, and not being able to get it, I called his attention (through his agent) to the ‘Carnival,’ but he considers the price too high, and he makes it a decided principle not to offer less, or to enter into any treaty with artists on such matters. I have tried to find what he would give, but it is impossible; he is shut up as close as a Bramah lock, and says he has dismissed the whole matter from his mind. It would have been a very agreeable thing to me to have been able to tell you I had sold your picture.

“Of the character of the Exhibition generally, I can say little in praise. The whole course of taste is wrong. Vulgarities and what they call ‘utility’ are the order of the day. Grace, and beauty, and sentiment, all that belongs to the poetry of art, is out of fashion. Where will all this end?

“In the midst of the confusion of this mighty city I sigh for the tranquillity of Rome. But for the necessity of taking a decided part in opposition to the influence that is abroad in the world, I should have been back

amongst you long ago. Now (if I live) the two next years will be occupied with the affairs of the Royal Academy (as I serve immediately on the council), and after that time I shall be too old for change. Our friend Havell talks of the north of Italy this summer. He goes on selling his pictures at country exhibitions, at five, ten, and fifteen guineas a piece. His principle is to meet and not to attempt to force the market. Cheap art is the order of the day. The Radicals are establishing schools by which every chimney sweeper's son, and every shoemaker's shopboy, is to be made an artist; so that, though —— has not succeeded in destroying the Royal Academy, he has had eminent success in sowing the seeds of destruction far and wide through the whole circle of art. This is the true infernal principle. The devil could not enjoy Paradise, and therefore set about destroying it.

“Will you thank Ewing (if you see him) for his kind letter, and tell him I will write soon, and will you thank Miss Mackenzie for her recollection of me? I do not know how it is, but I never seem to have spirit here to write letters — the wear and tear of nerves from the irritation of what is around and about us unhinges the mind from its best sympathies, and destroys the most interesting associations. You are quite right in staying where you are. Addio.

“THOS. UWINS.

“My kindest remembrances to Mrs. Severn.”

"My dear Uwins,

"Rome, March 12, 1839.

"As I must have troubled and bored you to such an extent when I was in London, I have had certain compunctious visitings as to writing to you so soon, although it was to have the pleasure of thanking you again and again for your great kindness to me during my three months' trance-like visit to my native place after so long an absence; but now as I have some interesting matters to discuss, I am glad of such a pretence to have a little gossip with you on some of our favourite subjects. In the first place allow me to assure you that I have been wishing for you here all the winter, and indeed am sure you would not only have enjoyed the fine things I wanted to share with you, but also that you would have turned it to great account. It was an autumn day when I got back (18th Oct.) that belonged to paradise, Rome surpassed herself in beauty, and more or less this was continued all the winter. To make it more palatable both for painting and pocket, there has been a most brilliant turn out of courteous foreigners, mostly English. How pleased you would have been with their attention to the arts, though more in admiring than buying. (I remember your saying that solid pudding had to do with imaginative arts.)

"They all say here that my visit to England has done me infinite good, that I paint twice as well and three times as quick; of course I am glad to hear and believe this. As to the quickness, certainly I have had the gratification of completing my historical work of 'Rienzi'

(of which I spoke to you) in four months, having had to read ten large volumes of Italian history, &c., though an agreeable task. Such a power of application I never felt before, and this I could indulge as I shut myself up to see how much I was equal to. I showed it three days when it was done, 1st, 2nd, and 3rd of March, and the English crowded at least two hundred a day to see it, and these of the highest ranks. Pardon me telling you all this about myself, I mention it rather to prove to you a growing interest for historical painting; for you see I am vain enough to consider myself an historical painter.

“Now be it known to you that I am flattering myself with the idea of setting off on the 20th of April to London (also to see the Paris Exhibition on my way which shuts the last day), and as I am filled with the kind reception I met with before, and now really come to finish my visit, and betimes, perhaps, as I shall arrive in time, if such a thing were in any way possible, the council of the Royal Academy might honour and gratify me with an invitation to their private view. I won't say to their grand dinner, as I believe that is for the patrons of art, &c., but as I am sadly ignorant of these matters, you in your great kindness will not only set me right, but procure for me any enjoyment or advantage in your power. My picture of ‘Rienzi’ I have sent for your Exhibition, where I was treated so well and too well last year. I should not wonder but on the last day of March, if you should by chance pass Biggs's frame shop in Conduit



Street, you will there see 'Rienzi' ready, and when you write you'll tell me how you like it compared with my last. I hope your beautiful work of the 'Naples Vintage' for Lord Lansdowne will be in the Exhibition, as I admired it greatly, and also I hope you have been painting 'The Knights finding Rinaldo and Armida' (the Bower of Bliss), of which I liked so much the sketch.

"Thompson told me of your kindness about my Venetian masque. Yours very sincerely,

"J. SEVERN."

"My dear Uwins,

"Rome, July 6th, 1839.

"The number of fine things I am hearing about you, of your numerous works, of their uncommon beauties, and above all, of the caressing manners of that coy step-mother the public, are all so gratifying, that I cannot resist my little and distant mite of congratulation. Now I shall be glad to learn that all this is not only tip-toe fame, but also loads of solid pudding to you, that your country people at last feel how they have neglected the artist who ought to be their darling, and that for the future you may bestow your works as the Grand Sultan does his handkerchief.

"What I most regret is, that my suspended journey will make me lose your usual invaluable letter about the Exhibition, which I seem to stand more in need of this year than ever before, as I cannot collect anything like an individual idea of the defects of 'Rienzi.' As it is rather a bold attempt, you will easily understand how

interesting and useful will be your speaking out about it as you generally do about my works. What would I give if I could come and discuss the thing with you ; but 'tis impossible, as I am in the midst of extensive works going on so much slower than my promises about them, that I fear the result. The fact is, I have not worked lately with my usual spirit, but have gone on doggedly.

“One thing I ought to make known to you, that owing to the future education of my two sons, surrounded with difficulties as it is by my remaining here, and the health of my dear wife, who is evidently suffering from the climate, *I have serious thoughts of returning to take my chance in England* ; indeed, could I secure a ten years' commissions in history painting, I would set off directly. I have not yet decided on anything, but as the evil is increasing which I must remedy, soon my mind must be made up, and then farewell Rome.

“Yours very sincerely,

“J. SEVERN.”

“10, Paddington Green,  
Aug. 3, 1839.

“My dear Severn,

“Perhaps the difficulty of the task you have imposed upon me has caused the delay in answering your letter. Criticism on any work of art has relation to so many things, and after all is so much affected by the prejudices of the critic, that the approbation or censure of an individual can be of little importance. I like the conception and plan of your picture of ‘Rienzi’ very much.

"No picture of yours exhibited in London has ever excited more attention or called forth more admiration from all whose opinions are worth having than the 'Antient Mariner.' In conception, in colour, and in execution, it is equally admirable. All the painters I have heard speak of it unite in one voice of praise. In truth, this picture stood alone, and I felt it my duty to thank Sir T. Acland for the exertions he had used in obtaining a work which had given a new character to the Exhibition.

"About your return to England I can offer no advice. The long stay you made last season will have enabled you to judge for yourself. I should like to see a knot of 'brave spirits' sufficiently powerful in their union to inoculate the British public with the taste for what is poetical in art. Perhaps if you come you will assist in spreading the infection. Everything is sadly behind the point now, and the Radicals are trying to root out even the little virus that is circulating in our veins.

"Next to *the man who shot the albatross*, E—— and Mulready did most to redeem our character in the Exhibition. I forget if you saw the commencement of Leslie's 'Coronation.' He is now completing the picture, and so beautiful a treatment of a subject, which in ordinary hands would be parade or ceremony, I have never seen by any painter ancient or modern. The young Queen stripped of her ornaments, and placed on her knees before the altar, produces an arrangement as picturesque as it is affecting.

“Of the four painters who have taken up this interesting event, all have chosen different points of time. — has placed the crown on the head of the Queen and made the rest of the party raising their coronets to their noddles. — chooses the moment before putting on the crown, with man woman and child all bolt upright like leeks in a garden. — makes Lord Rolle tumble on his nose, and the little Queen straddle forth to take him up. To Leslie only did it occur that the taking the Sacrament was the moment of real and sublime interest — the moment which calls forth the sympathies of the subjects of a Christian Queen, and is responded to by every heart throughout Her Majesty’s dominions. This picture will form a point of attraction in the next Exhibition for which I hope you will be getting ready a counterpart. I can assure you it is a most affecting thing; and though filled with accurate portraits, there is a simplicity maintained through the whole which gives it a highly historic, I was going to say poetic, character.

“My paper is filled. I can only ask to be remembered to our mutual friends. I have neglected everybody! The letters I ought to have written to Miss Mackenzie, Mr. Stisted, and others who have taken a kind interest in my happiness, rise up before me in my dreams, and haunt my waking thoughts. I feel myself the most ungrateful of human beings. The perpetual whirl of London is a horrid destroyer of our best sympathies. In Rome there is time for everything, in London for nothing,

except to thank you for your valuable present received by the hands of Blewitt, and to say how faithfully I remain yours,

“T. UWINS.”

The remaining letters were all written after Mr. Severn had returned to live in England. The first relates to the fresco painting in the summer-house at Buckingham Palace, and explains itself.

“My dear Severn,      “Wednesday, July 26, 1843.

“The mystery you speak of is not mine; I have no power to take any one through the impenetrable walls of the palace. One of your peers, a learned cartoon prize-man with delicate blue eyes, and mustachios on his upper lip, came in the shape of a colourman’s boy, under pretence of measuring the space for the exact making of Landseer’s cartoon. I am afraid even this scheme cannot be repeated; but curiosity will always have some contrivance to attain its object. One thing I can tell you of our miniature Vatican is, that Maclise, who never touched fresco till he began this lunette, is painting it more perfectly than ever I have yet seen it, ancient or modern; and that Landseer’s first specimen is a piece of magic that seems more like dealing with the devil than any human attempt to overcome, to others, almost insuperable difficulties. From all I have seen, however, it seems to me as little likely we shall want foreigners to paint our frescoes, as foreigners to

fight our battles. There is to be a competition on this matter announCED by the commission, and then you will have your long-desired opportunity of dealing with lime and plaster. The hope of employment in this case will be the only reward. There are to be no more golden prizes.

“The shut up state of art here is more arising out of the nature of the great wilderness in which we live than any indisposition to communicate; this will be much altered when men get together on the same scaffold, and work day by day cheek by jowl. Lord Brougham, fearful perhaps of such a result, took much pains in the House last night to tell the artists that the economical necessities of Parliament would nip all their hopes in the bud; and that in spite of the doings of the commission, there would certainly be no doings in the Palace at Westminster. This is one of the comforts of popular government. Oh! for a tyranny in England! Art never flourishes except where the people are ruled by despotic power.

“Of my own miniature fresco at the Prince’s little house I have nothing to say; that which is knocked off by your great geniuses without an effort, is always to me a matter of labour and difficulty. It is certainly a very roundabout and imbecile process that requires the head to be done without the body, and the trunk without the members. All the poetry of mere execution in which oil painting abounds is entirely at an end. There is, however, a poetry of a higher kind within the grasp of fresco, and after all, it is not the material but the

mind that will give to any mode of execution a title to durability.

“I will take order that a ticket be sent you.

“Yours ever,

“T. UWINS.”

The next letter relates to the agreeable manner in which Mr. Uwins was made surveyor of pictures to Her Majesty in the room of Sir Augustus Callcott.

“Victoria Road, Kensington,  
Jan. 30, 1845.

“Dear Severn,

“It is now many years since you and I have lived in friendly intercourse, and in the exchange of mutual kindness, uninterrupted on either part by the smallest occasion of uneasiness. You may judge therefore how anxious I must be, in answer to your letter of cordial congratulation, to set you right on one or two points connected with the situation in the Queen's household which I now enjoy. Believe me then, my dear Severn, when I say that I did not make one move towards the court at Callcott's death; to be his successor was a thing that never entered my sleeping or waking visions. The Queen had in the most marked manner nominated me to the Library, in opposition to a rival candidate of equal claims, and I was satisfied. This little certainty, small as it is, at my age becomes an affair of no small importance; besides, it is an agreeable duty, and keeps up my connection with all that is good in art, and

enables me to give the experience of a life to the rising students and candidates for fame. But when a messenger came from the Lord Chamberlain to offer me, on the part of Her Majesty, the place vacated by Callcott's death, I was so much taken by surprise, that I really thought it some mischievous trick to impose upon and laugh at me. I took the letter in my hand to Eastlake, who assured me that he well knew Lord de la Warr's handwriting; that I might rely on the authenticity of the document; and had nothing to do but write my humble acceptance of the Queen's gracious offer.

"This I did, and besides the formal acceptance sent to the Chamberlain, I wrote (by advice) to Mr. Anson, the private secretary, which enabled me to thank Her Majesty for both offices at the same time. Mr. Anson answered that he had laid my letter before the Queen, and had received the Prince's commands to say His Royal Highness would appoint an early day for personal communication.

"This is positively all I know of the matter. In the meantime the documents have been forwarded in the Chamberlain's office, and I have been regularly sworn in and gazetted as an officer of Her Majesty's household.

"Now whether this grace be spontaneous on the part of the Queen, or whether any friend of mine has had any part in it, I have no means of knowing. Sir R. Peel has had some opportunities of knowing me personally, has invited me to his table, and has always been friendly. But I should just as much have thought of



applying to the man in the moon as the right hon. baronet and prime minister. I know of nobody else who by any accident was likely to name me in the ear of Her Majesty. The President of the Academy says he has no doubt, from the Queen's manner when he took my name up with the other candidates for the Library, that this second appointment is likewise her own spontaneous act.

"One little matter has happened since which rather leads me to the same conclusion, but of this I cannot speak. If any friend have unknown to me taken any part in it, I hope I shall not be kept in ignorance of my obligation, or prevented from expressing it."

The rest of the letter is missing.

"Eglinton Castle, Ayrshire,  
Feb. 15, 1845.

"My dear Uwins,

"As, on my return to London, which will be soon, I shall rush into the noise and hard life there, I fear I may have no opportunity to thank you, or comment on the interesting letter you so kindly wrote me here, so I snatch the pleasure now, in the midst of every kind of ease and gaiety, such as exist in this paradise.

"I cannot tell you how gratified I have been every time I have thought of you and of the pleasant details that all conduced to the one deserving and soothing object of your appointment; for I may repeat again that all the twenty years since first you put your arm on my shoulder on our meeting we have been kindred

spirits, and I am gratified to find remain so; though I will say, away from our personal friendship, your career till now has been very painful to me, for I had always associated you with Stothard for the mere artistic power which so fascinated me; and you were his superior in my estimation, as you had greater imagination. I had with me many of your beautiful designs in books, which I still delight to look at, and am still unchanged in my admiration of; yet withal, you were always left behind a hundred others, your competitors, whom I did not care a straw for. This, as I was striving up the steep 'where fame's proud temple shines afar,' was very discouraging and hopeless, so that now what you tell me of the Queen having a drawing of yours, and telling you so, and appointing you to a place of distinction and profit, whilst it could be of use to you, is to me wonderful and most gratifying. I cannot say how marvellous I think it, and how delightful such news is to me, as it has fallen on the friend who has been my speculation for so many years.

"Our fates now reverse, for I know you always regarded me as fortunate in comparison with yourself, and by your friendship often helped to make me so; but your London career has gently been inclining to the better, until you accomplished the good. I fear mine is tending all the wrong way, and is leaving me nothing but the warmth of my own poor feeling, such as I feel just now in your success."

## CORRESPONDENCE

WITH

SIR CHARLES L. EASTLAKE.

THE following letters extend over the space of time only in which both Mr. Uwins and Mr. (now Sir Charles) Eastlake were in Italy. They need but a short introduction, and are almost entirely on subjects more interesting to those who make the art of painting a matter of profession, or those who are accustomed to think on what they see, than to the general reader. Still there is much that is indirectly personal of Thomas Uwins, especially towards the close of the series, where some letters, in reply to Mr. Eastlake, are inserted. The letter of Mr. Eastlake on the death of Sir Thomas Lawrence will claim the attention of all.

The first letter from Rome to Mr. Uwins in Naples contains remarks on the distinguishing qualities of every art.

The next, a fragment on the constraint each artist receives from his own nature, whatever may be his theory.

The third administers consolation to Mr. Uwins under such visitations as those of Mr. and Mrs. C——e, spoken of also in a letter to Mr. Severn.

The fourth is on light and colour, relatively, with a few words on the portraits of Sir Thomas Lawrence in conclusion.

The fifth, Mr. Eastlake's election as Associate of the Royal Academy.

The sixth, a fragment — Italian idioms.

The seventh, hotness and coldness in pictures; questions of *degree*; Sir David Wilkie's experiment.

The eighth, extract of a letter from Sir Thomas Lawrence.

The ninth is from Mr. Uwins, on the difficulty of excluding vulgarities from compositions of a domestic character.

The tenth, from Mr. Eastlake, on the death of Sir Thomas Lawrence.

The eleventh, Mr. Eastlake elected R.A.

The twelfth, from Mr. Uwins — a last word — on finishing pictures — and on *small* pictures.

The thirteenth, from Mr. Eastlake, on *large* and *small* pictures.

The fourteenth, from Mr. Eastlake, who pursues the subject of *large* and *small* pictures.

The fifteenth, from Mr. Uwins — abandons the defence of *small* pictures, except for whole length portraits.

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“At Florence I was prepared by Kirkup for the character that I should meet with in Mr. Eastlake,

I met Mr. Prout, the Plymouth artist, and it was he who introduced me to him. I shall never forget the first day I passed with these two gentlemen in Rome.

"The knowledge of history and antiquity of Rome in all its different ages and states, the general intelligence on all subjects displayed by Mr. Eastlake, made an impression upon my mind which every day that I have known him has led to the increase of my admiration for him. He was then painting a picture for the Duke of Devonshire, which is now at Chatsworth. This was followed by commissions from everybody of rank and consequence. He was admired by all the German students in art, being, as he was, a finished German scholar. He was intimate with the French students as well as professors, and he was an object of interest likewise to the Italian artists.

"It may easily be imagined how interesting the society of such a man must have been to me under these circumstances, and what a blank Rome would have been without him. His friendship followed me to England, and all my feelings in regard to him are those of admiration and gratitude.

"Besides meeting a fellow-student in Kirkup at Florence, I met at Rome with Richard Cook, R.A.; Mr. Lane, who was patronised by Lord De Dunstanville; Joseph Severn, and Wyatt, whom I consider the best sculptor of the age, all fellow-students.

"T. UWINS.

"Staines, Dec. 12, 1856."

“ My dear Sir,

“ Rome, November, 1825.

“ I was on the point of writing to you when your very agreeable letter arrived. I have not yet told you that a month ago, on my return from the country, I found a letter from your brother (of the Bank), who had been a little anxious from not hearing from you. I answered your brother's letter, and told all the good news of you I had learnt. Your brother thought, and so think I, that you are not cautious enough in your observations on the religion and government of the countries you are in, and hence your letters may have *miscarried*. I know at Naples there is much more surveillance than here.

“ As to the criticisms of the native artists, you may well smile at them; indeed, your greatest trial will be to preserve any feeling of humility in the midst of such competitors. This is one of the great evils of living abroad, we must always be thinking of the best specimens of English art, and what English artists look to as models of excellence. Many a young man, since my residence here, has passed for a colourist, and, what is worse, has thought himself so, by the dangerous comparison of inferior talent with his own. I am more than ever convinced that the taste which Sir Joshua infused into the English school is the proper *style* of painting. Every art has its grand quality, its characteristic excellence, arrived at by a very simple process of reasoning, for its strength will obviously consist in that which is unattainable by the other arts. We can hence come to no other conclusion than that colour, expression, and

composition are among the strongholds of painting. The two last are less attainable by sculpture, and the *first* is evidently the *sine quâ non*.

"I find all the great names in art (except, perhaps, M. Angelo, who is alone in genius as well as in style) are acknowledged to be excellent in some one of the exclusive qualities of painting. There is no period in modern art when the arts have respectively maintained their relative independence; it is here we must really admire the ancients; their poetry never descends to the description of forms and colours in detail, and their art, which we acknowledge to possess the truest poetry, is always sufficiently definite.

"Yours ever,

"C. L. E."

"Rome, Saturday (undated).

"I believe we agree about the use of the *immutable* in imitation, but how seldom subjects are treated which need whatever is defined to be the highest style. I am more and more convinced that art is not to be fettered by theories, but it must and will be always fettered by peculiar feeling; and though each man takes but a branch, he does most wisely to follow *that* out.

"The individual must, however, always admit that it is but a branch, and another's views may be equally true, and certainly are as sincerely believed in. Neither French, Germans, Italians, nor English are all right, nor are they all wrong.

“Severn was married a week ago, at Florence; his general reason for marrying was curious, ‘Why should I be debarred from a happiness which every cobbler enjoys, for fear of not getting money enough?’

“C. L. E.”

“My dear Sir,                      “Rome, Wednesday, June, 1826.

“I wish you would come here (though not just now, for the weather is said to promise an unwholesome summer), and I would try to turn all the minor streams of your discontent into that great ocean of anxiety — our profession. In his painting room let a man fret as much as he pleases, but having done his best, provided he can live, what matters it to him what Mrs. A. and Mrs. B. say? The difficulties of painting, independent of intrigues (which he has nothing to do with), are such as can alternately excite his hope and enthusiasm, and embitter his life; if he could live for this pursuit alone, his life would still be an enviable one; but he is always interested in something besides; depend on it, the blue devil, who is our evil genius, is jealous of any miseries not picked off the palette, and it is there a painter must expect to find them, and they diminish by being encountered.

“C. EASTLAKE.”

“My dear Sir,                      “Rome, Sept. 28th.

“Since I have been at Venice, and since I have seen the wonderfully coloured pictures of the early German



or rather Netherlands school, I am more than ever convinced that the *highest* style of colour is not representing the sun, but the hues of objects (which extreme light as well as extreme shade destroy); but although I hold this opinion I have the utmost admiration of works of art which represent the effects of light so finely as those of Havell and one or two artists in England. A German writer, who says the arts only flourished so long as they had a religious character, asserts that landscape was invented by the least religious school, or at least carried to perfection by the greatest painter of that school, Titian. This is fanaticism; but it is remarkable that the early landscape painters adhered to the local colours of nature, only admitting the effects of the sun in the extreme distance, as if light was permitted to display itself when it had nothing distinct in nature to display; and it is remarkable that Claude, who first ventured to paint the light as a subject, is censured by the *ancients* for corrupting the colours of nature by the mutable accidents of light and shade, and by the *moderns* for not giving sufficiently the effect of sunlight. I have no doubt in my own mind that his great merit consists in preserving the integrity of local colour, *notwithstanding* the admission of lively light upon it, a merit as great as that of Rembrandt, Reynolds, and Corregio in uniting colour with shade. If this is true, it would appear that mankind will always be most satisfied with an intelligible representation of the *constant* qualities of nature, and perhaps the most difficult

and admirable art would be that which preserves these unimpaired by accidents of light if introduced; the old masters were evidently afraid to introduce *them*.

"Since seeing Turner's works again, I have thought that the great step made by the English school of the present day is in representing the effects of light more perfectly than ever, and I have no doubt that Turner and his worthiest compeers will be remembered for this (to say nothing of their other merits).

"But while I am more fascinated than most people by them, I cannot help reflecting how different and inferior this voluptuous style is to the imitation which does not confound forms and colours with their cause, and which professes to touch human beings, by the meaning representation of the most interesting objects in nature, not to exhibit that which only serves to exhibit *them*.

"But this is not a fair statement, this would be the last abuse (an abuse into which some fall); but the painters I have mentioned have colour, beautiful incident, and character and feeling besides their *innovation*; yet I think, as I have said and I am sure, their imitators will miss all that dignifies them. Turner will be here in a few days and will perhaps occupy a spare study I have got; at any rate he will paint a large picture, perhaps two. I talk too confidently even within range of the magician's circle, but within it 'none dare walk but he,' and a very few who have felt like him always.

"But what a portrait painter is Lawrence! He is the man who divides the palm with France as to merit, with all the additional influence of elegant manners, cultiva-

tion, and wealth, employed and enjoyed in art. An ornament to his country in every way, and generous as Canova.

“C. L. EASTLAKE.”

“My dear Sir,

“Rome, Nov. 28th.

“Some time since you kindly wished that I might be a member of the Royal Academy, while you had, like myself, doubts as to the possibility of an absentee becoming a candidate. By a letter I have just received from Sir Thomas Lawrence, I learn that I was elected an Associate on the 5th of November, together with Mr. John Chalon, a landscape painter, and a Mr. Lane, an engraver. My name had never been inscribed before, and it is even more gratifying to my feelings than the honour itself, to recollect that it was set down by the generous friendship of Etty, without consulting me, and he wrote to me about two months since to tell me of it, and *apologise* for doing it. The kind politeness of Sir Thomas, you may be sure, communicated the intelligence in a manner which made it doubly pleasing; but among the circumstances he mentions, he says, ‘you were elected by a large majority, and I have never witnessed in the Academy a more general satisfaction than when the result of the ballot was made known.’ I add what follows as interesting to any artist residing abroad. ‘Your competitor was a gentleman of acknowledged talent, and whose immediate connections have a just interest from age and high respectability in the Royal Academy. The question of numbers (though I have

alluded to them) is often matter of chance, and even in your case will not be estimated (I am sure by you) as the true *scale* of comparative ability; but I would not conceal the fact, because it shows you the jealous attention paid by the Royal Academy to the claims of genius and character, however separated from them by absence, and unsupported by those means of influence which the friendships of the candidate when present so naturally create.'

"Who the competitor was I do not know.

"I have not written to you since you took up the yellow system; perhaps by this time you have settled into a view of the subject nearer the truth. Severn has painted the lights of armour without white since his return, and with wonderful success; but I think even he begins to waver a little.

"These decided and bold innovations on the common routine of an artist's practice, however, cannot fail to do good, as they always weaken the power of habit and prejudice, the great enemies to improvement and the pursuit of truth. A French writer justly says, '*les esprits faux ne sont que des esprits bornés*;' all that can keep the mind large and unfettered should be cherished, particularly by a painter. Such liberty is far from leading him into licentious notions of the style of his art generally; on the contrary, we find those painters who are most hemmed in by systems most likely to get into the regions of sculpture or poetry.

"Yours most sincerely,

"C. L. EASTLAKE."

“Marie Grazia is in high spirits, and says she cannot thread a needle, meaning she can do all but—(this is an Italian form of expression. I heard a shepherd once say of his dog, ‘a questo cane manca le parola;’ ’tis Oriental too, ‘Thou madest him lower than the angels,’ means than the angels only).”

Of what was playfully called the hot-cross bun system (Mr. Severn being the ostensible patron) a very responsible profession, deserving to be president of the oven company for carrying baking and browning to the verge of things tolerable, it is written:—

“My dear Sir,

“Rome, Thursday.

“These matters are questions of *degree*, which are the most difficult in art, and not to be understood without immediate comparison with pictures which are considered models of colour. Naples yellow is certainly not so warm as the lightest parts of some of Rembrandt’s pictures. I saw the experiment made by Wilkie once at Angerstein’s, and he and Haydon could not believe their eyes. Wilkie did not open his immediately after the proof; but *now* he is like a devotee, he talks to learned and unlearned and holds his hand (which becomes white paper by the contrast) against Titian’s white drapery. Now what if all this *is* true? A man is surely padrone to paint more coolly if he likes, and most of the painters now living *do* so paint; added to which *the silvery picture kills the golden one in Somerset House.*

“But since Wilkie’s animated harangues on this sub-

ject, and since he wanted 'to make a *compact* with four or five painters to do pictures in this way,' the matter has become a pleasant topic.

"When the modern pictures were exhibited at Pall Mall, where their whiteness was revealed, Wilkie's expression was, 'We are all wrong together;' but after all, if, as Sir Joshua says, the golden manner is the highest (it is certainly most difficult), there remains praise and glory enough for a successful silvery picture *at all times*, but now more especially, because it is the predominant taste of the English school, owing to the frosted windows of Somerset House and the taste of some of our principal living artists.

"Severn is probably at Naples ere this, and with him you can reason and be as *humble* as you will, for he has some theories to teach. By the bye, your *docility* is the most exquisitely sarcastic I ever saw in words. Rivet attention and delight the readers of your pictures as you do those of your letters, and you will be silvery and golden both.

"Sincerely,  
"C. E."

"My dear Sir,

"Rome, Feb. 28, 1829.

"I have heard and rejoiced at hearing of your good fortune, and nothing appears to me more flattering than Sir Thomas's notice. I alluded to it in writing to him a little while ago, and in an answer I have received from him, he says, 'How much, my dear sir, you overrate the expression of my esteem and regard for the talents and

character of Mr. Uwins; he had personally, voluntarily, and greatly obliged me: but it was a *duty* in me to pay respect to his professional attainments by something that would be evidence of my estimation of them. He has besides, like ——, an accomplished mind, and private esteem increases our indignant sense of neglected merit. I have done much too little in return for what I have too fortunately received, and can only hope that those *wishes* will be thought sincere, the attainment of which want of forethought, and worldly (but rational) judgment has sadly fettered. I have ambition to be loved by my profession, but can look only to have credit for my intentions and desires.'

"You remember how I spoke of Sir Thomas's generous character, before I knew that you were another instance. In these things, it is not the patronage, however munificent in him, which touches one so much, as the goodness and thoughtfulness of caring for one at all.

"Yours ever,

"C. L. E."

The next letter, evidently not the next in the series, is from Mr. Uwins to Mr. Eastlake.

"Naples, Oct. 27, 1829.

"Happy man that you are, my dear Eastlake, to be able to say the important words, 'It is done!' Would that I could make my address the echo of the speech (as they do in the House of Commons); that I could say anything is absolutely done! I am tired of complaining

about my eyes, but the explanation forces it upon me. Just as I am bringing a work to a conclusion, the intense application that is necessary to do those important things that are to remain, and by which we are to stand or fall in the opinion of our inexorable judges — the immense call on all the resources of both mind and body which this awful moment occasions — draws down an accumulation of evils on my poor eyes, and just when sight is most valuable I have none left. This is my case at the present moment. I have been labouring to get through a little picture, in which I have been bold enough to attempt your poetic scale of colour; a few days' healthy exertion would complete it, but those few days I cannot give; and I am now trifling away my time on sketches and other matters more as amusement than exertion. I am delighted to hear your determination to give up a walk of art which I have always considered unworthy. I have become more and more convinced, from the few experiments I have made, that the style you have adopted is suited to works of high historic and poetic character and to those works only.

“In the inferior walk, imitation is a point of importance, but in this much imitation is impertinent, and out of place; and this fact proves how entirely the style is elevated. The subject I have tried is one of maternal affection in low life; it is, in fact, a scene in a vineyard.

“You would be amused to know the difficulties I have had to give the necessary indications of labour, without



introducing objects which the tone and style of the thing refused to admit; and, after all, I feel there are some vulgarities in it which make the work inconsistent with itself. All these things you have long proved. You know exactly how far to go, and where to stop; you know the point where imitation becomes vulgarity, and how much of it is necessary to make the proper impression on the imagination. It may happen that I may follow you in some grander attempts. The state of my sight makes it necessary I should work on a larger scale, and low subjects on a large size would be an abomination in all eyes; no conception of character, however accurate, nor perfection of finishing, however complete, could make them tolerable. Unhappily my commissions run too much in this line, but I have not, like you, youth and strength to break through it suddenly; and, worse than all, I have no confidence in my own powers. 'The attempt, and not the deed' would confound me.

"One word more about the grand style, and I have done. If you accomplish it, the thing will be alone in your hands. The Italians have not done it; the French have not done it; the Germans are far short of it (owing to their weakness in colour); and as for the English, it has never entered into their waking dreams. I shall watch your progress, and hang on your footsteps, happy to hail the return of brightness which has been lost for ages; and more happy to see in the dispeller of the clouds a friend whom I esteem and love,

"You would reverse the idea of 'the commanding officer,' if you knew with what scrupulous nicety I have attended to every hint that dropped from your lips when I was last in Rome. The 'five fingered fish' was done away from the 'Festa,' the cold blue in the 'Mandoline Player' changed for a more generous hue, and even a picture you did not see has been changed from a goatherd into a shepherd in consequence of your suggestion. Two goats only are left in the flock, and these, I suppose, would be allowed to remain by the most rigid interpreter of scripture parable.

"Mr. Erskine has been kept out of his pictures, not by my fault. He was kind enough to allow them to go to the 'Annual' and 'Forget Me Not' folks to be engraved. Those *worthy* gentlemen made their application without stopping for my consent or approbation.

"Adieu.—On looking at what I have written, I think I see you smile at my talking so coolly of adopting your style. You would find my picture, were you to see it, as much like yours as you found Havell's works like Rubens'.

"THOS. UWINS."

"My dear Uwins,

"Rome, Feb. 12th, 1830.

"I was going to write to you soon after the news of Sir Thomas Lawrence's death, when your letter arrived with nearly the same feelings as I should have expressed, the same precisely as far as regarded him personally, and I had had no leisure to enter on the hazardous esti-

mate of his high abilities as a painter — you think for yourself always and boldly, and your definition of the character of the great artist we have lost, before conflicting opinions can have settled into that average compromise in which the greatest portion of truth resides, shows your usual *originality*, with your usual daring, but, above all, and it is this which makes your testimony less valid, it exhibits that gratitude which is, of all others, the most disinterested; but you are not alone even if you ARE prejudiced. I only think (it is a grand thing to reflect upon) how different the influence of a few admiring friends, a pleased public, or a proud nation, for a season, for a life, for an age: — how different this influence on the decision of any question is from the cold, inexorable, yet majestic decree, which is to last, and from which there is no appeal. The latter decision is so certain, so steady in its progress, and so ultimately unfailing, that although it seems made up of a mass of opinions, no one seems to have weight; whatever is said, or not said, the truth is arrived at equally. The sentence is passed sooner in affairs of literature, at least in the present age, from the vast number of readers, but the truth must come out; the number of competent judges of the merits of works of art is very small in our country, in any country now, so that a permanent estimate is much more slowly arrived at.

“I consider that the merits of Sir Joshua Reynolds are scarcely yet fixed; the exhibition of his works was interesting to a great many from personal recollections,

and from the competition of the possessors. On the other hand, an adverse party, equally partial, has undervalued a style so much at variance with the present school. The fame of the painter is, however, beginning to rest on a less fluctuating basis; his works are beginning, and only beginning, to be known on the Continent. French artists collect the prints from his portraits and inventions, and the name is beginning to be not unknown, I dare not say familiar, throughout Europe.

“It was no doubt familiar in his lifetime, for he was employed by foreign sovereigns; but that sort of notoriety and influence lasts absolutely only while a man lives. Those who succeed are sure to rival the deceased *then* (except in extraordinary combinations of circumstances, such as Rubens acting as ambassador, Lawrence travelling over Europe to paint the crowned heads, &c.), the mere question of pictorial merit is the point at last. All the vile portraits of kings and great people which we see in galleries were painted by somebody, and no doubt that somebody enjoyed high consideration while he lived; but the details of this sort of distinction are only remembered when the painter has secured his one thing needful.

“If I consider that Sir Joshua’s claims, which I believe to be very high, have not even yet been estimated justly, you may imagine that I have no wish to anticipate such tardy decisions, although I have, like you, my own opinion. Pietro Cammucini, on returning from

England, said that Lawrence's portraits would be very fine things in *two hundred years*, — this was alluding to his colouring; you give him highest praise in a department which at least needs no time to ripen it into anything better — that of character and the essence of portrait-painting. Perhaps the sum of my opinion would be equivalent to yours in quantum of admiration, but the items are different. I suppose modern refinement and fashionable elegance the leading characteristics of his style, and I think the poetry and beau ideal of polished society have never been so well represented; what is effeminate about it is the fault of the age, not his. All his characters are tinged with this *gentle* spirit, and I should therefore disagree with you in thinking his Sir William Curtis 'the patriarch of turtle soup,' — he is too polished. Nothing is more interesting in painting, next to the immense variety of nature, than the equal variety in the mind of her imitators (which, by the by, is so strong an argument against *schools*). Does a portrait painter profess to have no character of his own? or at least, to be able to put it off when he pleases? This is a difficult question, for it seems hard to exclude a portrait painter from conveying an impression of his own character; but think of Shakespeare, who could imagine several of his characters drawn by one and the same hand? The fact is, the poet has the advantage of selecting a character or subject for the exercise of the feelings of a time; a portrait painter is often taken unprepared, and he must be a Proteus in-

deed, if he can change with every sitter. Even the historical painter, from the tediousness of the process of his art, may often find his enthusiasm evaporate, and forget the feeling that led him first to adopt a particular subject. There is then, certainly, no art so difficult as painting, and that being the case, let it increase our respect for the accomplished artist we have lost.

“Yours ever,

“C. L. E.”

“I have just heard that Mr. Shee is chosen to succeed Lawrence.”

“My dear Uwins,

“Rome, March 2, 1830.

“As I could not approve of Esquire and A.R.A. together, with which your courtesy decorated my name in addressing your kind letters to me, I was so fastidious as to desire you to omit one, for which I dare say you thought me very formal; but as I have now, like a tadpole, dropped my tail and stand upon my legs, you may *frog* me as much as you please, and as, moreover, I hope to keep my head above water, I beg you will throw no more stones into the Lago d’Agnano.

“I received a letter from Mr. Howard on Saturday last, informing me that the members of the Royal Academy had done me the honour to elect me an Academician.

“While I think of it, I hope you have destroyed my letter in answer to yours on the style of Sir Thomas

Lawrence, for there was a coldness about it, I afterwards felt, which really did not accord with my feelings. I was trying, like you, to think as I might think a year hence. I do not remember that there was anything disparaging in my estimate of his powers, but I felt that it was too soon to reason on the matter at all, at a time when sorrow and admiration *only* kept each other alive.

"I hope you have at last had accounts from your friends. I felt for you on hearing that you thought of going to England for no other purpose than to be relieved of your anxiety respecting them. You have before now had experience of the uncertainty of the post, and this must account for the silence that surprises you.

"Believe me ever, my dear Uwins,

"Most sincerely yours,

"C. EASTLAKE."

"My dear Eastlake,

"Naples, June 22, 1830.

"Your letters give a man so much to think about, there is no letting you off without a rejoinder. In correspondence it is easy to have the last word. I often think, and as often say, no man owes so much to his brethren in the profession as myself, and amongst the kindnesses I have received, none have been more effective or affecting than the patience with which you have always listened to me, and the instruction you have always been ready to communicate.

“My idea of finishing is, that a picture should appear right at the angle of vision, which takes in the whole. Were you to see the things I have lately done on a larger scale, you would perceive my practice is regulated by this rule, and not, as you seem to suppose, that high-finishing has been adopted by me as a style. I am contemplating a very considerable increase of size; indeed, the state of my sight makes it necessary, and then it will be seen whether my mind be sufficiently firm and my hand sufficiently schooled to adopt just that style which the work demands. Here is the use of this sort of communication, and here I feel the value of your kindness. Your letter calls my attention to the subject just at the proper moment, just when I have finished, *yes, finished!* the works in hand, and am going to enter on others. I agree with you that character is everything, but I think you decidedly wrong in supposing no high qualities of art can be put into a small space. The ancients, in their best gems and cameos, adopted a style of art that gave the objects the size and grandeur of life, though pressed into the circumference of a seal. I am aware of the weak part of the argument, but still the analogy is not so wide as you would make it. Your instances too are out, Terbourg and Wouvermans were both good colourists, and yet they painted as small as anybody. The finishing of Mieris seems to me decidedly wrong, because it makes the objects look little. If young Acton look like a little china man, a jack in a box, I am decidedly wrong; but I almost hope, from



some observations which have fallen from persons looking at it, that this error is avoided.

“I have heard people say, ‘There is a reality, an identity in it.’ ‘He seems to be sitting in a chair, and his foot seems actually to tread on a flat surface.’ On the contrary, when looking at Mieris, I have heard persons say, ‘How beautifully minute! how exquisitely finished!’ exclamations which certainly have not been made before any work of mine.

“After all, whether this be the case or not, there is still something to be said in favour of a *very small* picture. If you should be kicking your heels in a nobleman’s drawing room, waiting the presence of his lordship; and if, after exhausting all that hangs on the walls, and wringing out the dregs of interest from everything in the shape of a picture, you should turn, in a state of hopeless indifference, to the fireside—if at this moment a *very small* work over the mantleshef should revive your attention, and recall your mind to the contemplation of some interesting story, or some new display of art, would you not feel grateful for this reserve of pleasure, which, had it been blazed on a twenty foot canvas, would long ago have been like a tale that is told? There is a sentiment attached to that which must be sought after to be found, oftentimes more touching than that which stands up with lofty pretensions, and seems to say, ‘Come, look at me.’

“You perceive I am shifting my ground, and instead of arguing on the possibility of mind entering into a

small work, I am only claiming for my own productions that indulgence which every father who has been at the trouble of begetting ricketty children would willingly obtain from a despising world. Still one fact must be told, and facts are stubborn things. A young, beautiful, and newly-married lady actually melted in tears on looking at my 'Nun's Last Embrace.' There must be something more than crockery and carpet work to produce this.

"THOS. UWINS."

"My dear Uwins, "Rome, June (1830 post mark).

"I am not surprised at your defending small pictures so manfully, when you have so much reason, I may say, to be grateful to them. You owe your reputation as a *painter* to such works, and it is precisely because you are likely to be harnessed into such works by the public that I venture to advise you, while it is time, to paint larger. Your eyes, which I did not think of, in their weakened state will plead more powerfully than any of my arguments, some of which, perhaps, it may be well to explain; but in the first place, neither now, nor in my former letter, are you to understand, that because I advise you to quit small pictures, I think lightly of them, least of all of yours;—just the reverse. As far as you are concerned, I recommend you to paint larger, because you have no more fame to earn in so small a size, your own ambition must prompt to do something new *because* you have succeeded in the 'old. Money-making men, I

know, are attached to a walk, and think people show their want of wisdom by not milking the cow dry. I am for adhering to a thing too, if it be the best thing, or if necessity is any reason for adhering to it, for then 'the genial current of the soul' is frozen; but the feeling of disgust must soon be generated, if a man does not care for money, to be doing and redoing what the soul does not *rise* to; and the greatest difficulties are scarcely sufficient stimulus in certain moments.

"Your reasons are good about the possibility of condensing much beauty (I might even admit some sublimity) into small dimensions, and you go much beyond my meaning in supposing I mean many feet of canvas by a larger size than a few inches. Poussin's size is not gigantic—three feet is less—and such a size will answer your ends in the drawing-room as a relief from larger ones as well as the '*very small* work on the mantleshef;' but my great reason for objecting to *very* small works is what I have stated; it is not the passion or the beauty, but the *minuteness* which is its *chief claim* to interest; and I still venture to say, that the lower you go in the scale the more of the excellences of art *may* be left out, and generally are. Terbourg is not a *very* small painter, nor a colourist, so that he neither suits you nor me. Wouvermans is an exquisite painter, but not a colourist; his great excellence in this department is being silvery without being leaden; but when his skies *are* heavy and his ground too grey, the touch and beauty of his surpassing execution in his

figures are ENOUGH. Metzu is an instance more against my assertion. There is a good deal of inaccuracy in the connoisseur judgments in works of art — not in the sum of merit, but in its discrimination; and then among masters that are colourists there is often no discrimination between the highest style and lower ones, as if all were equally good.

“Again I say that it is a *pity* for a work of deep interest to be on a very small scale; a ludicrous subject is different, for the expressions it gives rise to had better be small, they will be thus less vulgar; but where you want things to be *not less vulgar*, but *more noble*, I suspect you would gradually rise to a sincere relish even for the size of M. Angelo.

“However, the epic is out of the question; (shame to our times and to money-making artists!) the dramatic and historic may, I conceive, be sufficiently small, and works of mere imitation may have finish for their character as they have no other; and this is the Dutch school, and no one admires it for what it has more than myself; yet, if I could select one of the finest pictures by Vandyck of a large size, or one by Rembrandt of the smallest Poussin size, I would let who would take all Dutch pictures properly so called.

“As to gems, however beautiful, I would not for the talents and fame of Dioscorides work for the ornaments of men’s and women’s fingers; in necessitous circumstances I might and may do worse.

“Defects may be tolerated and vulgarity hidden by

the finish which minuteness necessarily gives. What is vulgar in marble would be (no) longer vulgar in gold ; some other quality besides the subject imposes on us. This is evidently a style, and very useful to be resorted to for certain subjects, but not for subjects of mind and interest 'such as *your* soul loveth.'

"I talk the more freely and fearlessly because you are going to paint a little larger, and let it be a source of pride and satisfaction to you that you have tried and succeeded in *one* class of pictures, and that you have infused into them not only the mind, but the large management and feeling which belong to a larger size ; and remember, it is the presence of these qualities which are my excuse and my real reason for venturing to advise you as I did, for had I seen nothing but what I conceived belonged properly to very small pictures, I should merely have admired them as such.

"Yours ever,

"C. L. E.

"Your mention of the encomiums passed on your pictures, and of the emotions they have excited, are not misunderstood by me. I wish you would remember such things oftener, but there is a misgiving demon in us which makes us soon forget such things, and dwell on the criticisms we have heard. What you mention of your 'Nun' happened to my 'Pilgrims' in the public exhibition room in London ; but all I can *remember* is the just criticism of a correspondent of yours (you read

me the passage), that the picture lost much for want of the cool reflections from the sky. Of course I had my own criticisms to remember as well."

"My dear Uwins,

"Rome, June 17th, 1830.

"Now for your portrait. I think it quite satisfactory ; and the exquisite finish which seems to be now a characteristic feature of your style, I think is necessary, if not indispensable, in so minute a size. But why not paint larger? Cabinet pictures properly so called are supposed to be hung in cabinets, but a very small picture in a *room* is in danger of being overlooked. It was the only objection I made to your nun taking leave of her friends (although I never expressed it till now). It appears to me that high finish becomes necessarily the *character* of a very small picture, and in this case, as in all others, if the character is attended to other things are of less importance.

"The Dutch painters seem to have thought this, and in their most exquisite works, such as those of Mieris, &c., the subject is literally null for the mind ; the astonishing reduction of nature in all its completion is the source of interest, and one which I admit to have its merit ; but a picture that has mind and deep feeling depends for its effect on qualities very different, and which high finish could rather injure than not : by high finish I still mean that last degree of it which is the *sine quâ non* of a very minute size. It seems to me that with the thorough discipline your hand has now

had (and which perhaps in oil painting it required) you might safely paint larger without any fear of becoming loose or unfinished, and might perhaps be led to study another kind of finish which is never arrived at in a very small picture. The infinite varieties and gradations of flesh tones, which makes Titian such a high finisher even in his largest works; the truth of shadows and half tints, which, in minute works, where the mass of flesh is so small, is scarcely an object, and where great errors in colour are unobserved, for the sum of wonder and admiration is made up by the precision of form and substance, and sufficient attraction in the general effect is easily arrived at. Consider this as not relating to yourself, but to the nature of very small pictures. The best colourists in the Dutch school are not those who wrought on the most minute scale, which, by the by, never struck me before.

“The greatest difficulty in the art of colouring is the imitation of flesh, and where this is not encountered an exquisite eye is seldom formed. Turner is the only instance I know of, and he has a touch at humanity wherever he can.

“I have heard but little about the Exhibition—have you anything there? I wish your ‘Neapolitan Dance’ had been there.

“Yours ever,

“C. L. E.”

“My dear Eastlake,

“Naples, June 29, 1830.

“If I thought your first letter kind, how much kinder must I feel your persevering? I am truly

ashamed of having attempted a defence which my own conscience told me was wrong all the time I was writing it. Your desire to do me good demands from me a full and candid confession rather than a querulous pleading for errors which, in truth, I am determined to abandon. I will tell you two stories, which will prove to you how entirely your view of the subject coincides with that on which I have acted.

“It is now many years ago, I met old Landseer in the street (I recollect the place, it was Cleveland Street, at the corner of Queen Anne Street). He said, ‘I have just been admiring some of your compositions; but why do you do them so small? Any one of the little things I have just seen, once on a large scale, would be sufficient to establish your reputation as a great painter.’ I replied, ‘My dear sir, you know how unfortunate I have been in my early studies; that the best part of my life has been passed in learning to engrave; and if you do not know, I can tell you, that I feel my deficiency so much, I do not dare venture to expose it by painting large. *The smallness of the size enables me to hide everything.*’

“The other is more recent. When I first painted in the little ‘Nun’ subject, it pleased everybody so much more than anything I had ever done before, that I contemplated doing it as large as life; but immediately (before Havell’s objection) I said to myself, ‘That old woman will not do,’ and I had actually made a sketch in which I had introduced the beautiful and graceful



dress of Atina, being determined to preserve it, though larger, as a *contadina* subject. The scheme is given up, and I only refer to it to prove to you how my own experience goes to bear out your thinking and reasoning.

“I know little of the Dutch school beyond Mr. T. Hope’s collection; but I believe I put Terbourg in the room of Metz. I was thinking of a little, very little picture here in the collection of Count Marulli, in which a mass of flesh is made principal, and the whole of which (half figures) is well coloured.

“With respect to portrait, I still must maintain a small whole length to be preferable to a large one. A whole length portrait is always an impertinent and vulgar thing, when the best is made of it. Smallness of size alone makes it tolerable. But let it pass. I am quite resolved never to paint anything more so small, unless driven to it by absolute want. The pictures now sending off are two feet, and I have begun one three feet by two feet six.

“It is rather unlucky this increase of size should have fallen on the most vulgar subject I have ever painted; but when it is got through, I hope to improve my class of subjects as much as my size.

“You will ere this have been disgusted with a hasty letter on the subject of the Exhibition. My first feeling certainly was, that being known to many of the academicians, my character, my age, and my misfortunes (I may call those untoward circumstances misfortunes, which have kept me all my life from the pursuit of what

is good in art), I say these things all being known, they might have been allowed as a claim for better usage, especially when that claim was presented in the shape of a foot and a half pannel, which I should have hoped could not interfere with anybody. I never expected, and I say this most solemnly, that the picture would have been thought worthy of a place on the *eye-line*, but I had vanity enough to hope for the *second* or *third* row below the eye. To hear it was absolutely on the *floor*, and that to see it, it was necessary to wait till the room was empty, and then go down on your knees, I confess this did almost overwhelm me. However, I must be satisfied that justice is done, and that up to this moment (whatever my vanity may have whispered to the contrary) I am still the most contemptible painter in the United Kingdom. Happily, and for this I feel thankful to God, it came upon me when my health was good, and my spirits able to bear it, and moreover, when I had so recently been encouraged by your kind approbation and criticism; and it is not to flatter you that I say it, I value your opinion more than that of any other person in the world, because it is honest, and because it is the result of the deepest reflection. I am determined to go on, notwithstanding this public condemnation. I feel that I can do better than that picture — that everything done since is better.

“I have this morning packed up my finished works, and in spite of academies and their decisions, I have

‘twitched my mantle blue,’ and sung with tolerable spirit, ‘To-morrow to fresh woods and pastures new.’

“Forgive two letters of mere personal interest, and believe me gratefully and sincerely yours,

“THOS. UWINS.

“Young Hakewill is living with me. He is a young man full of feeling. If all lookers on works of art were like this young man, the painter’s business would be pleasurable indeed. It may be I owe partly to him the having borne so well the thunder-stroke of academic judgment.”

## MISCELLANEOUS CORRESPONDENCE.

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*Letters to Abraham Raimbach, Esq.*

“My dear Raimbach,      “Naples, April 11th, 1826.

“It is not want of inclination, nor want of thinking of you, that has prevented my writing, but the fear that I could not make a letter sufficiently interesting to authorise its being conveyed to such a distance. I have written to nobody since leaving England, besides my own family, except Williams, Joseph, and Alfred Chalon, with all of whom I have been placed in circumstances to render writing a matter of business and duty; and it is more a feeling of duty than any other (I freely confess it), that induces me now to make this attack on your friendship and patience.

“I once made a negative sort of complaint of Wilkie’s behaviour to me when we met in the *gude toon* of Edinburgh. If I had any reason at that time for complaints, which is doubtful, he has given me abundant occasion lately for feelings of a different character. It would be

difficult to explain to you to what extent his friendly attentions have been useful and beneficial to me; and they came in a way, too, that was flattering to my vanity, always the most pleasant side on which to attack a man. He seemed to seek me out as something to repose on; as a shelter from the commonplaces of the lounging travelling gentleman, by whom at every step it was his fate to be surrounded. He came and sat with me in my study, freely criticised my works, suggested improvements, explained to me much of the arcanum of the art with which I was unacquainted, and even went so far as to work at one of my pictures. In this last effort I encouraged him, not merely for the good it was doing me, but from a sincere hope that, finding the palette and brushes again in his hand, he might get the confidence to do something for himself, which confidence, could it be inspired, would do much towards restoring him to health. Luckily he asked for nothing that I had not got ready to his hand. The moment he named a colour, it was upon the palette with the rapidity of lightning. I knew if anything was wanting it would be an excuse, in his state of nerves, for stopping altogether. All my exertions, however, would not do; in a few minutes he threw down the palette and brushes, and made me take up what he had abandoned; it seemed as if feeling himself at work again so unexpectedly had a different effect on his mind from what I hoped. He either was, or was determined to think himself, incapable of the requisite exertion. I did not attempt to push the

thing, but rather got rid of it entirely by proposing a walk to the palace (a gentleman's house is always a *palazzo* here), where some of my works are hanging on the walls. My good friend Sir Richard Acton happened to be at home, so I introduced him at once to my patron and my pictures.

"We afterwards made two excursions together; one of three days' journeying to Pæstum, taking Pompeii and the museum at Portici in our way; and the other to the crater of Vesuvius. I acted as interpreter, but not as bargain-maker. Wilkie and his cousin soon took my stewardship from me; they beat me out and out in negotiating with the Italians.

"Wilkie wrote a letter in the Temple of Neptune at Pæstum, the extreme point of his travels, another in the ruins of Pompeii, and a third on the summit of Vesuvius. This is a touch of the *art de se faire valoir* that is quite beyond me; or rather, I am not great man enough to make a letter any more interesting from rocks and stones than it would be from my own writing-desk in my own humble study. People may say what they will about the modesty of genius, but I never yet saw great talent unaccompanied with a sufficient portion of confidence; and that timidity which has prevented my putting myself forward in the world is really the effect of conscious weakness. This very consciousness has stood in the way of my writing to you and other friends. My brothers, I know, are interested about me, and I can torment them with

my *longueurs* without any fear of tiring their patience or offending their taste; but it is not easy to task myself into the opinion that anybody else will have the same charity for me. It is having Wilkie to talk about that has made me bold; and now I am in for it, I will give you the other page of myself.

“I have really got good by coming to Italy, and still more by coming to Naples. I have been thrown on my own resources. I have practised the art here alone, and I have proved to myself what I never did know before, the extent of my powers. If I were ten years younger I should reap more benefit from it; but, old as I am, I cannot think of it without thankfulness and gratitude. To tell you all that has passed through my mind, on examining the works of the great heroes of the great ages of art, would go beyond the measure of my sheet; but I must venture to say that they certainly thought less about fine drawing and academic accuracy than, as students, we are led to believe. Raphael and Michael Angelo are full of inaccuracies, and abound in violations of all the precepts of the schools; and Correggio is anything but a fine draughtsman. The style of thinking in the two first is what we must most admire, and the last is a fine example of style in painting. No one can enter the Vatican and Sistine Chapel without having his conceptions of the powers of art elevated. He seems to be holding commerce with beings of a superior order, to be treading on new ground, and expatiating in a world which, though it may before have formed the matter of

his waking dreams, has never before been brought round him in so tangible a shape, or so connected with *his own business and his own bosom*. I do not mean to argue from this that we ought to avoid the study of what is fine in form or accurate in delineation; but I think the object and end of art ought to be set more before students than it is. But I must not talk of these matters till I have been at Bologna. All the world seems captivated with that city; and the great authority in criticism, Mr. Hazlitt, told me in Rome, 'Sir, I patronise *Guido*.' Whatever he saw at Bologna, I know not; but I am sure he saw *nothing* at Rome, or saw what is to be seen so hastily and imperfectly that whatever he writes on the subject must be mere invention.

"I believe I am a bit of a truant from all the schools, for, to tell you the honest truth, I have spent quite as much time in the open air, amidst rocks and woods and precipices, or in cottages, amongst the simple inhabitants of the mountains, as I have in churches and picture galleries. Nature keeps the noblest school after all. Her lessons never tire,—line upon line, and precept upon precept; and the more we have the more we thirst after. None can tell but those who have come to the same feast, with the same feelings, the excessive enjoyment I have had in these glorious scenes. It is a rich country for people of all tastes. The scholar wanders about with his Virgil and Horace, the geologist with his chisel and hammer, and the botanist with his tin case, and all return satisfied; but no one that I have heard tell of it



has spoken of its romantic character. In this light it has made more impression on my imagination than even the splendid scenery of the Alps; and under this aspect, if I live to get home, I shall endeavour to represent it. There are scenes, too, with which the elegance of high life so exactly assimilates that I have sometimes fancied myself back in the days of Boccaccio, and this is not difficult.

“The fascinating Countess of Blessington has been living at the Villa Gallo, a place which contains within itself every beauty that the most poetical imagination can desire: and when you add to this the charms of its enchanting occupant, and the class of people by whom she is surrounded, what can be wanting to make Boccaccio's scene complete? I have found myself one of a party dining on a beautiful grass plot near the house, where caverns in a dry rock formed the most romantic chambers, trees gave us a delicious shade, and birds warbling supplied us music; the good-humoured hilarity of the noble hostess, the archness of her pretty sister, the elegance of the accomplished Count d'Orsay, and the unceasing fun of Sir William Gell, made up the rest of the entertainment. Sometimes Fox, the eldest son of Lord Holland, a young man of extraordinary talents, formed one of the group, and won the hearts of all by his singular story-telling powers, a talent he possesses in a higher degree even than Walter Scott. Old Mathias, too, the once renowned author of the ‘Pursuits of Literature,’ fills up a niche, in the style of the old school,

with his poetic allusions and classic quotations. These are a few of the characters who were to be seen at the Villa Gallo; but alas! the enchantress is gone, and the magic circle drawn round her is broken and destroyed. Florence now possesses her, and the scene of her influence is transferred from the Bay of Naples to the banks of the Arno.

"I should tell you that the little picture to which Wilkie did me the honour to put his hand, has since been bought by Woodburn; this I have a right to consider a great point of distinction and patronage, and the more so, as it is the only thing he has bought here. He has been friendly enough to take it to the ambassador's, where it is seen by all the English of rank who visit Naples. I am delighted to have to record an instance of friendly feeling in a picture-dealer towards a living artist.

"Yours ever, and most sincerely,

"THOMAS UWINS."

"Palazzo Campana, Vico Belle Donna.

"My dear Raimbach,                      Naples, Jan. 9, 1827.

"Sitting down to acknowledge the receipt of your valuable and beautiful present, brings to my mind so many sins of neglect and procrastination, so many resolutions made and broken, and so much left undone that ought to have been done, that I am deprived of half the pleasure arising from communication with a loved and valued friend, by the self-reproach that accompanies the act, and hangs about my spirits in the

performance of it. I have now been three years exiled from my country and my friends, but I can assure you the strong attachment to those few in whose recollection my name has been allowed to retain a place, is rather increased than diminished by absence, and in proportion to the distance which separates us is the intensity of the feeling that carries me back from time to time to their homes and their firesides, and mixes me up with their interests and occupations.

"Never shall I forget the first sight of your beautiful engraving of 'Blind man's Buff.' Independently of my admiration for it as a work of art, there is an interest about every inch of the subject, whether background or figure, chairs turned upside down, or boys tumbled over head and heels, things however important, or however trifling, all bring to my mind some conversation I have enjoyed with you, or some hour I have spent in your study, while your hand was engaged in driving along the unpromising tool by which these magic wonders were achieved. Poor Wilkie! his late visit to this place has made the charm of your united labours complete. 'Tis delightful to find the characters of men who do great things always in accordance with their works. Believe me, though I seem to linger here, and though these luxurious scenes and this delicious climate all invite my stay, yet there is a voice within that whispers home and England.

"You will have heard from my brothers that I have been rambling over the north of Italy since I last wrote

to you, studying all the great schools of art on the ground where they flourished, and revelling in the intellectual feast which this glorious country still offers to all who have appetite and taste. It is humiliating to find that a very few names give the character to each school; the rest have sunk into merited obscurity. Whatever men may be in their own eyes, in their own days, however they may have been puffed up with self-importance, and strutted and fretted in the midst of their contemporaries, posterity knows them not; their works are passed over like the tapestry hangings of a room, the eye does not rest upon them, nor does the mind acknowledge them. It is truly wonderful to see how soon the influence of bad taste enters. A school is scarcely formed, the lives of its founders have scarce expired, before it begins to degenerate; and the tide of bad taste once set in, nothing can stop it, it goes on '*di male in peggio*,' till whole ages are occupied in multiplying insignificance, and giving birth to nothingness.

"There is one period of art only that has a decided intellectual character. It is that which preceded what is called the revival. Giotto and Cimabue, with a host of others of the same age, have left, scattered through the churches and convents of Italy, such thoughts as would be sufficient to inoculate any country with good taste, provided they were fairly published and circulated. Were I a young man instead of an old one, I would seriously set about careful outlines of the selected works of this age, as the foundation on which my future exer-

tions might be wisely based. It was in this school, even more than the antique, that Flaxman studied, and it is following soundings left by Flaxman, that the Germans are now making such discoveries and such progress as will lead to the regeneration of taste throughout Europe. You do not know, however, how to honour Flaxman in the country of his birth. England should set up a monument to his memory in every important town from north to south; children should be taught to lisp his name, and a relish of his works should be infused into the instructions of the nursery. Lawrence will be recollected long after his death; Wilkie may wear out some ages, but Flaxman will live for ever.

“’Tis the fashion with the English to spend this part of the winter in Naples; and here they are, shivering in rooms without fireplaces, and exposing themselves to the pitiless pelting of storms, from which neither cloak nor umbrella can screen them. This winter, as well as the last, and I suppose all the winters of Naples, are enough to bother the invalids who come for a mild and equable climate. We have all the varieties of weather in the course of one day! and such winds! and such hail! and such rain! every street presents an impassable torrent, and it is one of the offices of the lazzaroni to let out their shoulders to those who are able to pay for being carried over. But all this, bad as it is, suits me better than the damp atmosphere of England. The rain, it is true, does come down in torrents, the thunder does roll over our heads, and seldom passes without striking some

fated victim ; earthquakes make us tremble in our beds ; but when all is over (and it does pass over quickly), the sun shines out again with a charm irresistible ; the air is filled with refreshing sweetness, and so little remains of the dreadful agitation, that we are inclined to doubt the accuracy of our recollections.

“I walked out lately towards the sea, my morning custom. The terrific roaring of the winds and waves had disturbed me throughout the night, but in the morning all was peace. The sun shone gloriously, and the face of nature presented an aspect of smiling serenity. Not all, however, were to rejoice that morning in the sun’s cheering rays. A boat had been wrecked in the bay, and the shore was literally strewed with dead. Two men and a woman, were thrown close under the wall of the Villa Reale, one man had his faithful dog locked in his arms ; the rest of the bodies, fourteen in number, became visible as the agitation of the sea subsided : three persons only reached Naples alive. The day before this, the son of a military officer at the Ponte Maddelena was struck dead by lightning close to his father’s side. These things happen constantly, but they make little impression. The only newspaper published here is not permitted to report the circumstances, so that they are little known beyond the neighbourhood of the disaster, and there but partially and imperfectly. Death has presented itself lately in another shape. A party of our own wise compatriots, determined to be above the prejudices of the country, had been shooting

for ten days in the Pontine Marshes; returned to Naples, they were ashamed to tell they were ill till fairly laid in their beds with malaria fever. All have suffered severely, and one, Mr. Scott, of a noble Irish family, is dead.

“All sorts of titled and distinguished folks have found their way here this winter, though the list at Almack’s I suppose, will hardly be sensible of the diminution. The Prince Leopold complains that the English newspapers worry him to death, and force him to seek on the Continent that independence of opinion and action denied him in his foster country. The member for Durham and his lady wife are striking the Neapolitans dumb with a display of riches and magnificence hitherto unknown on the shores of the Mediterranean. Here are marquesses, countesses, bishops, baronets, ladies, with every variety of titled and untitled opulence.

“One man, a Mr. Turner, has left a good estate and a comfortable fireside, and is wandering over the world for no other purpose than to persuade everybody to swallow white mustard-seed. A tablespoonful taken three times a day is to cure all disorders, and to prolong life to a period much beyond the average of former generations. Possessing so important a secret, this benevolent old gentleman would consider himself criminal if he allowed his fellow-creatures to remain ignorant of its virtue.

“Another man, (a Mr. Empson,) of Oxford University, (in holy orders,) has no object in removing from

place to place but *La Pasta*. He followed this celebrated cantatrice from London to Paris, and from Paris to Naples. The time of his stay in a place is regulated by her engagements with the stage manager. Do not mistake—it is not love—he is not personally known to her; it is simple admiration of her astonishing powers. Whenever she sings, Mr. Empson is stationed in the pit, at an angle in which no look, no action of his idol can escape his eye. Till the opera concludes, he remains immoveable, and then goes home quiet and satisfied to bed.

“Another man, educated for the Scottish Church, has been to Constantinople, and returns filled with the doctrines, and fascinated by the followers of Mahomet. If he preaches at all, he is determined to make the Koran his text-book. Naples is rich at this moment in dreamers and enthusiasts; and the king on the throne is amongst the most distinguished of the class. Money has been left by some devout personage to buy golden crowns for the ten Madonnas in the Neapolitan dominions who have the reputation of working the greatest number of miracles. The claims of the different wooden or painted deities have been discussed with due solemnity by the Pope and the Cardinals: and the small four-foot image in the Church of *Jesu Vecchio* has obtained the prize for this city. The crown was placed on the head of the little Queen of Heaven by the Archbishop of Naples, the king and royal family following the procession with wax candles in their hands.



The church was crowded to suffocation to witness this, as the newspapers call it, 'sublime spectacle;' and, ridiculous as it may appear to you, it is only a very small part of the mummeries and abominations daily practised by the Romish priests to cheat and deceive an ignorant and superstitious people. Popes, kings, courts, and ministers of state are the only parties that do not grow wise as the world grows older.

"Pompeii is a point of perpetual and never-ceasing interest. Olives have been found in pickle so fresh as not to have lost their form. New paintings, and other works of ancient art, are daily unearthed, and exposed to the gaze of the curious. The pictures abound in graceful combinations, whatever other qualities they may want, and however various they may be in the charms of execution. There must have been a more general diffusion of taste amongst the ancients than has ever been obtained in modern times. Still let us not be carried away with the prejudice that all they did was beautiful. Things of the most disgusting character have been discovered in public places, to say nothing of the decorations of the wine shops, and other houses devoted to immoral purposes; and even in taste the ancients were not always right. A fountain has lately been exposed in a private garden, not one whit more refined than similar things in the gardens of White Conduit House, or Bagnigge Wells, to which, indeed, this remnant of antiquity bears a most striking resemblance.

"But that my friends of the Dilettanti Society in

London may not accuse me of presumption in talking thus freely about works done two thousand years ago, I purpose making drawings of many things hitherto passed over in silence, and to satisfy the English Roman Catholics on the subject of papistical superstition, it is my intention to make a picture of one of those shops which abound here, wherein are carved, painted, and sold, crucifixes, madonnas, saints, angels, souls in purgatory, and all other matters necessary to the public and private worship of the Church of Rome.

“He burneth part thereof in the fire: and the residue thereof he maketh a god, even his graven image: he falleth down unto it, and worshippeth it.—Isaiah, xlv. 16, 17.

“Believe me, my dear Raimbach,

“Yours ever faithfully,

“THOMAS UWINS.”

*A Letter to Mr. Robert Roffe.*

“Dear Roffe,

“Naples, Jan. 6, 1828:

“My correspondence is rather more extensive than my time, or I should have written to you long before. The letter you were kind enough to write me gave me more useful and satisfactory information than anything I have received from other artistic friends; indeed, excepting the kindness of my brothers, I cannot boast having had very large communications. From four

artists, to whom I have addressed letters at various times, in one case to the amount of four or five, I have not received a word; and but for the letters of Alfred Chalon I should scarcely know anything.

“In this delicious climate a thoroughly dull day is a rare thing; we have storms, and blasts, and hurricanes, but they pass over suddenly, and the sun shines out again with all its vivifying influence, and, in a moment, we forget there ever was such a thing as bad weather. This day, however, being the 6th of January, 1828, is an exception to the general rule. It is English,—English, sirs, from top to toe; overcome and broken down by its oppressive character, I am sitting by a blazing fire, and endeavouring to mend my spirits by performing a long-neglected duty. It is but a sorry compliment to absent friends to choose those moments for communicating with them which cannot be applied to other purposes. Many a long and apparently kind letter owes its origin to a rainy day; and it is natural that, shut out from external objects, the mind should go back to those attachments which, after all, form the most interesting feature in every man’s life. Havell has just written to me from Rome, after an absence of nine or ten years, one of the most interesting letters I ever received. He says, ‘we may make new acquaintance, but we cannot make an old friend.’

“As I have begun to write, I would, if I could, give you some satisfactory account of myself. I would tell you why I have stayed away so long from my country,

and perhaps from my duty; the great temptation has been the climate. I have an enjoyment of existence here which was unknown to me in England. My days are passed without pain or lassitude, and my nights in refreshing sleep. When I think of the sort of existence I had in England, compared with the vigorous health I now enjoy, I am frightened at the idea of returning. In England I could not get through the day without tea or coffee, or some stimulating thing; here I never think of these resources. In England I was miserable without my breakfast; here I go through half the day before I take anything; and though I rise before the sun, my lips do not touch food or liquid till ten, eleven, or frequently twelve o'clock: I then put a couple of biscuits in a plate, and have some hot milk poured over them, and this is all I have till my dinner at six. At dinner I am rather voluptuous; a plate of maccaroni, some sort of meat, poultry, or game, or perhaps wild boar, and then a *piatta dolce*, which is neither pie nor pudding, but something of the same class; and after all a dessert of various fruit. This luxurious dinner, with a bottle of wine and all appurtenances, costs me sometimes a shilling, sometimes sixteenpence; and do not imagine I dine at a cheap house. My *trattoria* is the most fashionable in Naples, and my company Neapolitan dukes, German officers, consuls, plenipotentiaries and chargés d'affaires, with the best class of British travellers. After dinner I return home to evening study, and sit till midnight without taking anything else, and without

any of those oppressive and sleepy feelings which in England make tea necessary to evening exertion. In the summer, in the long days, I make a different arrangement, dining in the middle of the day; and then I sometimes take a crust of bread and a glass of wine-and-water in the evening, but never tea. The quantity of exertion I am able to go through, both mental and bodily, is at least double what I could do in England, and the quantity of enjoyment and happiness proportionately increased. Eating and drinking costs little here; but house-rent and clothing, and almost all other things, are quite as dear as in England; at least they are so to a stranger, for this most Christian people make it a point to *take the stranger in*. Honesty makes no part of a Neapolitan's creed; if he go to mass, bow to the image of the Virgin, and eat fish on Friday and Saturday, he may cheat his neighbour to any tune he please, without his conscience or his confessor calling him to account for it.

"I have spoken of the climate, and in speaking of the climate I say everything; to an artist especially, and one who, like me, is fond of studying out of doors, the power of doing so without cold or rheumatism is happiness. But there are other things which make Italy delightful; the rude and simple character of a half barbarous people, the furniture and structure of their houses and instruments of labour, with their pastoral and patriarchal pursuits, these all present objects of interest to an artist's eye, which he can never get in an artificial

country. Englishmen are stiff and restrained, Frenchmen are affected, but the Italian is always natural; then there is the infinite variety of picturesque dress, which, though lost in the cities, is still retained in the country with a fond and almost superstitious attachment. The dresses in which *Rafaëlle* and *Correggio* painted their historical groups may now be found on figures not less noble, and faces not less expressive, than those which people their poetic canvas; with the eye to seize and select the forms of beauty, the painter will find his models round him in living grandeur and animated sublimity. *Canova*, when in London, said he never saw in his life finer women than he saw in walking on a bright morning through *Leicester Square*. Perhaps it was in compliment to the English, or perhaps a sculptor does not see with a painter's eye; for myself, I confess I never had a conception of the power of expression till I came into Italy. I painted a girl in a country village who had all the majesty of a queen; I could scarcely approach her without bending the knee, and submitting to be awed into nothingness. She is since married to a shoemaker. But if the people are simple, natural, and graceful, if their dresses are historic and picturesque, how much more beautiful, how much more majestic, is the country in which they live. Nature here makes holiday every day in the year, and dresses herself in a fanciful profusion of loveliness. Here is one of the delights of living at *Naples*; if in the course of my painting I want to refer to any natural object, in half an

hour's walk I may have it; sometimes my own balcony will furnish it. If I wish to be retired for a day or two, I can put myself into a public boat at twelve o'clock, and for fourpence be transported across the bay, or to one of the islands, and find myself in a few hours amidst scenery which breathes and inspires poetry, and amongst people as primitive in their habits as Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob. Or I can go in a hackney-coach to Pozzuoli, and in as short a time be wandering through the Temple of Venus, or investigating the other interesting antiquities that surround the lovely Bay of Baia. We have everything that is classical on one side, and all that is rude, wild, and fanciful on the other, with Vesuvius in silent and solemn majesty backing up the whole; silent but fearful, lying like some huge monster at rest, the breathing of whose nostrils indicates that he has not lost the power to destroy.

“These are all great delights and temptations to one who can really feel, appreciate, and enjoy them; but, after all, they will not furnish daily bread, or rather daily macaroni; and the necessity of living, and saving something for old age, will at length drive me back to England. My real and serious expectation is, that I shall be in England early in the spring; but I dare say nothing about it, because I know how uncertain and contingent must be all my motions. All I can say is, that I see nothing to prevent my return. How I shall bear the chilling, bone-penetrating damps and fogs of my own dear country I know not; indeed, I dare not

think of it. The very anticipation freezes up my blood; the reality will quite demolish me.

"You must forgive my not writing to you before, and send me, as soon as possible, another budget. You know the sort of information that I want; first, the story of your own family, then the state of the arts, and then any notices about old acquaintances that you may happen to be informed of.

"I began this letter at leisure, but I finish it in a hurry. Adieu.

"THOS. UWINS."

The letter to Mr. Roffe concludes the letters to artists; the last from an artist that will be given, is part of a letter from the lamented sculptor Wyatt.

Post mark, Sept. 6, 1849.

"I had (as you have already been informed) a most providential escape in the attack the French made at the Popolo the last day of June. I was awoke one hour and a half after midnight by the roar of cannon, the explosion of shells, the smashing of windows and tiles, the inhabitants of my quarter of the town alarmed and flying through the streets in all directions; I expected that there would probably be an attack on the Popolo, as the French, after gaining possession of Ponte Molle, had taken up a position on the high ground beyond the Arco-scuro. I had put all my works in marble in places where they would be least exposed, and had selected for myself, in the event of being



surprised at night by an attack, to go and remain at the bottom of a stone spiral staircase, which leads from my apartment to my studio on the ground floor. On entering the second study for a chair, a shell burst in the wall, which is full two feet and a quarter in thickness: this was only four feet from where I was, if I had been another step in advance I should have been seriously wounded, perhaps killed; but, thanks to Providence, I escaped with a few slight scratches and contusions. The lamp I held was broken, and I believe protected my hand; I picked up nine pieces of the shell in my study. Several casts in plaster were broken, but nothing in marble was injured.

“Believe me, my dear Sir,

“Yours very sincerely,

“B. J. WYATT.”

*Letters from Miss A. B. Whyte.*

Of his other Italian friends, Miss Whyte, of the Villa Atenolfi, deserves precedence. Two letters, regretting the approach of Mr. Uwins's departure for England, are undated. A third followed him with good wishes in September, 1832.

“My dear Sir,

1830.

“I felt that the note you sent me by Dr. Hogg was very kind, and that you expressed more regret about the

crowquills than the subject deserved; yet the communication altogether was very far from gratifying, for I perceive you are inexorably determined upon going to England. Though I have only known you of late years, you have been so kind, that I really cannot give my consent to your departure; I must submit, but I do it with a very bad grace, which cannot be called acquiescence: moreover, you must let me be informed *about* when you go as soon as that is determined; if possible, I will contrive to get a sight of you. You may well suppose how grateful I am for the most welcome and most interesting drawing of our friend, which you announce as destined for me; if not so worthy of it as some of his more distinguished friends, my heart will value and cherish it, both for your sake and his. I am quite sorry he does not like it well enough for you to have it put on stone. Mr. Cheney told me it was a most excellent likeness. You will scarcely believe that I have not yet got Mr. Claxton's book, for which you so heroically exposed yourself to the risk of losing caste by taking anything yourself through the streets of Naples, but poor Dr. Gennaro has been ill, his wife has fallen down stairs, and he seems determined not to send anything till he has an opportunity to send all; amongst which are six plates and some cups and saucers from Miss Mackenzie, which may be broken, and I verily believe he will not summon courage to let them out of his custody till I send a deputation, each member of which may take charge of one single piece of crockery, that he may bring like a parrot on his finger.

"You do not seem to remember that you left here the valuable handkerchief, making a component part of the picturesque parasol. Donna Francesca gives such a seducing account of Mola di Gaeta, that if I were not tied by all the mobilia of Villa Atenolfi, I should be easily persuaded, I think, to remove thither, with all my followers, the number of whom is however diminishing. La Signoria Gilsomina, the Sorrentine, was suddenly called away by her aunt to better herself in Mrs. Parker's family, and Don Luigi's health does not permit him to remain much longer, D. Paolo Alfieri being to him like an upas tree, distilling daily and hourly a mortal poison.

"None of your artists have shown themselves, nor any others this season. I suppose the scenery about La Cava is like old music, people require something newer, or at least less hackneyed. Farewell, my dear sir. Alas! how soon shall I be obliged to say farewell entirely? Well, I hope the change will be gratifying to you.

"Very truly yours,

"A. B. WHYTE.

"Villa Atenolfi, Sept. 15th.

"Thomas Uwins, Esq., Napoli."

"And so, my dear sir, you are really gone!! I believe that even to the very last I indulged a secret, lingering, yet faint hope, that some change would occur by which you might have been detained another winter. Well, at last I shall be left alone, not only at La Cava, but in this poor kingdom of Naples. You know, or at least you

feel the painful difference of our sensations, between the departure of old friends, and the fortuitous arrival of others, who, with all their gifts and graces, cannot be suddenly congenial; for yourself I believe you have done well and wisely as far as Rome; but for your health, I cannot help fearing the ultimate destination to England, dear and well beloved as may be our own country. The Donna Francesca will be all rejoiced to see you, and so many other friends will give welcome, that I expect to hear of you as the dissipated Mr. Uwins, and I shall be glad of it, for you know we have always been at issue on the subject of your unremitting application. Many thanks for your kind but last letter, containing the warning of Mr. Claremont. I cannot guess who can have given him a letter, as I'm not conscious of knowing any one there so ignorant of my situation, as to suppose I could be of any use to him, either in facilitating his Bacchanalian propensities, or his theatrical exhibitions. We have no private stage on which his walking majesty might exhibit his great talents for silent representation, nor even any projected tableaux, in which he might be useful, if his potations and libations allowed him to remain steadily in his allotted posture. I quite agree with you as to the inconsiderateness of certain letters of introduction, but I intreat that you will place no fastidious limits on your own, bearing in mind that I am too antiquated for the race that are now in their prime of life, and too insignificant to be commendatory. I had a brief visit from your friends Colonel and Mrs. Stisted;

I need not say to you I am sorry it was not longer, and that recent circumstances have induced such a kind yet sad feeling towards them, that the heart feels touched, and for the moment I think more of their wounded feelings than of the taste and talent with which they are gifted. Consolingly, the niece who remains seems full of the most amiable and considerate attentions, such as can only have their source in gratitude and good feeling.

"Too happy and too thankful shall I be for the sketch of the inimitable *Cavaliere*, whenever you can part with it. I like you the better for wishing to take a copy for yourself; I love those who love him. So God bless you. My affectionate love to Donna Francesca, and a kind *bacio* to little Guiseppine. Be well and be happy; so prays

"Your sincere friend,

"A. B. WHYTE.

"Villa Atenolfi, Oct. 8th.

"T. Uwins, Esq., Rome.

"By favour of Mrs. Stisted."

There is no date, but each of these letters was written in 1830. Donna Francesca is Miss Frances Mackenzie. The *Cavaliere* is Sir William Gell. Guiseppine, a little Spanish child, adopted by Miss Mackenzie.

"My dear Sir,

"Villa Atenolfi, Sept. 21, 1832.

"I have no legitimate excuse to make for so long delaying to thank you for your Christmas letter, which

would not tempt the infirm and the aged to return to such an atmosphere of fog, such a land of disunion and discontent, visited now, too, by the awful cholera, of which I'm told you make no account when it approaches, but which we fear as a fatal visitation. With all this it is our native land, and had I a prize in the lottery, if I'd strength for the undertaking, I would embark in the steam-boat next spring, having some private affairs I would gladly settle, besides the ebullition of *amor patriæ* to satisfy. Altogether it is an idle dream, for at the termination of our hot season I remain only indifferently well, and desperately weak. You may suppose I do not seriously contemplate any greater enterprise than a transfer to Torre del Greco, or some village nearer to Naples. The vision of our good friend Miss Mackenzie just appeared above our horizon, and again set behind the mountains. She came from Mola di Gaeta with the kind purpose of seeing me. Letters, as usual, not punctually delivered, detained her at Naples. She had not been here eight days when a rumour arose that Madame and Mademoiselle Vernet, with whom, or rather in whose society, she was to return, were about to leave sooner than they expected; so for a few days it was all doubt and uncertainty, staying or going: at last it ended in going, with the hope of reaching Naples before the Vernets set out, being so forlorn to travel *vetturino* alone, and especially without a man-servant.

“Peppina is a nice little affectionate creature, and

though *something indulged*, she is not yet spoiled. Report, which affirmed that you were returning to Italy with all convenient speed, now declares that you will not be in this land of the sun for a twelvemonth at least. I would fain hope that you are detained by some commissions, and that the uncouth and uncongenial temperature has not yet been hurtful to you. Do not try it too long; the constitution may well resist awhile, but afterwards give way before an influence that has been unfavourable. I passed the last winter within these walls, so you may suppose how little I know of the Neapolitan world; the little girls and boys will have become men and women, the old will be sunk in the vale of years; yet Lady Drummond still blooms in pink at a villa on Capo da Monte, bought of Monsieur Dupont, who failed on Monday, and returned to business on the following Thursday; selling one villa, fitting up another, and letting it for 800 ducats per month, with many other little jobs too tedious to mention.

“Poor Mr. Will is in two quandaries; Lord Berwick lingering on in a state of hopeless disease, life prolonged, but not restored. ‘Very unfeeling of ’em to ask me, with my poor brother in such a state;’ but the state has lasted so long, that he thinks it very natural he should ask people to dinner. Then Lord Ponsonby coming, but not come, is a second botheration, for no one precisely knows where he is.

“You know Sir H. Lushington has lost the consulship; but I am told they are as cheerful as ever, and

as gay. Sir William has been here lately with Mr. Mills, from his garden of roses, and Mr. Strangways. Alas! alas! I had the melancholy pleasure to see Sir Walter Scott in the cold spring, when they took him to see Pæstum; from hence and returning sixty miles. He does not care about these things; perhaps I should say *did* not, for whilst I am writing, that luminary may be set to rise I hope in a better existence, in a brighter sphere: he has benefited mankind morally, widely. When I saw him he did not shine like a bright star, but what a halo of chaste light was shed upon him by his ineffable modesty! his single-mindedness! There seemed no speck of dirt, no mixture of dross, but virtues and qualities that will hereafter pass onwards, when genius debased or ill-used would be shut out.

“There is a courier going, this will go free: my head is not adapted for writing, the courier will be an excuse for brevity and poverty. Believe me, dear sir, I wish you all manner of success, happiness, and health, being ever

“Your obliged and attached,

“A. B. WHYTE.

“Thomas Uwins, Esq.,

“25, Percy Street, London.”

It was of Sir Walter Scott's departure on this voyage of disappointment that Wordsworth wrote his beautiful sonnet.



" A trouble not of clouds, or weeping rain,  
Nor of the setting sun's pathetic light  
Engendered, hangs o'er Eildon's triple height :  
Spirits of power, assembled there, complain  
For kindred power, departing from their sight ;  
While Tweed best pleased in chanting a blithe strain  
Saddens his voice again, and yet again.  
Lift up your hearts, ye mourners ! for the might  
Of the whole world's good wishes with him goes :  
Blessings and prayers in nobler retinue  
Than sceptered king or laurelled conqueror knows,  
Follow this wondrous potentate. Be true,  
Ye winds of ocean and the midland sea,  
Wafting your charge to soft Parthenope."

*Notes from Sir William Gell.*

Three little notes from Sir William Gell exhibit his kindness and his humour. "The gouty gentleman" is himself. The "Avviso al Pubblico" is characteristic.

"Caro Uwinzina,

"Gennaio primo, 1826.

"I am really glad you have got a purchaser without further trouble ; which, however, I am not surprised at, as the painting is so pretty, and your name so great among the heathen. The gouty gentleman, if refined a little, like Marcus TULLIVS, is no doubt very like and very characteristic, and cannot be mistaken. I wish the gentleman had the means of encouraging the arts instead of being obliged to them. Fox and Cheney are delighted with that sketch.

"Miss Talbot writes that Mrs. Hemans is arrived,

and orders me to invite her to breakfast. What can be done? I don't know her, but have read her poetry, which is the best female poetry in existence; do you know her? She has a husband at Rome, as I understand, but they are not on terms. I wish you had not breakfasted, and would come to

“Ever yours,

“W. GELL.

“Al Chiarissimo Sig. Il Sig. Uwins, &c.”

“Dear Uwins,

“Could you bring some drawings in a portfolio? as Fox will tumble in to-day by chance on purpose. So no more from yours till breakfast,

“W. GELL.

“Al Illmo. Don Tommasso Uwins.”

“My dear Uwins,

“A thousand thanks for your very kind and very pretty present, which I shall esteem highly, both on account of the donor and of its own merits. It was very amiable of you to think of so humble an admirer of the arts as myself.

“I am glad you came last night, for the ice is broken, and you will find Lady Mary kind hearted, and, if *awake*, always glad to see you. Remember she likes to be seen always at night, and that a card is of no use. She will ask you to dinner, but the use she will be of to you is the affording the means of seeing the people of note without taking any trouble about it.

yourself, which I think is, for a professional man, of consequence. Farewell for the present, and prosper,

“And believe me sincerely and affectionately yours,

“WILLIAM GELL.

“Pray, if you see Mr. Wetten, protect and enlighten him, poor man, for I am persuaded he is good and honest. I shall puff you to Bunsen, the Prussian minister, who is not rich, but has a sort of assembly often. Is there any one else I can puff you to? In short, if you hear of anything in which I can serve you, pray let me know. You are requested by De Roos, when you have settled the second picture for him, to mention where it is, and to just give in your letter its shape, thus, that he may recollect it, and if he has a choice between any two, of course both. Adieu.”

*Specimen of Sir William Gell's humour.*

“AVVISO AL PUBBLICO.

“GIUSEPPE CUOCO fa noto a questo rispettabile pubblico, e particolarmente agl' Inglesi, amatori d' oggetti antichi, come tiene una rimarchevole bella, celebre, e splendida raccolta d' antichità accuratamente scavati da' suoi proprj scavi. Essa è composta di terra cotta, marmi antichi, bassi rilievi utensilj, patere per sacrifizj, e lumi antichi: un assortimento di teste e piedi da Calvi, i quali possono comprarsi separatamente da chi n' è amante. Vi sono bronzi, candelabri con vasi di Nola; patere Etrusche ed altri oggetti ricercati da persone d' alta intelligenza, dai quali cerca l' attenzione de' conoscenti, nonchè dopo esser pienamente soddisfatti spera godere i loro grandi auspicj.

“Infine, esso Cuoco pulisce e cambia oggetti antichi con moderni

per facilitare la compra a' Signori dilettranti, possiede altresì medaglie con rovesce rare, ed originale il tutto a moderatissimi prezzi.

*" Chiaja sotto al palazzo di Calabritto No."*

"JOSEPH THE COOK, he offer to one illuminated public, and most particular for British knowing men in general, one remarkable, pretty, famous and splendid collection of old goods all quite new, excavated from private personal diggings. He sell cooked clays, old marble tones with ancient bassorilievos, with stewing pots, brass sacrificing pans, and antik Lamps. Here is a stocking of Calvés heads and feets for single ladies, and amateur gentlemen travelling: also old coppers and Candlesticks, with Nola Jugs, Etruscan Saucers, and much more intellectual minds articles; all entitling him to learned man's inspection to examine him, and supply it with illustrious protection, of whom he hope full and valorous satisfaction.

"N.B. He make all the old ting brand new, and the new tings all old, for Gentlemen who has collections, and wishes to change him. He have also one manner quite original for make join two sides of different monies; producing one Medallion all indeed unique, and advantage him to sell by exportation for strange Cabinets and Museums of the Exterior Potentates."

THE END.

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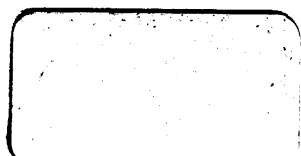


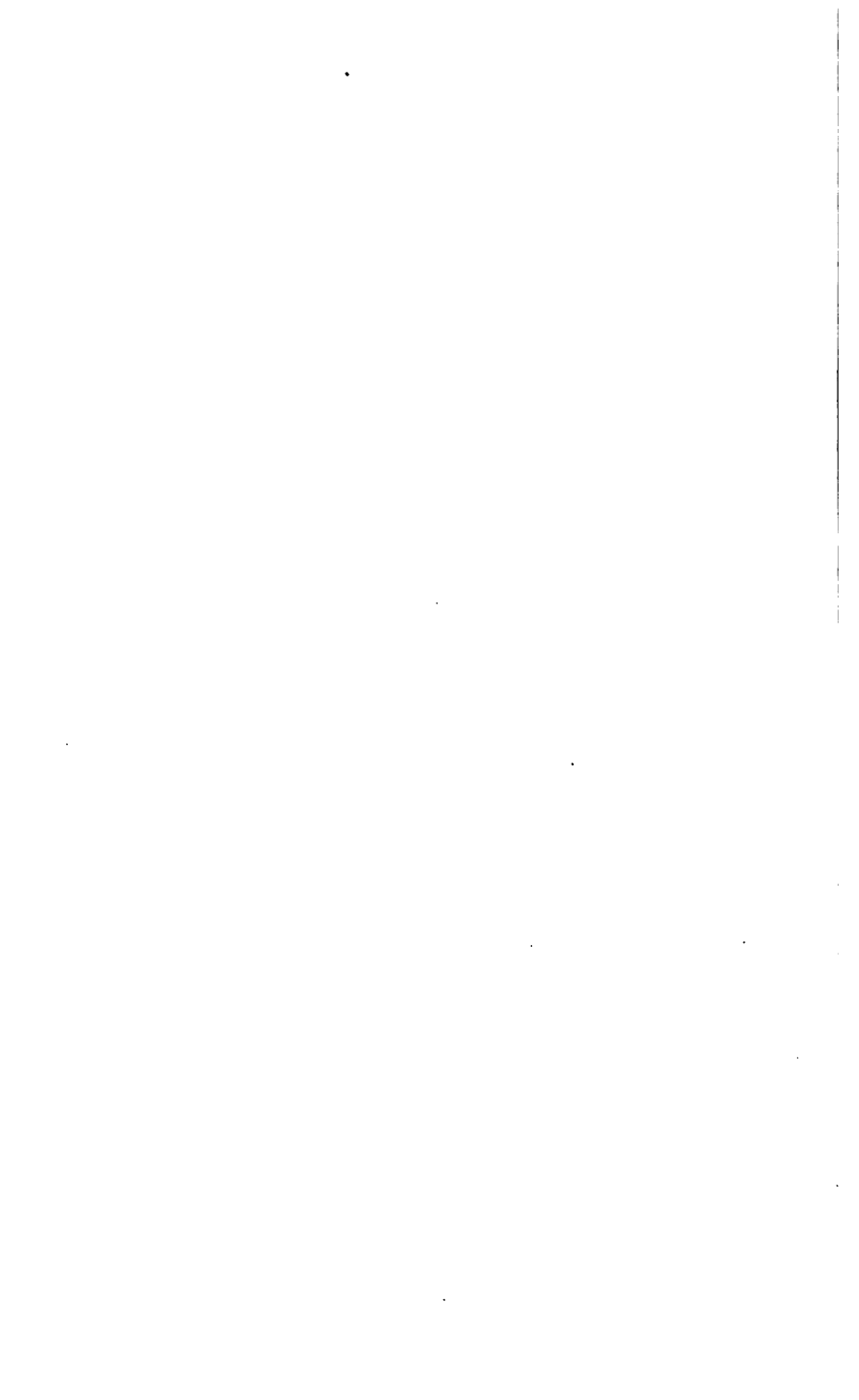




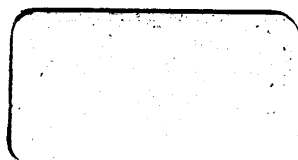


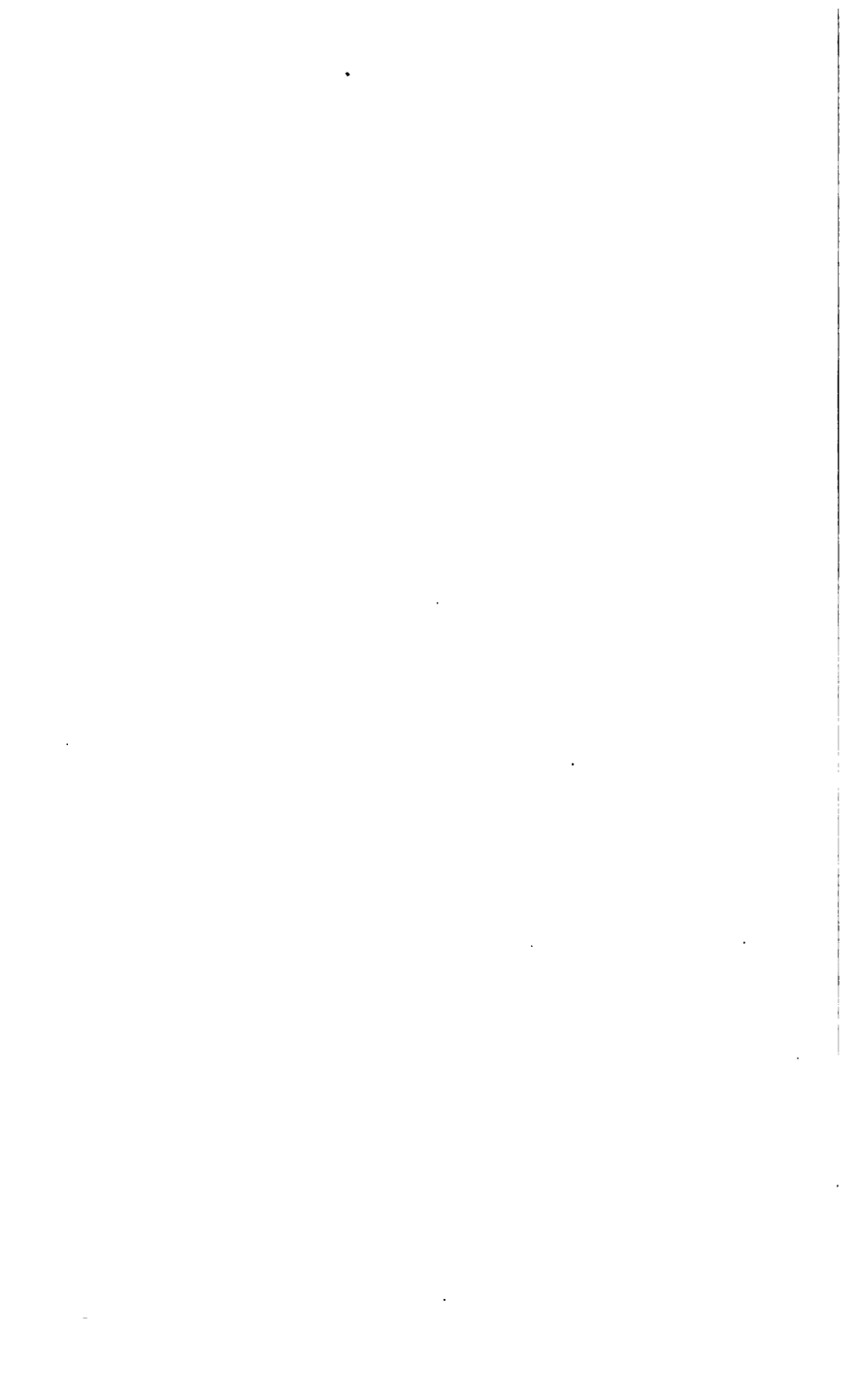
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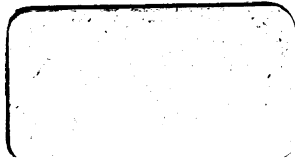


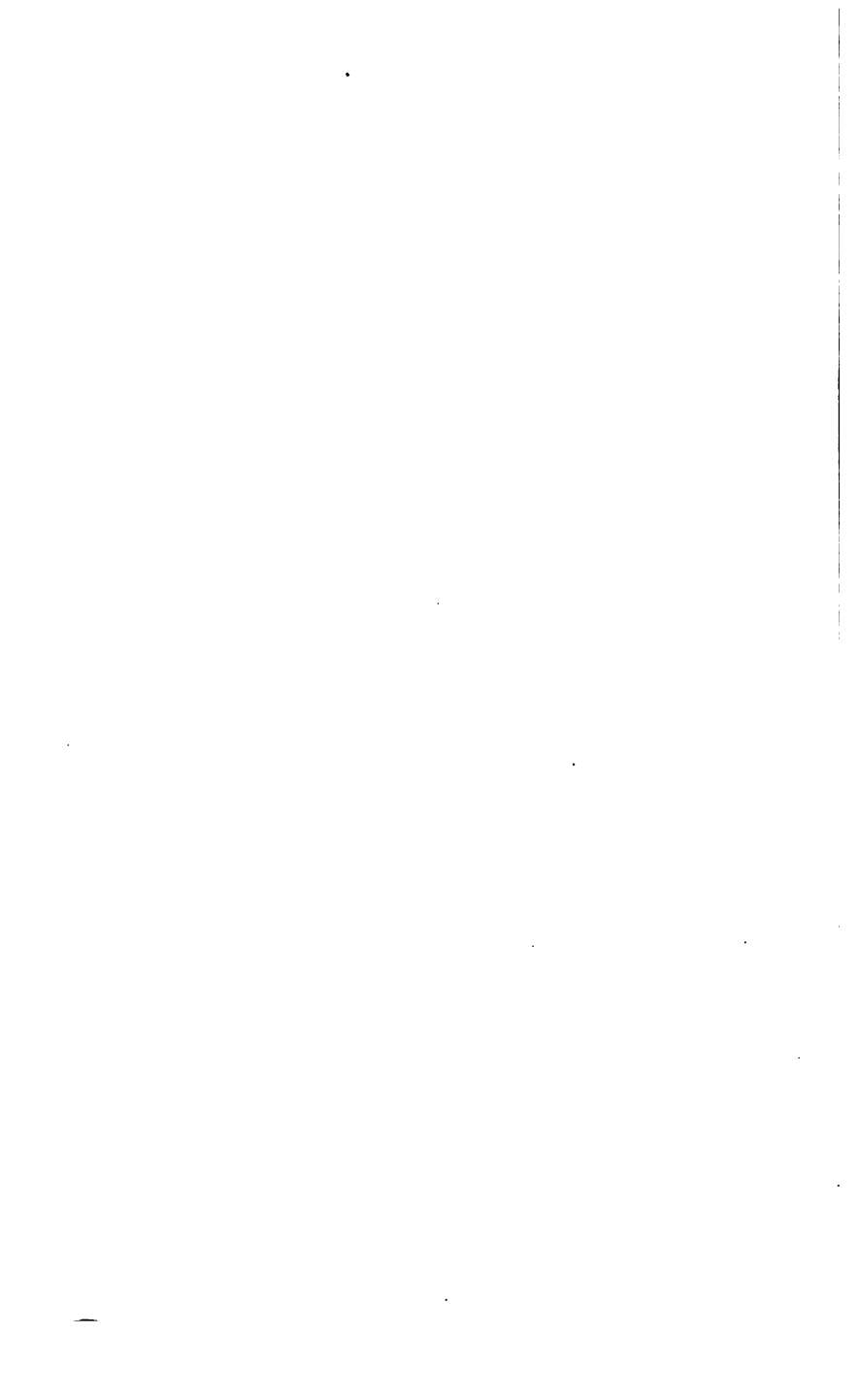
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